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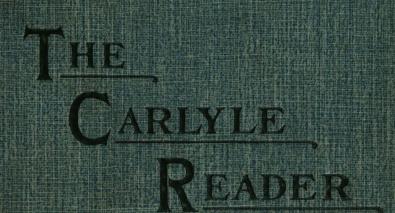
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SARTOR RESARTUS
PAST & PRESENT
GHARTISM
HEROES AND
HERO WORSHIP

2.c. e. 996°



THE CARLYLE READER

THE CARLYLE READER

BEING SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF

THOMAS CARLYLE

Wlith Motes

EDITED BY THE

REV. JAMES WOOD

EDITOR OF "NUTTALL'S STANDARD DICTIONARY" AND OF "DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS"

PART I.

Edinburgb

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PREFATORY NOTE.

THE following Selections from the Writings of Thomas Carlyle have been compiled for use in Secondary Schools and Colleges; and it is hoped the attempt, which is the first of the kind that has been made, will not be received with disfavour. These Writings deserve regard as few others do that have been produced among us within the century, and it cannot but be desirable, therefore, that the youth of the country should, if possible, be initiated into some intelligent appreciation of them. The passages here selected are such as the Editor trusts will awaken the interest of the intelligent pupil, and stimulate him to a further and deeper study of the books of the Author. Wisdom, if he have an eye to it and a heart for it as the principal thing, he will by-and-by remark as the quite priceless treasure that is laid at his feet in these books; and of that he will learn more from them than he will from any other perhaps that the age has given birth to. Few men have read the signs of the times more wisely than Carlyle has done, few done more to interpret the meaning of them, and from hardly another of the class he belongs to will the young soul learn as from his wise lips how to conserve for worthy and achievable issues those faculties with which God has endowed him, which he can only do by a wise adjustment of his energies to what the time requires of him.

The selections from Carlyle's writings gathered together

here by the Editor it has been deemed convenient to issue in two parts: Part I., now published, containing such as have been gleaned from "Sartor," "Past and Present," "Chartism," and "Heroes"; and Part II. to contain a similar gleaning chiefly from the "Essays" and the "French Revolution."

The project of making such a selection for use in schools was the suggestion of the Editor's friend, Mr W. L. CARRIE, of George Watson's College, Edinburgh. Both the Selections and the Notes have been subjected to his experienced judgment; and for his advice and help in the matter of both the Editor desires to express his deep obligations.

EDINBURGH, April 1894.

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SELECTIONS FROM "SARTOR RESARTUS."

I.

Teufelsdröckh on his High Watch-tower in Weissnichtwo, and what he sees as he looks down upon "the Life-circulation of that Considerable City."

"I look down into all that wasp-nest or bee-hive, and witness their wax-laying and honey-making, and poisonbrewing, and choking by sulphur. From the Palace esplanade, where music plays while Serene Highness is pleased to eat his victuals, down the low lane, where in her doorsill the aged widow, knitting for a thin livelihood, sits to feel the afternoon sun, I see it all; for, except the Schlosskirche weathercock, no biped stands so high. Couriers arrive bestrapped and bebooted, bearing Iov and Sorrow bagged up in pouches of leather: there, top- 10 laden, and with four swift horses, rolls-in the country Baron and his household; here, on timber-leg, the lamed Soldier hops painfully along, begging alms: a thousand carriages, and wains, and cars, come tumbling in with Food, with young Rusticity, and other Raw Produce, inanimate or animate, 15 and go tumbling out again with Produce manufactured. That living flood, pouring through these streets, of all qualities and ages, knowest thou whence it is coming, whither it is going? Aus der Ewigkeit, zu der Ewigkeit hin: From Eternity, onwards to Eternity! These are Ap- 20 paritions: what else? Are they not Souls rendered visible: in Bodies, that took shape and will lose it, melting into air? Their solid Pavement is a Picture of the Sense; they walk

on the bosom of Nothing, blank Time is behind them and before them. Or fanciest thou, the red-and-yellow Clothesscreen yonder, with spurs on its heels, and feather in its crown, is but of To-day, without a Yesterday or a To-morrow; 5 and had not rather its Ancestor alive when Hengst and Horsa overran thy Island? Friend, thou seest here a living link in that Tissue of History, which inweaves all Being: watch well, or it will be past thee, and seen no more."

"Ach, mein Lieber!" said he once, at midnight, "it is a 10 true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamplight, struggling up through smoke and thousand-fold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks Boötes of them, as he leads his Hunting-dogs over the Zenith in their leash of sidereal fire? That stifled hum of Midnight, 15 when Traffic has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets. are bearing her to Halls roofed-in, and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl or to moan like nightbirds, are abroad: that hum, I say, like 20 the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven! Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapours, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a Fermentingvat lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dving there, men are being born; men 25 are praying,—on the other side of a brick partition men are cursing; and around them all is the vast, void Night. proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons or reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of 30 straw: in obscure cellars, Rouge-et-Noir languidly emits its voice-of-destiny to haggard hungry Villains: while Councillors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full 35 of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders: the Thief, still more silently, sets-to his picklocks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms, and dancingrooms, are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts: but, in the Condemned Cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and bloodshot eyes look-out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last Six men are to be hanged on the morrow: comes no hammering from the Rabenstein?—their gallows must even now be o' building. Upwards of five-hundred-thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie round us, in horizontal position; their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and 10 swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the Mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid dving infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten,—All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them; -crammed in like salted fish in 15 their barrel;-or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed Vipers, each struggling to get its head above the others: such work goes on under that smoke counterpane!—But I, mein Werther, sit above it all: I am alone with the Stars." 20

H.

Teufelsdröckh in his Study, and the old-school Dame that waits on him: or the Thinker amid the lumber about him, and the motherly care Providence takes of him.

Teufelsdröckh's study was a strange apartment; full of books and tattered papers, and miscellaneous shreds of all conceivable substances, "united in a common element of dust." Books lay on tables, and below tables; here fluttered a sheet of manuscript, there a torn handkerchief, or nightcap 25 hastily thrown aside; ink-bottles alternated with breadcrusts, coffee-pots, tobacco-boxes, Periodical Literature, and Blücher Boots. Old 'Liza, who was his bed-maker and stove-lighter, his washer and wringer, cook, errand-maid, and general lion's-provider, and for the rest a very orderly 30 creature, had no sovereign authority in this last citadel of

Teufelsdröckh; only some once in the month she halfforcibly made her way thither, with broom and duster, and (Teufelsdröckh hastily saving his manuscripts) effected a partial clearance, a jail-delivery of such lumber as was not 5 Literary. These were her Erdbebungen (earthquakes), which Teufelsdröckh dreaded worse than the pestilence; nevertheless, to such length he had been forced to comply. Glad would he have been to sit here philosophising forever, or till the litter, by accumulation, drove him out of doors: but 10 'Liza was his right-arm, and spoon, and necessary of life, and would not be flatly gainsayed. We can still remember the ancient woman: so silent that some thought her dumb: deaf also you would often have supposed her; for Teufelsdröckh, and Teufelsdröckh only, would she serve or give 15 heed to: and with him she seemed to communicate chiefly by signs; if it were not rather by some secret divination that she guessed all his wants, and supplied them. Assiduous old dame! she scoured, and sorted, and swept, in her kitchen, with the least possible violence to the ear; yet all 20 was tight and right there: hot and black came the coffee ever at the due moment; and the speechless 'Liza herself looked out on you, from under her clean white coif with its lappets, through her clean withered face and wrinkles, with a look of helpful intelligence, almost of benevolence.

III.

The First Purpose of Clothes, and what they and other Inventions in time miraculously grow to.

The first purpose of Clothes, as our Professor imagines, was not warmth or decency, but ornament. "Miserable indeed," says he, "was the condition of the Aboriginal Savage, glaring fiercely from under his fleece of hair, which with the beard reached down to his loins, and hung round him like a matted cloak; the rest of his body sheeted in its thick natural fell. He loitered in the sunny glades of the forest, living on wild-fruits; or, as the ancient Cale-

donian, squatted himself in morasses, lurking for his bestial or human prey; without implements, without arms, save the ball of heavy Flint, to which, that his sole possession and defence might not be lost, he had attached a long cord of plaited thongs; thereby recovering as well as hurling it with 5 deadly unerring skill. Nevertheless, the pains of Hunger and Revenge once satisfied, his next care was not Comfort but Decoration. Warmth he found in the toils of the chase; or amid dry leaves, in his hollow tree, in his bark shed, or natural grotto: but for Decoration he must have Clothes. Io Nay, among wild people, we find tattooing and painting even prior to Clothes. The first spiritual want of a barbarous man is Decoration, as indeed we still see among the barbarous classes in civilised countries.

"Reader, the heaven-inspired melodious Singer; loftiest 15 Serene Highness; nay thy own amber-locked, snow-and-rose-bloom Maiden, worthy to glide sylphlike almost on air, whom thou lovest, worshippest as a divine Presence, which, indeed, symbolically taken, she is,—has descended, like thyself, from that same hair-mantled, flint-hurling Aboriginal 20 Anthropophagus! Out of the eater cometh forth meat; out of the strong cometh forth sweetness. What changes are wrought, not by Time, yet in Time! For not Mankind only, but all that Mankind does or beholds, is in continual growth, re-genesis and self-perfecting vitality. Cast forth thy Act, thy 25 Word, into the ever-living, ever-working Universe: it is a seed-grain that cannot die; unnoticed to-day (says one), it will be found flourishing as a Banyan-grove (perhaps, alas, as a Hemlock-forest!) after a thousand years.

"He who first shortened the labour of Copyists by device 30 of Movable Types was disbanding hired Armies, and cashiering most Kings and Senates, and creating a whole new Democratic world: he had invented the Art of Printing. The first ground handful of Nitre, Sulphur, and Charcoal drove Monk Schwartz's pestle through the ceiling: what 35 will the last do? Achieve the final undisputed prostration of Force under Thought, of Animal courage under Spiritual. A simple invention it was in the old-world Grazier,—sick of

lugging his slow Ox about the country till he got it bartered for corn or oil,—to take a piece of Leather, and thereon scratch or stamp the mere Figure of an Ox (or Pecus); put it in his pocket, and call it Pecunia, Money. Yet hereby did 5 Barter grow Sale, the Leather Money is now Golden and Paper, and all miracles have been out-miracled: for there are Rothschilds and English National Debts; and whoso has sixpence is sovereign (to the length of sixpence) over all men; commands cooks to feed him, philosophers to 10 teach him, kings to mount guard over him,—to the length of sixpence. Clothes too, which began in foolishest love of Ornament, what have they not become! Increased Security and pleasurable Heat soon followed: but what of these? Shame, divine Shame, as yet a stranger to the Anthropo-15 phagous bosom, arose there mysteriously under Clothes; a mystic grove-encircled shrine for the Holy in man. Clothes gave us individuality, distinctions, social polity; Clothes have made men of us; they are threatening to make Clothes-screens of us."

IV.

Man in the Eye of Reason.

"To the eye of vulgar Logic what is man? An omnivorous Biped that wears Breeches. To the eye of Pure Reason what is he? A Soul, a Spirit, and divine Apparition. Round his mysterious ME, there lies, under all those wool-rags, a Garment of Flesh (or of Senses), contextured in the Loom of 25 Heaven; whereby he is revealed to his like, and dwells with them in UNION and DIVISION; and sees and fashions for himself a Universe, with azure Starry Spaces, and long Thousands of Years. Deep-hidden is he under that strange Garment; amid Sounds and Colours and Forms, as it were, 30 swathed-in, and inextricably over-shrouded: yet it is skywoven, and worthy of a God. Stands he not thereby in the centre of Immensities, in the conflux of Eternities? He feels; power has been given him to know, to believe; nay

does not the spirit of Love, free in its celestial primeval brightness, even here, though but for moments, look through? Well said Saint Chrysostom, with his lips of gold, 'the true SHEKINAH is Man:' where else is the GOD'S-PRESENCE manifested not to our eyes only, but to our hearts, as in our 5 fellow-man?"

v.

Nature not an Aggregate but a Whole.

"Well sang the Hebrew Psalmist: 'If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the universe, God is there.' Thou thyself, O cultivated reader, who too probably art no Psalmist, but a Prosaist, knowing God only 10 by tradition, knowest thou any corner of the world where at least FORCE is not? The drop which thou shakest from thy wet hand, rests not where it falls, but to-morrow thou findest it swept away; already on the wings of the Northwind, it is nearing the Tropic of Cancer. How came it to evaporate, 15 and not lie motionless? Thinkest thou there is aught motionless; without Force, and utterly dead?

"As I rode through the Schwarzwald, I said to myself: That little fire which glows star-like across the dark-growing (nachtende) moor, where the sooty smith bends over his 20 anvil, and thou hopest to replace thy lost horse-shoe, -is it a detached, separated speck, cut off from the whole Universe; or indissolubly joined to the whole? Thou fool, that smithyfire was (primarily) kindled at the Sun: is fed by air that circulates from before Noah's Deluge, from beyond the Dog- 25 star: therein, with Iron Force, and Coal Force, and the far stranger Force of Man, are cunning affinities and battles and victories of Force brought about; it is a little ganglion, or nervous centre, in the great vital system of Immensity. Call it, if thou wilt, an unconscious Altar, kindled on the 30 bosom of the All; whose iron sacrifice, whose iron smoke and influence reach quite through the All; whose dingy Priest, not by word, yet by brain and sinew, preaches forth the mystery of Force; nay preaches forth (exoterically

enough) one little textlet from the Gospel of Freedom, the Gospel of Man's Force, commanding, and one day to be

all-commanding.

"Detached, separated! I say there is no such separation:
5 nothing hitherto was ever stranded, cast aside; but all, were
it only a withered leaf, works together with all; is borne
forward on the bottomless, shoreless flood of Action, and
lives through perpetual metamorphoses. The withered leaf
is not dead and lost, there are Forces in it and around it,
10 though working in inverse order, else how could it rot?
Despise not the rag from which man makes Paper, or the
litter from which the earth makes Corn. Rightly viewed no
meanest object is insignificant; all objects are as windows,
through which the philosophic eye looks into Infinitude
15 itself."

VI.

Teufelsdröckh's Birth, his Foster Parents, and the Mystery attending his Advent.

"In the village of Entepfuhl dwelt Andreas Futteral and his wife; childless, in still seclusion, and cheerful though now verging towards old age. Andreas had been grenadier Sergeant, and even regimental Schoolmaster under Frederick 20 the Great; but now, quitting the halbert and ferule for the spade and pruning-hook, cultivated a little Orchard, on the produce of which he, Cincinnatus-like, lived not without dignity. Fruits, the peach, the apple, the grape, with other varieties came in their season; all which Andreas knew how 25 to sell: on evenings he smoked largely, or read (as beseemed a regimental Schoolmaster), and talked to neighbours that would listen about the Victory of Rossbach; and how Fritz the Only had once with his own royal lips spoken to him, had been pleased to say, when Andreas as camp-sentinel 30 demanded the pass-word, "'Schweig' Hund (Peace, hound)!" before any of his staff-adjutants could answer. 'There is what I call a King,' would Andreas exclaim: 'but the smoke of Kunersdorf was still smarting his eyes.'

"Gretchen, the housewife, won like Desdemona by the deeds rather than the looks of her now veteran Othello, lived not in altogether military subordination; for, as Andreas said, 'the womankind will not drill:' nevertheless she at heart loved him both for valour and wisdom; to her a 5 Prussian grenadier Sergeant and Regiment's Schoolmaster was little other than a Cicero and Cid: what you see, yet cannot see over, is as good as infinite. Nay, was not Andreas in very deed a man of order, courage, downrightness: that understood Büsching's Geography, had been in 10 the victory of Rossbach, and left for dead in the camisade of Hochkirch? The good Gretchen, for all her fretting, watched over him and hovered round him as only a true housemother can: assiduously she cooked and sewed and scoured for him; so that not only his old regimental sword 15 and grenadier-cap, but the whole habitation and environment, where on pegs of honour they hung, looked ever trim and gay: a roomy painted Cottage, embowered in fruit-trees and forest-trees, evergreens and honevsuckles: rising manycoloured from amid shaven grass-plots, flowers struggling-in 20 through the very windows; under its long-projecting eaves nothing but garden-tools in methodic piles (to screen them from rain), and seats where, especially on summer nights, a King might have wished to sit and smoke, and call it his. Such a Copyhold had Gretchen given her veteran: whose 25 sinewy arms, and long-disused gardening talent, had made it what you saw.

"Into this umbrageous Man's-nest, one meek yellow evening or dusk, when the Sun, hidden indeed from terrestrial Entepfuhl, did nevertheless journey visible and 30 radiant along the celestial Balance (Libra), it was that a Stranger of reverend aspect entered; and, with grave salutation, stood before the two rather astonished housemates. He was close-muffled in a wide mantle; which without farther parley unfolding, he deposited therefrom what 35 seemed some Basket, overhung with green Persian silk; saying only: 'Good Christian people, here lies for you an invaluable Loan; take all heed thereof, in all careful-

ness employ it: with high recompense, or else with heavy penalty, will it one day be required back." Uttering which singular words, in a clear, bell-like, forever memorable tone, the Stranger gracefully withdrew; and before Andreas or 5 his wife, gazing in expectant wonder, had time to fashion either question or answer, was clean gone. Neither out of doors could aught of him be seen or heard: he had vanished in the thickets, in the dusk; the Orchard-gate stood quietly closed: the Stranger was gone once and always. So sudden 10 had the whole transaction been, in the autumn stillness and twilight, so gentle, noiseless, that the Futterals could have fancied it all a trick of Imagination, or some visit from an authentic Spirit. Only that the green-silk Basket, such as neither Imagination nor authentic Spirits are wont to carry, 15 still stood visible and tangible on their little parlour-table. Towards this the astonished couple, now with lit candle, hastily turned their attention. Lifting the green veil, to see what invaluable it hid, they descried there, amid down and rich white wrappages, no Pitt Diamond or Hapsburg Regalia, 20 but, in the softest sleep, a little red-coloured Infant! Beside it, lay a roll of gold Friedrichs, the exact amount of which was never publicly known; also a baptismal certificate, wherein unfortunately nothing but the Name was decipherable: other document or indication none whatever.

25 "To wonder and conjecture was unavailing, then and always thenceforth. Nowhere in Entepfuhl, on the morrow or next day, did tidings transpire of any such figure as the Stranger; nor could the Traveller, who had passed through the neighbouring Town in coach-and-four, be connected with 30 this Apparition, except in the way of gratuitous surmise. Meanwhile, for Andreas and his wife, the grand practical problem was: What to do with this little sleeping red-coloured Infant? Amid amazements and curiosities, which had to die away without external satisfying, they resolved, 35 as in such circumstances charitable prudent people needs must, on nursing it, though with spoon-meat, into whiteness, and if possible into manhood. The Heavens smiled on their endeavour: thus has that same mysterious Individual ever

since had a status for himself in this visible Universe, some modicum of victual and lodging and parade-ground; and now expanded in bulk, faculty, and knowledge of good and evil, he, as HERR DIOGENES TEUFELSDRÖCKH, professes or is ready to profess, perhaps not altogether without effect, 5 in the new University of Weissnichtwo, the new Science of Things in General."

These facts, first communicated to the philosopher, by the good Gretchen, in his twelfth year, produced on the boyish heart and fancy a quite indelible impression. "Who this to reverend Personage," he says, "that glided into the Orchard Cottage when the Sun was in Libra, and then, as on spirit's wings, glided out again, might be? An inexpressible desire, full of love and of sadness, has often since struggled within me to shape an answer. Ever, in my distresses, and my 15 loneliness, has Fantasy turned, full of longing, to that unknown Father, who perhaps far from me, perhaps near, either way invisible, might have taken me to his paternal bosom, there to lie screened from many a woe. Thou beloved Father, dost thou still, shut out from me only by 20 thin penetrable curtains of earthly Space, wend to and fro among the crowd of the living? Or art thou hidden by those far thicker curtains of the Everlasting Night, or rather of the Everlasting Day, through which my mortal eye and outstretched arms need not strive to reach? Alas, I know not, 25 and in vain vex myself to know. More than once, heartdeluded, have I taken for thee this and the other noblelooking Stranger; and approached him wistfully, with infinite regard; but he too had to repel me, he too was not thou."

"And yet, O Man born of Woman," cries the Autobiographer, with one of his sudden whirls, "wherein is my case peculiar? Hadst thou, any more than I, a Father whom thou knowest? The Andreas and Gretchen, or the Adam and Eve, who led thee into Life, and for a time suckled and 35 pap-fed thee there, whom thou namest Father and Mother; these were, like mine, but thy nursing-father and nursing-mother: thy true Beginning and Father is in Heaven, whom

with the bodily eye thou shalt never behold, but only with the spiritual."

VII.

Childhood.

"Happy season of Childhood!" exclaims Teufelsdröckh: "Kind Nature, that art to all a bountiful mother; that 5 visitest the poor man's hut with auroral radiance; and for thy Nursling hast provided a soft swathing of Love and infinite Hope, wherein he waxes and slumbers, danced-round by sweetest Dreams! If the paternal Cottage still shuts us in, its roof still screens us; with a Father we have as yet a pro-10 phet, priest and king, and an Obedience that makes us free. The young spirit has awakened out of Eternity, and knows not what we mean by Time; as yet Time is no fast-hurrying stream, but a sportful sunlit ocean; years to the child are as ages: ah! the secret of Vicissitude, of that slower or quicker 15 decay and ceaseless down-rushing of the universal Worldfabric, from the granite mountain to the man or day-moth, is yet unknown; and in a motionless Universe, we taste, what afterwards in this quick-whirling Universe is forever denied us, the balm of Rest. Sleep on, thou fair Child, for 20 thy long rough journey is at hand! A little while, and thou too shalt sleep no more, but thy very dreams shall be mimic battles; thou too, with old Arnauld, wilt have to say in stern patience: 'Rest? Rest? Shall I not have all Eternity to rest in?' Celestial Nepenthe! though a Pyrrhus conquer 2r empires, and an Alexander sack the world, he finds thee not; and thou hast once fallen gently, of thy own accord, on the eyelids, on the heart of every mother's child."

VIII.

Teufelsdröckh's Account of his Upbringing.

"For the first few years of our terrestrial Apprenticeship, we have not much work to do; but, boarded and lodged

gratis, are set down mostly to look about us over the workshop, and see others work, till we have understood the tools a little, and can handle this and that. If good Passivity alone, and not good Passivity and good Activity together, were the thing wanted, then was my early position favourable 5 beyond the most. In all that respects openness of Sense, affectionate Temper, ingenuous Curiosity, and the fostering of these, what more could I have wished? On the other side, however, things went not so well. My Active Power was unfavourably hemmed-in: of which misfortune how 10 many traces yet abide with me! In an orderly house, where the litter of children's sports is hateful enough, your training is too stoical: rather to bear and forbear than to make and do. I was forbid much: wishes in any measure bold I had to renounce; everywhere a strait bond of Obedience in- 15 flexibly held me down. Thus already Freewill often came in painful collision with Necessity; so that my tears flowed, and at seasons the Child itself might taste that root of bitterness, wherewith the whole fruitage of our life is mingled and tempered. 20

"In which habituation to Obedience, truly, it was beyond measure safer to err by excess than by defect. Obedience is our universal duty and destiny; wherein whoso will not bend must break: too early and too thoroughly we cannot be trained to know that Would, in this world of ours, is as 25 mere zero to Should, and for most part as the smallest of fractions even to Shall. Hereby was laid for me the basis of worldly Discretion, nay of Morality itself. Let me not quarrel with my upbringing! It was rigorous, too frugal. compressively secluded, everyway unscientific; yet in that 30 very strictness and domestic solitude might there not lie the root of deeper earnestness, of the stem from which all noble fruit must grow? Above all, how unskilful soever, it was loving, it was well-meant, honest; whereby every deficiency was helped. My kind Mother, for as such I must ever love 35 the good Gretchen, did me one altogether invaluable service: she taught me, less indeed by word than by act and daily reverent look and habitude, her own simple version of the

Christian Faith. Andreas too attended Church; yet more like a parade-duty, for which he in the other world expected pay with arrears,—as, I trust, he has received; but my Mother, with a true woman's heart, and fine though un-5 cultivated sense, was in the strictest acceptation Religious. How indestructibly the Good grows, and propagates itself, even among the weedy entanglements of Evil! The highest whom I knew on Earth I here saw bowed down, with awe unspeakable, before a Higher in Heaven: such things, 10 especially in infancy, reach inwards to the very core of your being; mysteriously does a Holy of Holies build itself into visibility in the mysterious deeps; and Reverence, the divinest in man, springs forth undying from its mean envelopment of Fear."

IX.

Teufelsdröckh's first acquaintance with Death, and how it affected him.

In the third year of his Gymnastic life, Father Andreas seems to have died: the young Scholar saw himself for the first time clad outwardly in sables, and inwardly in quite inexpressible melancholy. "The dark bottomless Abyss, that lies under our feet, had yawned open; the pale king-20 doms of Death, with all their innumerable silent nations and generations, stood before me; the inexorable word, NEVER! now first showed its meaning. My Mother wept, and her sorrow got vent; but in my heart there lay a whole lake of tears, pent-up in silent desolation. Nevertheless the 25 unworn Spirit is strong; Life is so healthful that it even finds nourishment in Death: these stern experiences, planted down by Memory in my Imagination, rose there to a whole cypress-forest, sad but beautiful; waving, with not unmelodious sighs, in dark luxuriance, in the hottest sunshine, 30 through long years of youth :- as in manhood also it does, and will do; for I have now pitched my tent under a Cypress-tree; the Tomb is now my inexpugnable Fortress. ever close by the gate of which I look upon the hostile armaments, and pains and penalties of tyrannous Life placidly enough, and listen to its loudest threatenings with a still smile. O ye loved ones, that already sleep in the noiseless Bed of Rest, whom in life I could only weep for 5 and never help; and ye, who wide-scattered still toil lonely in the monster-bearing Desert, dyeing the flinty ground with your blood,—yet a little while, and we shall all meet THERE, and our Mother's bosom will screen us all; and Oppression's harness, and Sorrow's fire-whip, and all the Gehenna Bailiffs 10 that patrol and inhabit ever-vexed Time, cannot thenceforth harm us any more!"

X.

The Difficulty of Making one's Calling and Election sure.

"Though born to the amplest Sovereignty, with no less than sovereign right of Peace and War against the Time-Prince or Devil, and all his Dominions, your coronation-15 ceremony costs such trouble, your sceptre is so difficult to get at, or even to get eye on!

"Not what I Have, but what I Do is my Kingdom. each is given a certain inward Talent, a certain outward Environment of Fortune; to each, by wisest combination 20 of these two, a certain maximum of Capability. hardest problem were ever this first: To find by study of yourself, and of the ground you stand on, what your combined inward and outward Capability specially is. For, alas, our young soul is all budding with Capabilities, and we see not 25 vet which is the main and true one. Always too the new man is in a new time, under new conditions; his course can be the fac-simile of no prior one, but is by its nature original. And then how seldom will the outward Capability fit the inward: though talented wonderfully enough, we are poor, 30 unfriended, dyspeptical, bashful; nay, what is worse than all, we are foolish. Thus, in a whole imbroglio of Capabilities, we go stupidly groping about, to grope which is ours,

and often clutch the wrong one: in this mad work must several years of our small term be spent, till the purblind Youth by practice, acquire notions of distance, and become a seeing Man. Nay, many so spend their whole term, and in ever-new expectation, ever-new disappointment, shift from enterprise to enterprise, and from side to side: till at length, as exasperated striplings of threescore-and-ten, they shift into their last enterprise, that of getting buried."

XI.

Invisible Products of Man's Activity and Attainment.

"Of Man's Activity and Attainment the chief results are 10 aeriform, mystic, and preserved in Tradition only: such are his Forms of Government, with the Authority they rest on; his Customs, or Fashions both of Cloth-habits and of Soulhabits: much more his collective stock of Handicrafts, the whole Faculty he has acquired of manipulating Nature: all 15 these things, as indispensable and priceless as they are, cannot in my way be fixed under lock and key, but must flit, spirit-like, on impalpable vehicles, from Father to Son; if you demand sight of them, they are nowhere to be met with. Visible Ploughmen and Hammermen there have been, ever 20 from Cain and Tubalcain downwards: but where does your accumulated Agricultural, Metallurgic, and other Manufacturing SKILL lie warehoused? It transmits itself on the atmospheric air, on the sun's rays (by Hearing and by Vision); it is a thing aeriform, impalpable, of quite spiritual sort. 25 like manner, ask me not. Where are the LAWS; where is the GOVERNMENT? In vain wilt thou go to Schönbrunn, to Downing Street, to the Palais Bourbon: thou findest nothing there but brick or stone houses, and some bundles of Papers tied with tape. Where, then, is that same cunningly-devised 30 almighty GOVERNMENT of theirs to be laid hands on? Everywhere, yet nowhere: seen only in its works, this too is a thing aeriform, invisible; or if you will, mystic and miraculous. So spiritual is our whole daily life; all that we do springs out of Mystery, Spirit, Invisible Force; only like a little Cloud-image, or Armida's Palace, air-built, does the Actual body itself forth from the great mystic Deep."

XII.

Visible and Tangible Products of the Past.

"Visible and tangible products of the Past, again, I reckonup to the extent of three: Cities, with their Cabinets and 5 Arsenals; then tilled Fields, to either or to both of which divisions roads with their Bridges may belong; and thirdly -Books. In which third truly, the last invented, lies a worth far surpassing that of the two others. Wondrous indeed is the virtue of a true Book. Not like a dead city 10 of stones, yearly crumbling, yearly needing repair; more like a tilled field, but then a spiritual field: like a spiritual tree. let me rather say, it stands from year to year, and from age to age (we have Books that already number some hundredand-fifty human ages); and yearly comes its new produce of 15 leaves (Commentaries, Deductions, Philosophical, Political Systems; or were it only Sermons, Pamphlets, Journalistic Essays), every one of which is talismanic and thaumaturgic, for it can persuade men. O thou who art able to write a Book, which once in the two centuries or oftener there is a 20 man gifted to do, envy not him whom they name City-builder, and inexpressibly pity him whom they name Conqueror or City-burner! Thou too art a Conqueror and Victor; but of the true sort, namely over the Devil; thou too hast built what will outlast all marble and metal, and be a wonder- 25 bringing City of the Mind, a Temple and Seminary and Prophetic Mount, whereto all kindreds of the Earth will pilgrim.—Fool! why journeyest thou wearisomely, in thy antiquarian fervour, to gaze on the stone pyramids of Geeza. or the clay ones of Sacchara? These stand there, as I can 30 tell thee, idle and inert, looking over the Desert, foolishly enough, for the last three-thousand years: but canst thou not open thy Hebrew BIBLE, then, or even Luther's Version thereof?"

XIII.

War: the Devastation it works; its net Purport and Upshot.

"Horrible enough! A whole Marchfeld strewed with shellsplinters, cannon-shot, ruined tumbrils, and dead men and horses; stragglers still remaining not so much as buried. And those red mould heaps: ay, there lie the Shells of Men, 5 out of which all the Life and Virtue has been blown: and now are they swept together, and crammed-down out of sight, like blown Egg-shells !-Did Nature, when she bade the Donau bring down his mould-cargoes from the Carinthian and Carpathian Heights, and spread them out here into the 10 softest, richest level,—intend thee, O Marchfeld, for a cornbearing Nursery, whereon her children might be nursed; or for a Cockpit, wherein they might the more commodiously be throttled and tattered? Were thy three broad Highways, meeting here from the ends of Europe, made for Ammuni-15 tion-wagons, then? Were thy Wagrams and Stillfrieds but so many ready-built Casemates, wherein the house of Hapsburg might batter with artillery, and with artillery be battered? König Ottokar, amid vonder hillocks, dies under Rudolf's truncheon; here Kaiser Franz falls a-swoon under Napoleon's: 20 within which five centuries, to omit the others, how has thy breast, fair Plain, been defaced and defiled! The greensward is torn-up and trampled-down; man's fond care of it, his fruit-trees, hedge-rows, and pleasant dwellings, blown-away with gunpowder; and the kind seedfield lies a desolate, 25 hideous Place of Sculls.--Nevertheless, Nature is at work; neither shall these Powder-Devilkins with their utmost devilry gainsay her: but all that gore and carnage will be shrouded in, absorbed into manure: and next year the Marchfeld will be green, nay greener. Thrifty unwearied Nature, ever 30 out of our great waste educing some little profit of thy own, -how dost thou, from the very carcass of the Killer, bring Life for the Living!

"What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net-purport and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain 'Natural Enemies' of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men: Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed 5 them: she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless. amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all 10 dressed in red; and shipped away, at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain; and fed there till wanted. And now to that same spot, in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending: till at length, 15 after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual iuxtaposition; and Thirty stands fronting Thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word 'Fire!' is given: and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, 20 which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a Universe, there was even, unconsciously, by Commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How 25 then? Simpleton! their Governors had fallen out; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.—Alas, so is it in Deutschland, and hitherto in all other lands; still as of old, 'what devilry soever Kings do, the Greeks must pay the piper!'—In that 30 fiction of the English Smollett, it is true, the final Cessation of War is perhaps prophetically shadowed forth; where the two Natural Enemies, in Person, take each a Tobacco-pipe, filled with Brimstone; light the same, and smoke in one another's faces, till the weaker gives in: but from such pre- 35 dicted Peace-Era, what blood-filled trenches, and contentious centuries, may still divide us!"

XIV.

Napoleon, a Divine Missionary.

The man was a Divine Missionary, though unconscious of it; and preached, through the Cannon's throat, that great doctrine, La carrière ouverte aux talens (The Tools to him that can handle them), which is our ultimate Political 5 Evangel, wherein alone can liberty lie. Madly enough he preached, it is true, as Enthusiasts and first Missionaries are wont, with imperfect utterance, amid much frothy rant; yet as articulately perhaps as the case admitted. Or call him, if you will, an American Backwoodsman, who had to 10 fell unpenetrated forests, and battle with innumerable wolves, and did not entirely forbear strong liquor, rioting, and even theft; whom, notwithstanding, the peaceful Sower will follow, and, as he cuts the boundless harvest, bless.

XV.

How Teufelsdröckh reaches the "Centre of Indifference," and so puts an End to his Miseries.

"Wretchedness was still wretched; but I could now partly see through it, and despise it. Which highest mortal, in this inane Existence, had I not found a Shadow-hunter, or Shadow-hunted; and, when I looked through his brave garnitures, miserable enough? Thy wishes have all been sniffed aside, thought I: but what, had they even been all granted! Did not the Boy Alexander weep because he had not two Planets to conquer; or a whole Solar System; or after that, a whole Universe? Ach Gott, when I gazed into these Stars, have they not looked-down on me as if with pity, from their serene spaces; like Eyes glistening with heavenly tears over the little lot of man! Thousands of human generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up of Time, and there remains no wreck of them any more; and Arcturus and Orion and Sirius and the

Pleiades are still shining in their courses, clear and young, as when the Shepherd first noted them in the plain of Shinar. Pshaw! what is this paltry little Dog-cage of an Earth; what art thou that sittest whining there? Thou art still Nothing, Nobody: true; but who, then, is Something, 5 Somebody? For thee the Family of Man has no use; it rejects thee; thou art wholly as a dissevered limb: so be it; perhaps it is better so!"

XVI.

Teufelsdröckh's Discovery of God in Nature, and the Comfort and Strength it gave him.

"Nature? Ha! why do I not name thee GOD? Art not thou the 'Living Garment of God'? O Heavens, is it, 10 in very deed, HE, then, that ever speaks through thee; that lives and loves in thee, that lives and loves in me?

"Fore-shadows, call them rather fore-splendours, of that Truth, and Beginning of Truths, fell mysteriously over my soul. Sweeter than Dayspring to the Shipwrecked in Nova 15 Zembla; ah! like the mother's voice to her little child that strays bewildered, weeping, in unknown tumults; like soft streamings of celestial music to my too-exasperated heart, came that Evangel. The Universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house with spectres; but godlike, and 20 my Father's!

"With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow man: with an infinite Love, an infinite Pity. Poor, wandering, wayward man! Art thou not tried, and beaten with stripes, even as I am? Ever, whether thou bear the royal 25 mantle or the beggar's gabardine, art thou not so weary, so heavy-laden; and thy Bed of Rest is but a Grave. O my Brother, my Brother, why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from thy eyes!—Truly, the din of many-voiced Life, which, in this solitude, with the 30 mind's organ, I could hear, was no longer a maddening discord, but a melting one; like inarticulate cries, and sobbings

of a dumb creature, which in the ear of Heaven are prayers. The poor Earth, with her poor joys, was now my needy Mother, not my cruel Stepdame; Man, with his so mad Wants and so mean Endeavours, had become the dearer to 5 me; and even for his sufferings and his sins, I now first named him Brother. Thus was I standing in the porch of that 'Sanctuary of Sorrow;' by strange, steep ways had I too been guided thither; and ere long its sacred gates would open, and the 'Divine Depth of Sorrow' lie disclosed to 10 me."

XVII.

George Fox and his perennial Suit of Leather.

"Perhaps the most remarkable incident in Modern History," says Teufelsdröckh, "is not the Diet of Worms, still less the Battle of Austerlitz, Waterloo, Peterloo, or any other Battle; but an incident passed carelessly over by most Historians, 15 and treated with some degree of ridicule by others: namely, George Fox's making to himself a suit of Leather. This man, the first of the Quakers, and by trade a Shoemaker, was one of those, to whom, under ruder or purer form, the Divine Idea of the Universe is pleased to manifest itself; and, across 20 all the hulls of Ignorance and earthly Degradation, shine through, in unspeakable Awfulness, unspeakable Beauty, on their souls: who therefore are rightly accounted Prophets. God-possessed; or even Gods, as in some periods it has chanced. Sitting in his stall; working on tanned hides, 25 amid pincers, paste-horns, rosin, swine-bristles, and a nameless flood of rubbish, this youth had, nevertheless, a Living Spirit belonging to him; also an antique Inspired Volume, through which, as through a window, it could look upwards, and discern its celestial Home. The task of a daily pair of 30 shoes, coupled even with some prospect of victuals, and an honourable Mastership in Cordwainery, and perhaps the post of Thirdborough in his Hundred, as the crown of long faithful sewing,—was nowise satisfaction enough to such a mind: but ever amid the boring and hammering came tones from that far country, came Splendours and Terrors; for this poor Cordwainer, as we said, was a Man; and the Temple of Immensity, wherein as Man he had been sent to minister, was full of holy mystery to him.

"Mountains of encumbrance higher than Ætna, had been 5 heaped over that Spirit: but it was a Spirit, and would not lie buried there. Through long days and nights of silent agony, it struggled and wrestled, with a man's force, to be free: how its prison-mountains heaved and swaved tumultuously, as the giant spirit shook them to this hand and that, 10 and emerged into the light of Heaven! That Leicester shoeshop, had men known it, was a holier place than any Vatican or Loretto-shrine.—'So bandaged, and hampered, and hemmed in,' groaned he, 'with thousand requisitions, obligations, straps, tatters, and tagrags, I can neither see nor move: not 15 my own am I, but the World's; and Time flies fast, and Heaven is high, and Hell is deep: Man! bethink thee, if thou hast power of Thought! Why not; what binds me here? Want, want !-- Ha, of what? Will all the shoe-wages under the Moon ferry me across into that far Land of Light? 20 Only Meditation can, and devout prayer to God. I will to the woods: the hollow of a tree will lodge me, wild berries feed me; and for Clothes, cannot I stitch myself one perennial suit of Leather!

"Historical Oil-painting," continues Teufelsdröckh, "is one 25 of the Arts I never practised; therefore shall I not decide whether this subject were easy of execution on the canvas. Yet often has it seemed to me as if such first outflashing of man's Freewill, to lighten, more and more into Day, the Chaotic Night that threatened to engulf him in its hindrances 30 and its horrors, were properly the only grandeur there is in History. Let some living Angelo or Rosa, with seeing eye and understanding heart, picture George Fox on that morning, when he spreads out his cutting-board for the last time, and cuts cow-hides by unwonted patterns, and stitches them 35 together into one continuous, all-including Case, the farewell service of his awl! Stitch away, thou noble Fox: every prick of that little instrument is pricking into the heart of

Slavery and World-worship and the Mammon-god. Thy elbows jerk, as in strong swimmer-strokes, and every stroke is bearing thee across the Prison-ditch, within which Vanity holds her Workhouse and Ragfair, into lands of true Liberty; 5 were the work done, there is in broad Europe one Free Man, and thou art he!

"Thus from the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height; and for the Poor also a Gospel has been published. Surely if, as D'Alembert asserts, my illustrious namesake, 10 Diogenes, was the greatest man of Antiquity, only that he wanted Decency, then by stronger reason is George Fox the greatest of the Moderns, and greater than Diogenes himself: for he too stands on the adamantime basis of his Manhood. casting aside all props and shoars; yet not, in half-savage 15 Pride, undervaluing the Earth; valuing it rather, as a place to yield him warmth and food, he looks Heavenward from his Earth, and dwells in an element of Mercy and Worship. with a still Strength, such as the Cynic's Tub did nowise witness. Great, truly, was that Tub; a temple from which 20 man's dignity and divinity was scornfully preached abroad: but greater is the Leather Hull, for the same sermon was preached there, and not in Scorn, but in Love,"

XVIII.

" Two Men I Honour."

"Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toilworn Craftsman that with earth-made Implement laboriously con25 quers the Earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand; crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weathertanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a Man living manlike. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed:

thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a god-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour: and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on: thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

"A second man I honour, and still more highly: Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the Bread of Life. Is not he too in his duty; 10 endeavouring towards inward Harmony; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavour are one: when we can name him Artist: not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, who with 15 heaven-made Implement conquers Heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have Food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality?—These two, in all their degrees, I honour: all else is chaff and dust, which let the 20 wind blow whither it listeth.

"Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimer in this world know I nothing than a Peasant Saint, 25 could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendour of Heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of Earth, like a light shining in great darkness."

XIX.

The Generations of Mankind, and their Phanix Death-life.

"Generations are as the Days of toilsome Mankind: 30 Death and Birth are the Vesper and the Matin bells, that summon Mankind to sleep and to rise refreshed for new advancement. What the Father has made, the Son can

make and enjoy; but has also work of his own appointed him. Thus all things wax, and roll onwards; Arts, Establishments, Opinions, nothing is completed, but ever completing. Newton has learned to see what Kepler saw: but 5 there is also a fresh heaven-derived force in Newton: hemust mount to still higher points of vision. So too the Hebrew Lawgiver is, in due time, followed by an Apostle of the Gentiles. In the business of Destruction, as this also is from time to time a necessary work, thou findest a like 10 sequence and perseverance: for Luther it was as yet hot enough to stand by that burning of the Pope's Bull; Voltaire could not warm himself at the glimmering ashes, but required quite other fuel. Thus likewise, I note, the English Whig has, in the second generation, become an English Radical; 15 who, in the third again, it is to be hoped, will become an English Rebuilder. Find Mankind where thou wilt, thou findest it in living movement, in progress faster or slower: the Phœnix soars aloft, hovers with outstretched wings, filling Earth with her music; or, as now, she sinks, and with 20 spheral swan-song immolates herself in flame, that she may soar the higher and sing the clearer."

XX.

Man's Experience no adequate key to interpret the Hieroglyphs of the Universe.

"Was Man with his Experience present at the Creation, then, to see how it all went on? Have any deepest scientific individuals yet dived down to the foundations of the Uni25 verse, and gauged everything there? Did the Maker take them into His counsel; that they read His groundplan of the incomprehensible All; and can say, This stands marked therein, and no more than this? Alas, not in anywise!

These scientific individuals have been nowhere but where 30 we also are; have seen some handbreadths deeper than we see into the Deep that is infinite, without bottom as without shore.

"Laplace's Book on the Stars. wherein he exhibits that certain Planets, with their Satellites, gyrate round our worthy Sun, at a rate and in a course, which, by greatest good fortune, he and the like of him have succeeded in detecting,—is to me as precious as to another. But is this 5 what thou namest 'Mechanism of the Heavens,' and 'System of the World;' this, wherein Sirius and the Pleiades, and all Herschel's Fifteen-thousand Suns per minute, being left out, some paltry handful of Moons, and inert Balls, had been—looked at, nicknamed, and marked 10 in the Zodiacal Way-bill; so that we can now prate of their Whereabout; their How, their Why, their What, being hid from us, as in the signless Inane?

"System of Nature! To the wisest man, wide as is his vision, Nature remains of quite infinite depth, of quite in- 15 finite expansion; and all Experience thereof limits itself to some few computed centuries and measured square-miles. The course of Nature's phases, on this our little fraction of a Planet, is partially known to us; but who knows what deeper courses these depend on; what infinitely larger Cycle 20 (of causes) our little Epicycle revolves on? To the Minnow every cranny and pebble, and quality and accident, of its little native Creek may have become familiar: but does the Minnow understand the Ocean Tides and periodic Currents. the Trade-winds, and Monsoons, and Moon's eclipses: by 25 all which the condition of its little Creek is regulated, and may, from time to time (unmiraculously enough), be quite overset and reversed? Such a minnow is Man; his Creek this Planet Earth; his Ocean the immeasurable All; his Monsoons and periodic Currents the mysterious Course of 30 Providence through Æons of Æons.

"We speak of the Volume of Nature: and truly a Volume it is,—whose Author and Writer is God. To read it! Dost thou, does man, so much as well know the Alphabet thereof? With its Words, Sentences, and grand descriptive Pages, 35 poetical and philosophical, spread out through Solar Systems, and Thousands of Years, we shall not try thee. It is a Volume written in celestial hieroglyphs, in the true Sacred-

writing; of which even Prophets are happy that they can read here a line and there a line."

XXI.

The Natural Supernatural in Man's Life.

"Could anything be more miraculous than an actual authentic Ghost? The English Johnson longed, all his life, to see one; but could not though he went to Cock Lane. and thence to the church-vaults, and tapped on coffins. Foolish Doctor! Did he never, with the mind's eye as well as with the body's, look round him into that full tide of human Life he so loved; did he never so much as look 10 into Himself? The good Doctor was a Ghost, as actual and authentic as heart could wish; well-nigh a million of Ghosts were travelling the streets by his side. Sweep away the illusion of Time; compress the threescore years into three minutes; what else was he, what else are we? Are we not 15 Spirits, that are shaped into a body, into an Appearance; and that fade away again into air and Invisibility? This is no metaphor, it is a simple scientific fact: we start out of Nothingness, take figure, and are Apparitions; round us, as round the veriest spectre, is Eternity: and to Eternity 20 minutes are as years and æons. Come there not tones of Love and Faith, as from celestial harp-strings, like the Song of Beatified Souls? And again, do we not squeak and gibber (in our discordant, screech-owlish debatings and recriminatings); and glide bodeful, and feeble, and fearful; 25 or uproar and revel in our mad Dance of the Dead,—till the scent of the morning-air summons us to our still Home; and dreamy Night becomes awake and Day? Where now is Alexander of Macedon: does the steel Host, that velled in fierce battle-shouts at Issus and Arbela, remain behind 30 him; or have they all vanished utterly, even as perturbed Goblins must? Napoleon too, and his Moscow Retreats and Austerlitz Campaigns! Was it all other than the veriest Spectre-hunt; which has now, with its howling

tumult that made Night hideous, flitted away?—Ghosts! There are nigh a thousand-million walking the Earth openly at noontide; some half-hundred have vanished from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it, ere thy watch ticks once.

"O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that 5 we not only carry each a future Ghost within him; but are, in very deed. Ghosts! These Limbs, whence had we them; this stormy Force; this life-blood with its burning Passion? They are dust and shadow; a Shadow-system gathered round our ME; wherein, through some moments or years, 10 the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh. warrior on his strong war-horse, fire flashes through his eyes; force dwells in his arm and heart: but warrior and war-horse are a vision: a revealed Force, nothing more, Stately they tread the Earth, as if it were a firm substance: 15 fool! the Earth is but a film: it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse sink beyond plummet's sounding. Plummet's? Fantasy herself will not follow them. A little while ago, they were not; a little while, and they are not, their very ashes are not.

"So has it been from the beginning, so will it be to the Generation after generation takes to itself the form of a Body; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night, on Heaven's mission APPEARS. What Force and Fire is in each he expends: one grinding in the mill of Industry; one 25 hunter-like climbing the giddy Alpine heights of Science; one madly dashed to pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war with his fellow: - and then the Heaven-sent is recalled: his earthly Vesture falls away, and soon even to sense becomes a vanished Shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild- 30 thundering train of Heaven's Artillery, does this mysterious MANKIND thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown Deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane; haste stormfully across the astonished Earth; then 35 plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains are levelled. and her seas filled up, in our passage; can the Earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality

and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped in; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. But whence?—O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through 5 Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.

"'We are such stuff
As Dreams are made of, and our little Life
Is rounded with a sleep!'"

II.

SELECTIONS FROM "PAST AND PRESENT."

Ī.

Right and Might in the end Identical.

In this God's-world, with its wild-whirling eddies and mad foam-oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, 5 were wise because they denied, and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true thing. friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing; and infinite bon- 10 fires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it,—I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, "In God's name, No!" Thy "success?" What will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though 15 bonfires blazed from North to South, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading-articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated Success? In few years, thou wilt be dead and dark, -all cold, eyeless, deaf; no blaze of bonfires, ding-dong of 20 bells or leading-articles visible or audible to thee again at all forever: What kind of success is that !--

"It is true all goes by approximation in this world; with any not insupportable approximation we must be patient.

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There is a noble Conservatism as well as an ignoble. Would to Heaven, for the sake of Conservatism itself, the noble alone were left, and the ignoble, by some kind severe hand, were ruthlessly lopped away, forbidden evermore to show 5 itself! For it is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle: the rest is wholly an obstruction, a postponement and fearful imperilment of the victory. Towards an eternal centre of right and nobleness, and of that only, is all this confusion tending. We already know whither it 10 is all tending; what will have victory, what will have none! The Heaviest will reach the centre. The Heaviest, sinking through complex fluctuating media and vortices, has its deflexions, its obstructions, nav at times its resiliences, its reboundings; whereupon some blockhead shall be heard 15 jubilating, 'See, your Heaviest ascends!'—but at all moments it is moving centreward, fast as is convenient for it; sinking, sinking; and, by laws older than the World, old as the Maker's first Plan of the World, it has to arrive there.

"Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each 20 fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies indeed; but his work lives, very truly 25 lives. A heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, cannot hinder that his Scotland become, one day, a part of England; but he does hinder that it become, on tyrannous unfair terms, a part of it; commands still, as with a god's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the Brave, that there be a just 30 real union as of brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant one as of slave and master. If the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse. Scotland is not Ireland; no, because brave men rose there, and said, 35 'Behold, ye must not tread us down like slaves; and ye shall not,-and cannot!' Fight on, thou brave true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no farther, vet

precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be: but the truth of it is part of Nature's own Laws, coöperates with the World's eternal Tendencies, and cannot be conquered.

The dust of controversy, what is it but the falsehood flying off from all manner of conflicting true forces, and making such a loud dust-whirlwind,—that so the truths alone may remain, and embrace brother-like in some true resulting-force! It is ever so. Savage fighting Heptarchies: their 10 fighting is an ascertainment, who has the right to rule over whom; that out of such waste-bickering Saxondom a peacefully coöperating England may arise. Seek through this Universe; if with other than owl's eyes, thou wilt find nothing nourished there, nothing kept in life, but what has right to 15 nourishment and life. The rest, look at it with other than owl's eyes, is not living; is all dying, all as good as dead! Justice was ordained from the foundations of the world; and will last with the world, and longer.

II.

Wages: as they are, as they should be, and ever tend to be, apportioned.

Fair day's-wages for fair day's-work! exclaims a sarcastic 20 man. Alas, in what corner of this Planet, since Adam first awoke on it, was that ever realised? The day's-wages of John Milton's day's-work, named Paradise Lost and Milton's Works, were Ten Pounds paid by instalments, and a rather close escape from death on the gallows. Consider that: it 25 is no rhetorical flourish; it is an authentic, altogether quiet fact,—emblematic, quietly documentary of a whole world of such, ever since human history began. Oliver Cromwell quitted his farming; undertook a Hercules' Labour and lifelong wrestle with that Lernean Hydra-coil, wide as England, 30 hissing heaven-high through its thousand crowned, coroneted, shovel-hatted, quackheads; and he did wrestle with it, the

truest and terriblest wrestle I have heard of; and he wrestled it, and mowed and cut it down a good many stages, so that its hissing is ever since pitiful in comparison, and one can walk abroad in comparative peace from it :-- and his wages, 5 as I understand, were burial under the gallows-tree near Tyburn Turnpike, with his head on the gable of Westminster Hall, and two centuries now of mixed cursing and ridicule from all manner of men. His dust lies under the Edgeware Road, near Tyburn Turnpike, at this hour; and 10 his memory is-Nay, what matters what his memory is? His memory, at bottom, is or yet shall be as that of a god: a terror and horror to all quacks and cowards and insincere persons; an everlasting encouragement, new memento, battleword, and pledge of victory to all the brave. It is the 15 natural course and history of the Godlike, in every place, in every time. What god ever carried it with the Tenpound Franchisers; in Open Vestry, or with any Sanhedrim of considerable standing? When was a god found "agreeable" to everybody? The regular way is to hang, kill, crucify your 20 gods, and execrate and trample them under your stupid hoofs for a century or two; till you discover that they are gods,—and then take to braying over them, still in a very long-eared manner!-So speaks the sarcastic man, in his wild way, very mournful truths.

Day's-wages for day's-work? continues he: The Progress of Human Society consists even in this same, The better and better apportioning of wages to work. Give me this, you have given me all. Pay to every man accurately what he has worked for, what he has earned and done and deserved, 30—to this man broad lands and honours, to that man high gibbets and treadmills: what more have I to ask? Heaven's Kingdom, which we daily pray for, has come; God's will is done on Earth even as it is in Heaven! This is the radiance of celestial Justice; in the light or in the fire of 35 which all impediments, vested interests, and iron cannon, are more and more melting like wax, and disappearing from the pathways of men. A thing ever struggling forward: irrepressible, advancing inevitable; perfecting itself, all days,

more and more,—never to be *perfect* till that general Doomsday, the ultimate Consummation, and Last of earthly Days.

III.

Jocelin and his strange Intermittent Magic-Mirror of a Book. A glimpse he gives us of John Lackland.

Iocelin seems to have been a Norman Englishman: sure enough, a Monk of St Edmundsbury Convent; held some "obedientia," subaltern officiality there, or rather, in succession 5 several; was, for one thing, "chaplain to my Lord Abbot, living beside him night and day for the space of six years;"which last, indeed, is the grand fact of Jocelin's existence, and properly the origin of his Book, and of the chief meaning it has for us. He was a kind of born Boswell, though an in- 10 finitesimally small one; neither did he altogether want his Johnson even there and then. Johnsons are rare; yet, as has been asserted. Boswells perhaps still rarer,—the more is the pity on both sides! This Jocelin, as we can discern well, was an ingenious and ingenuous, a cheery-hearted, innocent, 15 vet withal shrewd, noticing, quick-witted man; and from under his monk's cowl has looked out on that narrow section of the world in a really human manner; not in any simial, canine, ovine, or otherwise inhuman manner,—afflictive to all that have humanity! The man is of patient, peaceable, 20 loving, clear-smiling nature; open for this and that. A wise simplicity is in him; much natural sense; a veracity that goes deeper than words. Veracity: it is the basis of all; and, some say, means genius itself; the prime essence of all genius whatsoever. Our Jocelin, for the rest, has read his 25 classical manuscripts, his Virgilius, his Flaccus, Ovidius Naso; of course still more, his Homilies and Breviaries, and if not the Bible, considerable extracts of the Bible. also he has a pleasant wit; and loves a timely joke, though in mild subdued manner: very amiable to see. A learned 30 grown man, yet with the heart as of a good child; whose whole life indeed has been that of a child.

Jocelin was somewhat of a Boswell; but unfortunately, by Nature, he is none of the largest, and distance has now dwarfed him to an extreme degree. His light is most feeble, intermittent, and requires the intensest kindest 5 inspection; otherwise it will disclose mere vacant haze. must be owned, the good Jocelin, spite of his beautiful childlike character, is but an altogether imperfect "mirror" of these old-world things! The good man, he looks on us so clear and cheery, and in his neighbourly soft-smiling eyes 10 we see so well our own shadow,—we have a longing always to cross-question him, to force from him an explanation of But no: Jocelin, though he talks with such clear familiarity, like a next-door neighbour, will not answer any question: that is the peculiarity of him, dead these six hun-15 dred and fifty years, and quite deaf to us, though still so audible! The good man, he cannot help it,-nor can we.

But truly it is a strange consideration this simple one, as we go on with him, or indeed with any lucid simple-hearted soul like him: Behold therefore, this England of the Year 20 1200 was no chimerical vacuity or dreamland, peopled with mere vaporous Fantasms, Rymer's Fædera, and Doctrines of the Constitution; but a green solid place, that grew corn and several other things. The Sun shone on it; the vicissitude of seasons and human fortunes. Cloth was woven and worn: 25 ditches were dug, furrowed-fields ploughed, and houses built. Day by day all men and cattle rose to labour, and night by night returned home weary to their several lairs. In wondrous Dualism, then as now, lived nations of breathing men; alternating, in all ways, between Light and Dark; between joy 30 and sorrow, between rest and toil,—between hope, hope reaching high as Heaven, and fear deep as very Hell. Not vapour Fantasms, Rymer's Fœdera at all! Cœur-de-Lion was not a theatrical popinjay with greaves and steel-cap on it, but a man living upon victuals,—not imported by Peel's 35 Tariff. Cœur-de-Lion came palpably athwart this Jocelin at St Edmundsbury; and had almost peeled the sacred gold "Feretrum," or St Edmund Shrine itself, to ransom him out of the Danube Iail.

These clear eyes of neighbour Jocelin looked on the bodily presence of King John; the very John Sansterre, or Lackland, who signed Magna Charta afterwards in Runnymead. Lackland, with a great retinue, boarded once, for the matter of a fortnight, in St Edmundsbury Convent; daily in 5 the very eyesight, palpable to the very fingers of our Jocelin: O Jocelin, what did he say, what did he do; how looked he, lived he;—at the very lowest, what coat or breeches had he on? Jocelin is obstinately silent. Jocelin marks down what interests him; entirely deaf to us. With Jocelin's eyes we 10 discern almost nothing of John Lackland. As through a glass darkly, we with our own eyes and appliances, intensely looking, discern at most: A blustering, dissipated, human figure, with a kind of blackguard quality air, in cramoisy velvet, or other uncertain texture, uncertain cut, with much 15 plumage and fringing; amid numerous other human figures of the like; riding abroad with hawks; talking noisy nonsense:—tearing out the bowels of St Edmundsbury Convent (its larders namely and cellars) in the most ruinous way, by living at rack and manger there. Jocelin notes only, with a 20 slight subacidity of manner, that the King's Majesty, Dominus Rex, did leave, as gift for our St Edmund Shrine, a handsome enough silk cloak,—or rather pretended to leave, for one of his retinue borrowed it of us, and we never got sight of it again; and, on the whole, that the Dominus Rex, at de- 25 parting, gave us "thirteen sterlingii," one shilling and one penny, to say a mass for him; and so departed,—like a shabby Lackland as he was! "Thirteen pence sterling," this was what the Convent got from Lackland, for all the victuals he and his had made away with. We of course said our 30 mass for him, having covenanted to do it.—but let impartial posterity judge with what degree of fervour!

And in this manner vanishes King Lackland; traverses swiftly our strange intermittent magic-mirror, jingling the shabby thirteen pence merely; and rides with his hawks into 35 Egyptian night again. It is Jocelin's manner with all things; and it is men's manner and men's necessity. How intermittent is our good Jocelin; marking down, without eye to

us, what he finds interesting! How much in Jocelin, as in all History, and indeed in all Nature, is at once inscrutable and certain; so dim, yet so indubitable; exciting us to endless considerations. For King Lackland was there, verily 5 he; and did leave these tredecim sterlingii if nothing more, and did live and look in one way or the other, and a whole world was living and looking along with him! There, we say, is the grand peculiarity; the immeasurable one; distinguishing, to a really infinite degree, the poorest historical 10 Fact from all Fiction whatsoever.

IV.

St Edmundsbury Abbey and the now Extinct Life it once shielded.

These grim old walls are not a dilettantism and dubiety; they are an earnest fact. It was a most real and serious purpose they were built for! Yes, another world it was, when these black ruins, white in their new mortar and fresh 15 chiselling, first saw the sun as walls, long ago. Gauge not, with thy dilettante compasses, with that placid dilettante simper, the Heaven's-Watchtower of our Fathers, the fallen God's-Houses, the Golgotha of true souls departed!

Their architecture, belfries, land-carucates? Yes,—and 20 that is but a small item of the matter. Does it never give thee pause, this other strange item of it, that men then had a soul,—not by hearsay alone, and as a figure of speech; but as a truth that they knew, and practically went upon! Verily it was another world then. Their Missals have be-25 come incredible, a sheer platitude, sayest thou? Yes, a most poor platitude; and even, if thou wilt, an idolatry and blasphemy, should any one persuade thee to believe them, to pretend praying by them. But yet it is pity we had lost tidings of our souls:—actually we shall have to go in quest 30 of them again, or worse in all ways will befal! A certain degree of soul, as Ben Jonson reminds us, is indispensable to keep the very body from destruction of the frightfullest

sort; to "save us," says he, "the expense of salt." Ben has known men who had soul enough to keep their body and five senses from becoming carrion, and save salt:—men, and also Nations. You may look in Manchester Hungermobs and Corn-law Commons Houses, and various other 5 quarters, and say whither either soul or else salt is not somewhat wanted at present!—

Another world, truly: and this present poor distressed world might get some profit by looking wisely into it, instead of foolishly. But at lowest, O dilettante friend, let us know 10 always that it was a world, and not a void infinite of gray haze with fantasms swimming in it. These old St Edmundsbury walls, I say, were not peopled with fantasms; but with men of flesh and blood, made altogether as we are. Had thou and I then been, who knows but we ourselves had taken 15 refuge from an evil Time, and fled to dwell here, and meditate on an Eternity, in such fashion as we could? Alas, how like an old osseous fragment, a broken blackened shin-bone of the old dead Ages, this black ruin looks out, not yet covered by the soil; still indicating what a once gigantic 20 Life lies buried there! It is dead now, and dumb; but was alive once, and spake. For twenty generations, here was the earthly arena where painful living men worked out their life-wrestle,-looked at by Earth, by Heaven and Hell. Bells tolled to prayers; and men, of many humours, various 25 thoughts, chanted vespers, matins:—and round the little islet of their life rolled for ever (as round ours still rolls, though we are blind and deaf) the illimitable Ocean, tinting all things with its eternal hues and reflexes; making strange prophetic music! How silent now; all departed, clean gone. 30 The World-Dramaturgist has written: Exeunt.

v.

Landlord Edmund canonized as a Saint.

No man, no landlord Edmund, becomes a Saint, becomes infinitely admirable in his sleep. How then, it may be asked, did this Edmund rise into favour; become

to such astonishing extent a recognised Farmer's Friend? Really, except it were by doing justly and loving mercy, to an unprecedented extent, one does not know. The man, it would seem, "had walked," as they say, "humbly 5 with God;" humbly and valiantly with God; struggling to make the Earth heavenly, as he could: instead of walking sumptuously and pridefully with Mammon, leaving the Earth to grow hellish as it liked. Not sumptuously with Mammon? How, then, could he "encourage trade,"—10 cause many wine-merchants to bless him, and the tailor's heart (though in a very short-sighted manner) to sing for joy? Much in this Edmund's Life is mysterious.

That he could, on occasion, do what he liked with his own is, meanwhile, evident enough. Certain Heathen Physical-15 Force Ultra-Chartists, "Danes" as they were then called, coming into his territory with their "five points," or rather with their five-and-twenty thousand points and edges too. of pikes namely and battle-axes; and proposing mere Heathenism, confiscation, spoliation and fire and sword,-Edmund 20 answered that he would oppose to the utmost such savagery. They took him prisoner; again required his sanction to said proposals. Edmund again refused. Cannot we kill you? cried they. - Cannot I die? answered he. My life, I think, is my own to do what I like with! And he died, under bar-25 barous tortures, refusing to the last breath: and the Ultra-Chartist Danes lost their propositions;—and went with their "points" and other apparatus, as is supposed, to the Devil, the Father of them. Some say, indeed, these Danes were not Ultra-Chartists, but Ultra-Tories, demanding to reap 30 where they had not sown, and live in this world without working, though all the world should starve for it; which likewise seems a possible hypothesis. Be what they might, they went, as we say, to the Devil; and Edmund doing what he liked with his own, the Earth was got cleared of them.

5 Another version is, that Edmund on this and the like occasions stood by his order; the oldest, and indeed only true order of Nobility known under the stars, that of Just Men and Sons of God, in opposition to Unjust and Sons of

Belial,—which latter indeed are second-oldest, but yet a very This, truly, seems the likeliest hypounvenerable order. thesis of all. Names and appearances alter so strangely, in some half-score centuries; and all fluctuates chameleon-like, taking now this hue, now that. Thus much is very plain, 5 and does not change hue: Landlord Edmund was seen and felt by all men to have done verily a man's part in this lifepilgrimage of his; and benedictions, and outflowing love and admiration from the universal heart, were his meed. Well-done! Well-done! cried the hearts of all men. raised his slain and martyred body; washed its wounds with fast-flowing universal tears; tears of endless pity, and yet of a sacred joy and triumph. The beautifullest kind of tears, -indeed perhaps the beautifullest kind of thing: like a sky, all flashing diamonds and prismatic radiance; all weeping, 15 vet shone on by the everlasting Sun:—and this is not a sky. it is a Soul and living Face! Nothing liker the Temple of the Highest, bright with some real effulgence of the Highest. is seen in this world.

In such manner as this did the men of the Eastern 20 Counties take up the slain body of their Edmund, where it lay cast forth in the village of Hoxne; seek out the severed head, and reverently reunite the same. They embalmed him with myrrh and sweet spices, with love, pity, and all high and awful thoughts; consecrating him with a very storm 25 of melodious adoring admiration, and sun-dved showers of tears; -joyfully, yet with awe (as all deep joy has something of the awful in it), commemorating his noble deeds and godlike walk and conversation while on Earth. Till, at length, the very Pope and Cardinals at Rome were forced to hear 30 of it: and they, summing up as correctly as they well could, with Advocatus-Diaboli pleadings and their other forms of process, the general verdict of mankind, declared: That he had, in very fact, led a hero's life in this world; and being now gone, was gone as they conceived to God above, and 35 reaping his reward there. Such, they said, was the best judgment they could form of the case:—and truly not a bad judgment. Acquiesced in, zealously adopted, with full assent of "private judgment," by all mortals.

VI.

Monk Samson.

The reader is desired to mark this Monk. A personable man of seven-and-forty; stout-made, stands erect as a pillar; with bushy eyebrows, the eyes of him beaming into you in a really strange way; the face massive, grave, with "a very 5 eminent nose;" his head almost bald, its auburn remnants of hair, and the copious ruddy beard, getting slightly streaked with gray. This is Brother Samson; a man worth looking at.

He is from Tottington, in Norfolk, as we guess; the son 10 of poor parents there. He has told me, Jocelin, for I loved him much, that once in his ninth year he had an alarming dream ;-as indeed we are all somewhat given to dreaming here. Little Samson, lying uneasily in his crib at Tottington, dreamed that he saw the Arch Enemy in person, just 15 alighted in front of some grand building, with outspread batwings, and stretching forth detestable clawed hands to grip him, little Samson, and fly off with him: whereupon the little dreamer shrieked desperate to St Edmund for help, shrieked and again shrieked; and St Edmund, a reverend 20 heavenly figure, did come,—and indeed poor little Samson's mother, awakened by his shrieking, did come; and the Devil and the Dream both fled away fruitless. morrow, his mother, pondering such an awful dream, thought it were good to take him over to St Edmund's own Shrine, 25 and pray with him there. See, said little Samson at sight of the Abbey-Gate; see, mother, this is the building, I dreamed of! His poor mother dedicated him to St Edmund,-left him there with prayers and tears; what better could she do? The exposition of the dream, Brother Samson used to say, 30 was this: Diabolus with outspread bat-wings, shadowed forth the pleasures of this world, voluptates hujus sæcli, which were about to snatch and fly away with me, had not St Edmund flung his arms round me, that is to say, made me a monk of his. A monk, accordingly, Brother Samson is; and here to

this day where his mother left him. A learned man, of devout grave nature; has studied at Paris, has taught in the Town Schools here, and done much else; can preach in three languages, and, like Dr Caius, "has had losses" in his time. A thoughtful, firm standing man; much loved by some, not 5 loved by all; his clear eyes flashing into you, in an almost inconvenient way!

Abbot Hugo, his superior, had his own difficulties with him; Abbot Hugo had him in prison once, to teach him what authority was, and "how to dread the fire" in future. For 10 Brother Samson, in the time of the Antipopes, had been sent to Rome on business; and, returning successful, was too late,—the business had all misgone in the interim!

He sits silent, revolving many thoughts, at the foot of St Edmund's Shrine. In the wide Earth, if it be not St Ed-15 mund, what friend or refuge has he? Our Lord Abbot, hearing of him, sent the proper officer to lead him down to prison, clap "foot-gyves on him" there. Another poor official furtively brought him a cup of wine; bade him "be comforted in the Lord." Samson utters no complaint; obeys in silence. 20 "Our Lord Abbot, taking counsel of it, banished me to Acre, and there I had to stay long."

Our Lord Abbot next tried Samson with promotions; made him Subsacristan, made him Librarian, which he liked best of all, being passionately fond of Books: Samson, with 25 many thoughts in him, again obeyed in silence; discharged his offices to perfection, but never thanked our Lord Abbot,—seemed rather as if looking into him, with those clear eyes of his. Whereupon Abbot Hugo said, Se nunquam vidisse, he had never seen such a man; whom no severity would 30 break to complain, and no kindness soften into smiles or thanks:—a questionable kind of man!

VII.

Monk Samson installed as Lord Abbot and mitred Peer of the Realm.

The bells of St Edmundsbury clang out one and all, and in church and chapel the organs go: Convent and Town,

and all the west side of Suffolk, are in gala; knights, viscounts, weavers, spinners, the entire population, male and female, young and old, the very sockmen with their chubby infants,—out to have a holiday, and see the Lord Abbot 5 arrive! And there is "stripping barefoot" of the Lord Abbot at the Gate, and solemn leading of him in to the High Altar and Shrine; with sudden "silence of all the bells and organs," as we kneel in deep prayer there; and again with outburst of all the bells and organs, and loud Te Deum from the 10 general human windpipe; and speeches by the leading viscount, and giving of the kiss of brotherhood; the whole wound up with popular games, and dinner within doors of more than a thousand strong.

In such manner is the selfsame Samson once again return-15 ing to us, welcomed on this occasion. He that went away with his frock-skirts looped over his arm, comes back riding high; suddenly made one of the dignitaries of this world. Here was a trial for a man. Yesterday a poor mendicant, allowed to possess not above two shillings of money, and 20 without authority to bid a dog run for him, this man to-day finds himself a Dominus Abbas, mitred Peer of Parliament, Lord of manor-houses, farms, manors, and wide lands; a man with "Fifty Knights under him," and dependent, swiftly obedient multitudes of men. It is a change greater than 25 Napoleon's; so sudden withal. As if one of the Chandos day-drudges had, on awakening some morning, found that he overnight was become Duke! Let Samson with his clearbeaming eyes see into that, and discern it if he can. shall now get the measure of him by a new scale of inches, 30 considerably more rigorous than the former was. For if a noble soul is rendered tenfold beautifuller by victory and prosperity, springing now radiant as into his own due element and sun-throne; an ignoble one is rendered tenfold and hundredfold uglier, pitifuller.

35 But is not this, at any rate, a singular aspect of what political and social capabilities, nay let us say what depth and opulence of true social vitality, lay in those old barbarous ages, That the fit Governor could be met with under such disguises, could be recognised and laid hold of under such? Here he is discovered with a maximum of two shillings in his pocket, and a leather scrip round his neck; trudging along the highway, his frock-skirts looped over his arm. They think this is he nevertheless, the true Governor; and 5 he proves to be so. Have we no need of discovering true Governors? These were absurd superstitious blockheads of Monks; and we are enlightened Tenpound Franchisers, without taxes on knowledge! Where, I say, are our superior, are our similar or at all comparable discoveries? Abbot 10 Samson had no experience in governing; had served no apprenticeship to the trade of governing,-alas, only the hardest apprenticeship to that of obeying. He had never in any court given vadium or plegium, says Jocelin; hardly ever seen a court, when he was set to preside in one. But 15 it is astonishing, continues Jocelin, how soon he learned the ways of business; and, in all sorts of affairs, became expert beyond others. Of the many persons offering him their service "he retained one Knight skilled in taking vadia and plegia;" and within the year was himself well skilled. Nav. 20 by and by, the Pope appoints him Justiciary in certain causes; the King one of his new Circuit Judges: official Osbert is heard saying, "That Abbot is one of your shrewd ones, if he go on as he begins, he will cut out every lawyer of us !"

Why not? What is to hinder this Samson from governing? There is in him what far transcends all apprenticeships; in the man himself there exists a model of governing, something to govern by! There exists in him a heart-abhorrence of whatever is incoherent, pusillanimous, unveracious, 30—that is to say, chaotic, ungoverned; of the Devil, not of God. A man of this kind cannot help governing! He has the living ideal of a governor in him; and the incessant necessity of struggling to unfold the same out of him. Not the Devil or Chaos, for any wages, will he serve; no, this 35 man is the born servant of Another than them. Alas, how little avail all apprenticeships, when there is in your governor himself what we may well call nothing to govern by: nothing;

—a general gray twilight, looming with shapes of expediencies, parliamentary traditions, division-lists, election-funds, leading-articles; this, with what of vulpine alertness and adroitness soever, is not much!

5 But indeed what say we, apprenticeship? Had not this Samson served in his way, a right good apprenticeship to governing; namely, the harshest slave apprenticeship to obeying! Walk this world with no friend in it but God and St Edmund, you will either fall into the ditch, or learn a 10 good many things. To learn obeying is the fundamental art of governing. How much would many a Serene Highness have learned, had he travelled through the world with waterjug and empty wallet, sine omni expensa; and, at his victorious return, sat down not to newspaper-paragraphs and 15 city-illuminations, but at the foot of St Edmund's Shrine to shackles and bread and water! He that cannot be servant of many, will never be master, true guide and deliverer of many:—that is the meaning of true mastership.

VIII.

Abbot Samson with his Governing Soul engaged in Governing of Men.

How Abbot Samson, giving his new subjects seriatim the 20 kiss of fatherhood in the St Edmundsbury chapterhouse, proceeded with cautious energy to set about reforming their disjointed distracted way of life; how he managed with his Fifty rough Feudal Knights, with his lazy Farmers, remiss refractory Monks, with Pope's Legates, Viscounts, Bishops, 25 Kings; how on all sides he laid about him like a man, and putting consequence on premiss, and everywhere the saddle on the right horse, struggled incessantly to educe organic method out of lazily fermenting wreck,—the careful reader may discern, not without true interest, in the pages of Jocelin 30 Boswell. In most antiquarian quaint costume, not of garments alone, but of thought, word, action, outlook and position, the substantial figure of a man with eminent nose,

bushy brows and clear-flashing eyes, his russet beard growing daily grayer, is visible, engaged in true governing of men. It is beautiful how the chrysalis governing-soul, shaking off its dusty slough and prison, starts forth winged, a true royal soul! Our new Abbot has a right honest unconscious feel- 5 ing, without insolence as without fear or flutter, of what he is and what others are. A courage to quell the proudest, an honest pity to encourage the humblest. Withal there is a noble reticence in this Lord Abbot: much vain unreason he hears; lays up without response. He is not there to expect 10 reason and nobleness of others; he is there to give them of his own reason and nobleness. Is he not their servant, who can suffer from them, and for them; bear the burden their poor spindle-limbs totter and stagger under; and in virtue thereof govern them, lead them out of weakness into strength, 15 out of defeat into victory!

"We must first creep, and gradually learn to walk," had Abbot Samson said of himself, at starting. In four years he has become a great walker; striding prosperously along; driving much before him. In less than four years, says 20 Jocelin, the Convent Debts were all liquidated: the harpy Jews not only settled with, but banished, bag and baggage, out of the Liberties of St Edmundsbury,—so has the King's Majesty been persuaded to permit. Farewell to you at any rate; let us in no extremity, apply again to you! Armed 25 men march them over the borders, dismiss them under stern penalties,—sentence of excommunication on all that shall again harbour them here: there were many dry eyes at their departure.

New Life enters everywhere, springs up beneficent, the in- 30 cubus of debt once rolled away. Samson hastes not; but neither does he pause to rest. This of the Finance is a lifelong business with him.

IX.

Abbot Samson's Troubles.

The troubles of Abbot Samson, as he went along in this abstemious, reticent, rigorous way, were more than tongue 35

can tell. The Abbot's mitre once set on his head, he knew rest no more. Double, double, toil and trouble; that is the life of all governors that really govern; not the spoil of victory, only the glorious toil of battle can be theirs. Abbot 5 Samson found all men more or less headstrong, irrational, prone to disorder; continually threatening to prove ungovernable.

His lazy Monks gave him most trouble. "My heart is tortured," said he, "till we get out of debt." Your heart, 10 indeed;—but not altogether ours! By no devisable method, or none of three or four that he devised, could Abbot Samson get these Monks of his to keep their accounts straight; but always, do as he might, the Cellerarius at the end of the term is in a coil, in a flat deficit,—verging again towards 15 debt and Jews. The Lord Abbot at last declares sternly he will keep our accounts too himself; will appoint an officer of his own to see our Cellerarius keep them. Murmurs thereupon among us: Was the like ever heard? Our Cellerarius a cipher; the very Townsfolk know it: we have 20 become a laughingstock to mankind.

And consider, if the Abbot found such difficulty in the mere economic department, how much in more complex ones, in spiritual ones perhaps! He wears a stern calm face; raging and gnashing teeth many times, in the secret of his 25 mind. Withal, however, there is a noble slow perseverance in him; a strength of "subdued rage" calculated to subdue most things: always, in the long-run, he contrives to gain his point.

Worn down with incessant toil and tribulation, Abbot 30 Samson had a sore time of it; his grizzled hair and beard grew daily grayer. Those Jews, in the first four years, had "visibly emaciated him:" Time, Jews, and the task of Governing, will make a man's beard very gray! "In twelve years," says Jocelin, "our Lord Abbot had grown wholly 35 white as snow." White atop, like the granite mountains:—but his clear-beaming eyes still look out, in their stern clearness, in their sorrow and pity; the heart within him remains unconquered.

Three pound ten and a life of Literature, especially of quiet Literature, without copyright, or world-celebrity of literary-gazettes,—yes, thou brave Abbot Samson, for thyself it had been better, easier, perhaps also nobler! But then, for thy disobedient Monks, unjust Viscounts; for a 5 Domain of St Edmund overgrown with solecisms, human and other, it had not been so well. Nay neither could thy Literature, never so quiet, have been easy. Literature, when noble, is not easy; but only when ignoble. Literature too is a quarrel, and internecine duel, with the whole World 10 of Darkness that lies without one and within one;—rather a hard fight at times, even with the three pound ten secure. Thou, there where thou art, wrestle and duel along, cheerfully to the end; and make no remarks!

X.

Abbot Samson with Justice on his side not to be overawed by Cœur-de-Lion himself.

Easy to bully down poor old rural Deans, and blow their 15 windmills away: but who is the man that dare abide King Richard's anger; cross the Lion in his path, and take him by the whiskers! Abbot Samson too; he is that man, with justice on his side. The case was this. Adam de Cokefield, one of the chief feudatories of St Edmund, and a 20 principal man in the Eastern Counties, died, leaving large possessions, and for heiress a daughter of three months; who by clear law, as all men know, became thus Abbot Samson's ward; whom accordingly he proceeded to dispose of to such person as seemed fittest. But now King Richard 25 has another person in view, to whom the little ward and her great possessions were a suitable thing. He, by letter, requests that Abbot Samson will have the goodness to give her to this person. Abbot Samson, with deep humility, replies that she is already given. New letters from Richard, of 30 severer tenor; answered with new deep humilities, with gifts and entreaties, with no promise of obedience. King Richard's ire is kindled; messengers arrive at St Edmundsbury, with emphatic message to obey or tremble! Abbot Samson, wisely silent as to the King's threats, makes answer: "The King can send if he will, and seize the ward: force and power he has to do his pleasure, and abolish the 5 whole Abbey. But I, for my part, never can be bent to wish this that he seeks, nor shall it by me be ever done. For there is danger lest such things be made a precedent of, to the prejudice of my successors. Videat Altissimus, Let the Most High look on it. Whatsoever thing shall befall I to will patiently endure."

Such was Abbot Samson's deliberate decision. Why not? Cœur-de-Lion is very dreadful, but not the dreadfullest. Videat Altissimus. I reverence Cœur-de-Lion to the marrow of my bones, and will in all right things be homo suus; but 15 it is not, properly speaking, with terror, with any fear at all. On the whole, have I not looked on the face of "Satan with outspread wings;" steadily into Hellfire these seven-andforty years;—and was not melted into terror even at that, such the Lord's goodness to me? Cœur-de-Lion!

Richard swore tornado oaths, worse than our armies in Flanders, To be revenged on that proud Priest. But in the end he discovered that the Priest was right; and forgave him, and even loved him. "King Richard wrote, soon after, to Abbot Samson, That he wanted one or two of the St

25 Edmundsbury dogs, which he heard were good." Abbot Samson sent him dogs of the best; Richard replied by the present of a ring, which Pope Innocent the Third had given him. Thou brave Richard, thou brave Samson! Richard too, I suppose, "loved a man," and knew one when he saw 30 him.

The great antique heart: how like a child's in its simplicity, like a man's in its earnest solemnity and depth! Heaven lies over him wheresoever he goes or stands on Earth; making all the Earth a mystic Temple to him, the 35 Earth's business all a kind of worship. Glimpses of bright creatures flash in the common sunlight; angels yet hover doing God's Messages among men: that rainbow was set in the clouds by the hand of God! Wonder, miracle encompass

the man; he lives in an element of miracle; Heaven's splendour over his head, Hell's darkness under his feet. A great Law of Duty, high as these two Infinitudes, dwarfing all else, annihilating all else,—making royal Richard as small as peasant Samson, smaller if need be! It was not a 5 Dilettantism this of Abbot Samson. It was a Reality, and it is one. The garment only of it is dead; the essence of it lives through all Time and all Eternity!—

XI.

A Brave Man's one Unhappiness.

The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was, happiness enough to get his 10 work done. Not "I can't eat!" but "I can't work!" that was the burden of all wise complaining among men. It is, after all, the one unhappiness of a man. That he cannot work: that he cannot get his destiny as a man fulfilled. Behold, the day is passing swiftly over, our life is passing 15 swiftly over; and "the night cometh, wherein no man can work." The night once come, our happiness, our unhappiness, -it is all abolished; vanished, clean gone; a thing that has been: "not of the slightest consequence" whether we were happy as eupeptic Curtis, as the fattest pig of Epicurus, or 20 unhappy as Job with potsherds, as musical Byron with Giaours and sensibilities of the heart; as the unmusical Meat-jack with hard labour and rust! But our work.-behold that is not abolished, that has not vanished: our work, behold, it remains, or the want of it remains:—for endless 25 Times and Eternities, remains: and that is now the sole question with us for evermore! Brief brawling Day, with its noisy phantasms, its poor paper-crowns tinsel-gilt, is gone; and divine everlasting Night, with her star-diadems, with her silences and her veracities, is come! What hast 30 thou done, and how? Happiness, unhappiness: all that was but the wages, thou hadst; thou hast spent all that, in sustaining thyself hitherward; not a coin of it remains with thee, it is all spent, eaten: and now thy work, where is thy work? Swift, out with it, let us see thy work! 35

XII.

The Forgotten Work that lies Silent under our Feet.

The long Forgotten Brave.

The Life-tree Igdrasil, which waves round thee in this hour, whereof thou in this hour art portion, has its roots deep down in the oldest Death-Kingdoms; and grows; the Three Nornas, or *Times*, Past, Present, Future, watering it 5 from the Sacred Well.

For example, who taught thee to speak? From the day when two hairy-naked or fig-leaved Human Figures began, as uncomfortable dummies, anxious no longer to be dumb, but to impart themselves to one another; and endeavoured, 10 with gaspings, gesturings, with unsyllabled cries, with painful pantomime and interjections, in a very unsuccessful manner,-up to the writing of this present copyright Book, which also is not very successful! Between that day and this, I say, there has been a pretty space of time; a pretty 15 spell of work, which somebody has done! Thinkest thou there were no poets till Dan Chaucer? No heart burning with a thought, which it could not hold, and had no word for; and needed to shape and coin a word for,—what thou callest a metaphor, trope, or the like? For every word we have, there 20 was such a man and poet. Men had not a hammer to begin with, not a syllabled articulation: they had it all to make:and they have made it. What thousand thousand articulate. semi-articulate, earnest-stammering Prayers ascending up to Heaven, from hut and cell, in many lands, in many cen-25 turies, from the fervent kindled souls of innumerable men, each struggling to pour itself forth incompletely as it might, before the incompletest Liturgy could be compiled! The good were found adoptable by men; were gradually got together, well-edited, accredited: the bad, found inappropri-30 ate, unadoptable, were gradually forgotten, disused and burnt. It is the way with human things. The first man who, looking with opened soul on this august Heaven and Earth, this Beautiful and Awful, which we name Nature,

Universe and such like, the essence of which remains forever Unnameable; he who first, gazing into this, fell on his knees awestruck, in silence as is likeliest,—he, driven by inner necessity, the "audacious original" that he was, had done a thing, too, which all thoughtful hearts saw straightway to be an expressive, altogether adoptable thing! To bow the knee was ever since the attitude of supplication. Earlier than any spoken Prayers; the beginning of all Worship,—which needed but a beginning, so rational was it. What a poet he! Yes, this bold original was a successful 10 one withal. The well-head this one, hidden in the primeval dusks and distances, from whom as from a Nile-source all Forms of Worship flow!

Things rise, I say, in that way. The Iliad Poem, and indeed most other poetic, especially epic things, have risen 15 as the Liturgy did. The great Iliad in Greece, and the small Robin Hood's Garland in England, are each, as I understand, the well-edited "Select Beauties" of an immeasurable waste imbroglio of Heroic Ballads in their respective centuries and countries. Think what strumming of the 20 seven-stringed heroic lyre, torturing of the less heroic fiddlecatgut, in Helenic Kings' Courts, and English wayside Public Houses; and beating of the studious Poetic brain, and gasping here too in the semi-articulate windpipe of Poetic men, before the Wrath of a Divine Achilles, the Prowess of 25 a Will Scarlet or Wakefield Pinder, could be adequately sung. Honour to you, ye nameless great and greatest ones, ve long-forgotten brave!

It is all work and forgotten work, this peopled, clothed, articulate-speaking, high-towered, wide-acred World. The 30 hands of forgotten brave men have made it a World for us; they,—honour to them; they, in *spite* of the idle and the dastard. This English Land, here and now, is the summary of what was found of wise, and noble, and accordant with God's Truth, in all the generations of English Men. Our 35 English Speech is speakable because there were Hero-Poets of our blood and lineage; speakable in proportion to the number of these. This Land of England has its conquerors,

possessors, which change from epoch to epoch, from day to day; but its real conquerors, creators, and eternal proprietors are these following, and their representatives if you can find them: All the Heroic Souls that ever were in England. 5 each in their degree; all the men that ever cut a thistle, drained a puddle out of England, contrived a wise scheme in England, did or said a true and valiant thing in England. I tell thee, they had not a hammer to begin with; and yet Wren built St Paul's: not an articulated syllable; and yet 10 there have come English Literatures, Elizabethan Literatures. Satanic-School, Cockney-School and other Literatures; once more, a most waste imbroglio, and world-wide jungle and jumble; waiting terribly to be "well-edited," and "well-burnt!" Arachne started with forefinger and thumb, and had not even 15 a distaff; yet thou seest Manchester, and Cotton Cloth, which will shelter naked backs, at two-pence an ell.

Work? The quantity of done and forgotten work that lies silent under my feet in this world, and escorts and attends me, and supports and keeps me alive, wheresoever 20 I walk or stand, whatsoever I think or do, gives rise to reflections! Is it not enough, at any rate, to strike the thing called "Fame" into total silence for a wise man? Scarcely two hundred years back can Fame recollect articulately at all; and there she but maunders and mumbles. 25 manages to recollect a Shakspeare or so; and prates, considerably like a goose, about him ;-and in the rear of that, onwards to the birth of Theuth, to Hengst's Invasion, and the bosom of Eternity, it was all blank; and the respectable Teutonic Languages, Teutonic Practices, Existences all 30 came of their own accord, as the grass springs, as the trees grow; no Poet, no work from the inspired heart of a Man needed there; and Fame has not an articulate word to say about it!

XIII.

Columbus, my Hero.

Work is of a brave nature. All work of man is as the 35 swimmer's: a waste ocean threatens to devour him; if

he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along. "It is so," says Goethe, "with all things that man undertakes in this world."

Brave Sea-Captain, Norse Sea-king, - Columbus, my hero, royalest Sea-king of all! it is no friendly environment this of thine, in the waste deep waters; around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee the unpenetrated veil of Night: Brother, these wild 10 water-mountains, bounding from their deep bases (ten miles deep, I am told), are not entirely there on thy behalf! Meseems they have other work than floating thee forward: -and the huge Winds, that sweep from Ursa Major to the Tropics and Equators, dancing their giant-waltz through the 15 kingdoms of Chaos and Immensity, they care little about filling rightly or filling wrongly the small shoulder-of-mutton sails in this cockle-skiff of thine! Thou art not among articulate-speaking friends, my brother; thou art among immeasurable dumb monsters, tumbling, howling wide as 20 the world here. Secret, far off, invisible to all hearts but thine, there lies a help in them: see how thou wilt get at that. Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad South-wester spend itself, saving thyself by dexterous science of defence, the while; valiantly, with swift decision, wilt thou strike in, 25 when the favouring East, the Possible, springs up. Mutiny of men thou wilt sternly repress; weakness, despondency, thou wilt cheerily encourage: thou wilt swallow down complaint, unreason, weariness, weakness of others and thyself: -how much wilt thou swallow down! There shall be a 30 depth of Silence in thee, deeper than this Sea, which is but ten miles deep: a Silence unsoundable; known to God Thou shalt be a Great Man. Yes, my Worldonly. Soldier, thou of the World Marine-service,—thou wilt, have to be greater than this tumultuous unmeasured World here 35 round thee is: thou, in thy strong soul, as with wrestler's arms, shalt embrace it, harness it down; and make it bear thee on,-to new America, or whither God wills.

XIV.

Life to be Given, not to be Sold.

My brother, the brave man has to give his Life away. Give it. I advise thee :- thou dost not expect to sell thy Life in an adequate manner? What price, for example, would content thee? The just price of thy LIFE to thee,—why, 5 God's entire Creation to thyself, the whole Universe of Space, the whole Eternity of Time, and what they hold: that is the price which would content thee; that, and if thou wilt be candid, nothing short of that! It is thy all; and for it thou wouldst have all. Thou art an unreasonable 10 mortal;—or rather thou art a poor infinite mortal, who, in thy narrow clay-prison here, seemest so unreasonable! Thou wilt never sell thy Life, or any part of thy Life, in a satisfactory manner. Give it, like a royal heart; let the price be Nothing: thou hast then, in a certain sense, got 15 All for it! The heroic man,—and is not every man, God be thanked, a potential hero?—has to do so, in all times and circumstances. In the most heroic age, as in the most unheroic, he will have to say, as Burns said proudly and humbly of his little Scottish Songs, little dewdrops of 20 Celestial Melody in an age when so much was unmelodious: "By Heaven, they shall either be invaluable or of no value: I do not need your guineas for them!" It is an element which should, and must, enter deeply into all settlements of wages here below. They never will be "satisfactory" other-25 wise; they cannot, O Mammon Gospel, they never can! Money for my little piece of work "to the extent that will allow me to keep working;" yes, this,—unless you mean that I shall go my ways before the work is all taken out of me: but as to "wages"-!-

XV.

Old Anselm and the Fire-eyed Burgundian Duke.

30 Old Anselm, exiled Archbishop of Canterbury, one of the purest-minded "men of genius," was travelling to make his appeal to Rome against King Rufus,-a man of rough ways, in whom the "inner Lightbeam" shone very fitfully. beautiful to read, in Monk Eadmer, how the Continental populations welcomed and venerated this Anselm, as no French population now venerates Jean-Jacques or giantkilling Voltaire! They had, by phantasy and true insight, the intensest conviction that a God's-Blessing dwelt in this Anselm,-as is my conviction too. They crowded round, with bent knees and enkindled hearts, to receive his blessing, to hear his voice, to see the light of his 10 My blessings on them and on him!-But the notablest was a certain necessitous or covetous Duke of Burgundy, in straitened circumstances we shall hope,—who reflected that in all likelihood this English Archbishop, going towards Rome to appeal, must have taken store of 15 cash with him to bribe the Cardinals. Wherefore he of Burgundy, for his part, decided to lie in wait and rob him. "In an open space of a wood," some "wood" then green and growing, eight centuries ago, in Burgundian Land,-this fierce Duke, with fierce steel followers, shaggy, savage, as 20 the Russian bear, dashes out on the weak old Anselm; who is riding along there, on his small quiet-going pony; escorted only by Eadmer and another poor Monk on ponies; and, except small modicum of roadmoney, not a gold coin in his possession. The steelclad Russian bear emerges, glaring: 25 the old white-bearded man starts not,-paces on unmoved, looking into him with those clear old earnest eyes, with that venerable sorrowful time-worn face; of whom no man or thing need be afraid, and who also is afraid of no created man or thing. The fire-eyes of his Burgundian Grace meet 30 these clear eye-glances, convey them swift to his heart: he bethinks him that probably this feeble, fearless, hoary Figure has in it something of the Most High God; that probably he shall be damned if he meddle with it,—that, on the whole, he had better not. He plunges, the rough savage, from his 35 war-horse, down to his knees: embraces the feet of old Anselm: he too begs his blessing; orders men to escort him, guard him from being robbed, and under dread penalties see him safe on his way.

XVI.

King Rufus as representing the Nation to Anselm as representing the Church.

It was as if King Redbeard unconsciously, addressing Anselm, Becket and the others, had said: "Right Reverend, your Theory of the Universe is indisputable. To the core of our heart we feel that this divine thing, which you call 5 Mother Church, does fill the whole world hitherto known, and is and shall be all our salvation and all our desire. And yet-and yet-Behold, though it is an unspoken secret, the world is wider than any of us think, Right Reverend! Behold, there are yet other immeasurable Sacrednesses in 10 this that you call Heathenism, Secularity! On the whole, I, in an obscure but most rooted manner, feel that I cannot comply with you. Western Thibet and perpetual masschanting,-No. I am in pain to be delivered, of I know not what,—certainly of something far different from this! I 15 have—Per os Dei, I have Manchester Cotton-trades, Bromwicham Iron-trades, American Commonwealths, Indian Empires, Steam Mechanisms and Shakspeare Dramas, in my interior; and cannot do it, Right Reverend!"-So accordingly it was decided: and Saxon Becket spilt his life in 20 Canterbury Cathedral, as Scottish Wallace did on Towerhill, and as generally a noble man and martyr has to do. -not for nothing; no, but for a divine something other than he had altogether calculated.

XVII.

Here let us Learn to Dwell.

Blessed is he that continueth where he is. Here let us 25 rest, and lay out seedfields; here let us learn to dwell. Here, even here, the orchards that we plant will yield us fruit; the acorns will be wood and pleasant umbrage, if we wait. How much grows everywhere, if we do but wait!

Through the swamps we will shape causeways, force purifying drains; we will learn to thread the rocky inaccessibilities; and beaten tracks, worn smooth by mere travelling of human feet, will form themselves. Not a difficulty but can transfigure itself into a triumph; not even a deformity but, if our 5 own soul have imprinted worth on it, will grow dear to us. The sunny plains and deep indigo transparent skies of Italy are all indifferent to the great sick heart of a Sir Walter Scott: on the back of the Apennines, in wild spring weather, the sight of bleak Scotch firs, and snow-spotted 10 heath and desolation, brings tears into his eyes.

O unwise mortals that forever change and shift, and say, Yonder, not Here! Wealth richer than both the Indies lies everywhere for man, if he will endure. Not his oaks only and his fruit-trees, his very heart roots itself wherever he 15 will abide:--roots itself, draws nourishment from the deep fountains of Universal Being! Vagrant Sam-Slicks, who rove over the Earth doing "strokes of trade." what wealth have they? Horseloads, shiploads of white or yellow metal: in very sooth, what are these? Slick rests nowhere, he is 20 homeless. He can build stone or marble houses: but to continue in them is denied him. The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by! The herdsman in his poor clay shealing, where his very cow and dog are friends to him, 25 and not a cataract but carries memories for him, and not a mountain-top but nods old recognition: his life, all encircled as in blessed mother's-arms, is it poorer than Slick's with the ass-loads of yellow metal on his back? Unhappy Slick! Alas, there has so much grown nomadic with us: so much 30 will have, with whatever pain, repugnance and "impossibility," to alter itself, to fix itself again,—in some wise way, in any not delirious way!

III.

SELECTIONS FROM "CHARTISM."

My Property.

What is thy property? That parchment title-deed, that purse thou buttonest in thy breeches-pocket? Is that thy valuable property? Unhappy brother, most poor insolvent brother, I without parchment at all, with purse oftenest in 5 the flaccid state, imponderous, which will not fling against the wind, have quite other property than that! I have the miraculous breath of Life in me, breathed into my nostrils by Almighty God. I have affections, thoughts, a god-given capability to be and do; rights, therefore,—the right, for 10 instance, to thy love if I love thee, to thy guidance if I obey thee: the strangest rights, rights stretching high into Immensity, far into Eternity! Fifteen-pence a-day; three-andsixpence a-day; eight hundred pounds and odd a-day, dost thou call that my property? I value that little; little all I 15 could purchase with that. For truly, as is said, what matters it? In torn boots, in soft-hung carriages-and-four, a man gets always to his journey's end. Socrates walked barefoot. or in wooden shoes, and yet arrived happily. They never asked him, What shoes or conveyance? never, What wages 20 hadst thou? but simply, What work didst thou?—Property, O brother? "Of my very body I have but a life-rent." As for this flaccid purse of mine, 'tis something, nothing; has been the slave of pickpockets, cutthroats, Jew-brokers, golddust robbers; 'twas his, 'tis mine; -- 'tis thine, if thou care 25 much to steal it. But my soul, breathed into me by God, 60

my Me and what capability is there; that is mine, and I will resist the stealing of it. I call that mine and not thine; I will keep that, and do what work I can with it: God has given it me, the Devil shall not take it away!

THE ERAS OF ENGLAND.

Ī.

Romans dead out; English come in.

Who shall say what work and works this England has yet 5 to do? For what purpose this land of Britain was created, set like a jewel in the encircling blue of Ocean; and this Tribe of Saxons, fashioned in the depths of Time, "on the shores of the Black Sea" or elsewhere, "out of Harzgebirge rock" or whatever other material, was sent travelling hither- 10 ward? No man can say: it was for a work, and for works, incapable of announcement in words. Thou seest them there; part of them stand done, and visible to the eye; even these thou canst not name: how much less the others still matter of prophecy only !—They live and labour there, these 15 twenty million Saxon men; they have been born into this mystery of life out of the darkness of Past Time:-how changed now since the first Father and first Mother of them set forth, quitting the tribe of Theuth, with passionate farewell, under questionable auspices; on scanty bullock-cart, if 20 they had even bullocks and a cart; with axe and huntingspear, to subdue a portion of our common Planet! This Nation now has cities and seedfields, has spring-vans. dray-waggons, Long-Acre carriages, nay railway trains: has coined-money, exchange-bills, laws, books, war-fleets, 25 spinning-jennies, warehouses and West-India Docks: see what it has built and done, what it can and will yet build and do! These umbrageous pleasure-woods, green meadows, shaven stubble-fields, smooth-sweeping roads; these highdomed cities, and what they hold and bear; this mild 30 Good-morrow which the stranger bids thee, equitable, nav forbearant if need were, judicially calm and law-observing

towards thee a stranger, what work has it not cost? How many brawny arms, generation after generation, sank down wearied; how many noble hearts, toiling while life lasted, and wise heads that wore themselves dim with scanning and 5 discerning, before this waste White-cliff, Albion so-called, became a BRITISH EMPIRE! The stream of World-History has altered its complexion; Romans are dead out, English are come in. The red broad mark of Romanhood, stamped ineffaceably on that Chart of Time, has disappeared from 10 the present, and belongs only to the past. England plays its part; England too has a mark to leave, and we will hope none of the least significant. Of a truth, whosoever had, with the bodily eye, seen Hengst and Horsa mooring on the mud-beach of Thanet, on that spring morning of the Year 15 449; and then, with the spiritual eve, looked forward to New York, Calcutta, Sidney Cove, across the ages and the oceans; and thought what Wellingtons, Washingtons, Shakspeares, Miltons, Watts, Arkwrights, William Pitts and Davie Crocketts had to issue from that business, and do their 20 several taskworks so,-he would have said, those leatherboats of Hengst's had a kind of cargo in them! A genealogic Mythus superior to any in the old Greek, to almost any in the old Hebrew itself; and not a Mythus either, but every fibre of it fact. An Epic Poem was there, and all 25 manner of poems; except that the Poet has not yet made his appearance.

II.

A Stormy but a Spring-Time withal: the Heptarchy.

Six centuries of obscure endeavour, which to read Historians, you would incline to call mere obscure slaughter, discord, and misendeavour; of which all that the human 30 memory, after a thousand readings, can remember, is that it resembled, what Milton names it, the "flocking and fighting of kites and crows:" this, in brief, is the history of the Heptarchy or Seven Kingdoms. Six centuries; a stormy spring-

time, if there ever was one, for a Nation. Obscure fighting of kites and crows, however, was not the History of it; but was only what the dim Historians of it saw good to record. Were not forests felled, bogs drained, fields made arable, towns built, laws made, and the Thought and Practice of 5 men in many ways perfected? Venerable Bede had got a language which he could now not only speak, but spell and put on paper: think what lies in that. Bemurmured by the German sea-flood swinging slow with sullen roar against those hoarse Northumbrian rocks, the venerable man set to down several things in a legible manner. Or was the smith idle, hammering only wartools? He had learned metallurgy, stithy-work in general; and made ploughshares withal, and adzes and mason-hammers. Castra, Caesters or Chesters, Dons, Tons (Enclosures or Towns), not a few, did they not 15 stand there; of burnt brick, of timber, of lath-and-clay; sending up the peaceable smoke of hearths? England had a History then too: though no Historian to write it. Those "flockings and fightings," sad inevitable necessities, were the expensive tentative steps towards some capability of 20 living and working in concert: experiments they were, not always conclusive, to ascertain who had the might over whom, the right over whom.

III.

The Question of Right to the Land, and on what it depends.

Might and Right do differ frightfully from hour to hour; but give them centuries to try it in, they are found to be 25 identical. Whose land was this of Britain? God's who made it, His and no other's it was, and is. Who of God's creatures had right to live in it? The wolves and bisons? Yes, they; till one with a better right showed himself. The Celt, "aboriginal savage of Europe," as a snarling antiquary 30 names him, arrived, pretending to have a better right; and did accordingly, not without pain to the bisons, make good the same. He had a better right to that piece of God's

land; namely a better might to turn it to use;—a might to settle himself there, at least, and try what use he could turn The bisons disappeared; the Celts took possession, and tilled. Forever, was it to be? Alas, Forever is not a 5 category that can establish itself in this world of Time. A world of Time, by the very definition of it, is a world of mortality and mutability, of Beginning and Ending. No property is eternal but God the Maker's: whom Heaven permits to take possession, his is the right; Heaven's sanction 10 is such permission,—while it lasts: nothing more can be Why does that hyssop grow there, in the chink of the Because the whole Universe, sufficiently occupied otherwise, could not hitherto prevent its growing! It has the might and the right. By the same great law do Roman 15 Empires establish themselves, Christian Religions promulgate themselves, and all extant Powers bear rule. The strong thing is the just thing: this thou wilt find throughout in our world :- as indeed was God and Truth the Maker of our world, or was Satan and Falsehood?

IV.

Normans of the Same Stock as the Saxons, and no nobler than they.

God knows, coarse enough features are to be seen among the commonalty of England; but if the Nobility's be finer, it is not their Normanhood that can be the reason. Those Normans, Northmen, were originally Baltic Saxons, and what other miscellany of Lurdanes, Jutes and Deutsch Pirates from the East-sea marshes would join them in plunder of France. If living three centuries longer in Heathenism, sea-robbery, and the unlucrative fishing of amber could ennoble them beyond the others, then were they ennobled. The Normans were Saxons who had learned to speak French. No: by Thor and Wodan, the Saxons were all as noble as needful;—shaped, says the Mythus, "from the rock of the Harzgebirge;" brother-tribes being made of clay, wood.

water, or what other material might be going! A stubborn, taciturn, sulky, indomitable rock-made race of men; as the figure they cut in all quarters, in the cane-brake of Arkansas, in the Ghauts of the Himmalaya, no less than in London City, in Warwick or Lancaster County, does still abundantly 5 manifest.

V.

Two Grand Tasks assigned to the English people.

To this English People in World-History, there have been, shall I prophesy, Two grand tasks assigned? Huge-looming through the dim tumult of the always incommensurable Present Time, outlines of two tasks disclose themselves: 10 the grand Industrial task of conquering some half or more of this Terraqueous Planet for the use of man; then secondly, the grand Constitutional task of sharing, in some pacific endurable manner, the fruit of said conquest, and showing all people how it might be done. These I will call their two 15 tasks, discernible hitherto in World-History: in both of these they have made respectable though unequal progress. What is meant by conquering this Planet, they partly know; how to accomplish sharing of that conquest, they do not so well know. Europe knows not; Europe vehemently asks 20 in these days, but receives no answer, no credible answer.

VI.

First Constitutional Epoch: rising of the Barons to power.

Succession of rebellions? Successive clippings away of the Supreme Authority; class after class rising in revolt to say, "We will no more be governed so"? That is not the history of the English Constitution; not altogether that. 25 Rebellion is the means, but it is not the motive cause. The motive cause, and true secret of the matter, were always this: The necessity there was for rebelling?

Rights I will permit thee to call everywhere "correctly

articulated mights." A dreadful business to articulate correctly! Consider those Barons of Runnymede: consider all manner of successfully revolting men! Your Great Charter has to be experimented on, by battle and debate, 5 for a hundred-and-fifty years; is then found to be correct; and stands as true Magna Charta,-nigh cut in pieces by a tailor, short of measures, in later generations. Mights, I say, are a dreadful business to articulate correctly! Yet articulated they have to be; the time comes for it, the need to comes for it, and with enormous difficulty and experimenting it is got done. Call it not succession of rebellions: call it rather succession of expansions, of enlightenments, gift of articulate utterance descending ever lower. Class after class acquires faculty of utterance.—Necessity teaching and 15 compelling; as the dumb man, seeing the knife at his father's throat, suddenly acquired speech! Consider too how class after class not only acquires faculty of articulating what its might is, but likewise grows in might, acquires might or loses might; so that always, after a space, there 20 is not only new gift of articulating, but there is something new to articulate. Constitutional Epochs will never cease among men.

VII.

The Second Constitutional Epoch: rising of the Middle Class into power.

And so now, the Barons all settled and satisfied, a new class hitherto silent had begun to speak: the Middle Class, 25 namely. In the time of James First, not only Knights of the Shire but Parliamentary Burgesses assemble, to assert, to complain and propose; a real House of Commons has come decisively into play,—much to the astonishment of James First. We call it a growth of mights, if also of 30 necessities; a growth of power to articulate mights, and make rights of them.

In those past silent centuries, among those still silent classes, much had been going on. Not only had red-deer

in the New and other Forests been got preserved and shot: and treacheries of Simon de Montfort, wars of Red and White Roses, Battles of Crecy, Battles of Bosworth, and many other battles been got transacted and adjusted; but England wholly, not without sore toil and aching bones to 5 the millions of sires and the millions of sons these eighteen generations, had been got drained and tilled, covered with yellow harvests, beautiful and rich possessions; the mudwooden Caesters and Chesters had become steepled tileroofed compact Towns. Sheffield had taken to the manu- 10 facture of Sheffield whittles: Worstead could from wool spin varn, and knit or weave the same into stockings or breeches for men. England had property valuable to the auctioneer: but the accumulate manufacturing, commercial, economic skill which lav impalpably warehoused in English 15 hands and heads, what auctioneer could estimate?

Hardly an Englishman to be met with but could do something; some cunninger thing than break his fellow-creature's head with battle-axes. The seven incorporated trades, with their million guild-brethren, with their hammers, their 20 shuttles and tools, what an army!—fit to conquer that land of England, as we say, and to hold it conquered!

VIII.

The English People assert their Right to Think and Believe, each man in it for himself.

Nay, strangest of all, the English people had acquired the faculty and habit of thinking,—even of believing: individual conscience had unfolded itself among them; Conscience, 25 and Intelligence its handmaid. Ideas of innumerable kinds were circulating among these men: witness one Shakspeare, a woolcomber, poacher, or whatever else at Stratford in Warwickshire, who happened to write books! The finest human figure, as I apprehend, that Nature has hitherto seen 30 fit to make of our widely diffused Teutonic clay. Saxon, Norman, Celt or Sarmat, I find no human soul so beautiful,

these fifteen-hundred known years;—our supreme modern European man. Him England had contrived to realise: were there not ideas?

Ideas poetic and also Puritanic,—that had to seek utter-5 ance in the notablest way! England had got her Shakspeare; but was now about to get her Milton and Oliver Cromwell. This too we will call a new expansion, hard as it might be to articulate and adjust; this, that a man could actually have a Conscience for his own behoof, and not for 10 his Priest's only; that his Priest, be who he might, would henceforth have to take that fact along with him. One of the hardest things to adjust! It is not adjusted down to this hour. It lasts onwards to the time they call "Glorious Revolution" before so much as a reasonable truce can be 15 made, and the war proceed by logic mainly. And still it is war, and no peace, unless we call waste vacancy peace. But it needed to be adjusted, as the others had done, as still others will do. Nobility at Runnymede cannot endure foulplay grown palpable; no more can Gentry in Long Parlia-20 ment; no more can Commonalty in Parliament they name Reformed. Prynne's bloody ears were as a testimony and question to all England: "Englishmen, is this fair?" England, no longer continent of herself, answered, bellowing as with the voice of lions: "No, it is not fair!"

IX.

Thinking, Believing England sends a Shoot across the Ocean.

But now on the Industrial side, while this great Constitutional controversy, and revolt of the Middle Class had not ended, had yet but begun, what a shoot was that that England, carelessly, in quest of other objects, struck out across the Ocean, into the waste land which it named New 30 England! Hail to thee, poor little ship Mayflower, of Delft-Haven: poor common-looking ship, hired by common charterparty for coined dollars; caulked with mere oakum

and tar; provisioned with vulgarest biscuit and bacon;yet what ship Argo, or miraculous epic ship built by the Sea-Gods, was other than a foolish bumbarge in comparison! Golden fleeces or the like these sailed for, with or without effect; thou little Mayflower hadst in thee a 5 veritable Promethean spark; the life-spark of the largest Nation on our Earth, -so we may already name the Transatlantic Saxon Nation. They went seeking leave to hear sermon in their own method, these Mavflower Puritans; a most honest indispensable search; and vet, like Saul the 10 son of Kish, seeking a small thing, they found this unexpected great thing! Honour to the brave and true; they verily, we say, carry fire from Heaven, and have a power that themselves dream not of. Let all men honour Puritanism, since God has so honoured it. 15

X.

A Third Constitutional Epoch distractedly working itself out in these days.

As to the Third Constitutional controversy, that of the Working Classes, which now debates itself everywhere these fifty years, in France specifically since 1789, in England too since 1831, it is doubtless the hardest of all to get articulated: finis of peace, or even reasonable truce on this, is a 20 thing I have little prospect of for several generations. Dark, wild-weltering, dreary, boundless; nothing heard on it yet but ballot-boxes, Parliamentary arguing; not to speak of much far worse arguing, by steel and lead, from Valmy to Waterloo, to Peterloo!

XI.

The English Constitution.

And yet of Representative Assemblies may not this good be said: That contending parties in a country do thereby ascertain one another's strength? They fight there, since

fight they must, by petition, Parliamentary eloquence, not by sword, bayonet and bursts of military cannon. Why do men fight at all, if it be not that they are yet unacquainted with one another's strength, and must fight and ascertain it? 5 Knowing that thou art stronger than I, that thou canst compel me. I will submit to thee: unless I chance to prefer extermination, and slightly circuitous suicide, there is no other course for me. That in England, by public meetings, by petitions, by elections, leading-articles, and other jangling to hubbub and tongue-fence which perpetually goes on everywhere in that country, people ascertain one another's strength. and the most obdurate House of Lords has to yield and give-in before it come to cannonading and guillotinement: this is a saving characteristic of England. Nay, at bottom, 15 is not this the celebrated English Constitution itself? This unspoken Constitution whereof Privilege of Parliament, Money-Bill, Mutiny-Bill, and all that could be spoken and enacted hitherto, is not the essence and body, but only the shape and skin? Such Constitution is, in our times, verily 20 invaluable.

XII.

The Elizabethan Era, a Spiritual Flower-time.

Long stormy spring-time, wet contentious April, winter chilling the lap of very May; but at length the season of summer does come. So long the tree stood naked; angry wiry naked boughs moaning and creaking in the wind: you would say, Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground? Not so; we must wait; all things will have their time.—Of the man Shakspeare, and his Elizabethan Era, with its Sidneys, Raleighs, Bacons, what could we say? That it was a spiritual flower-time. Suddenly, as with the breath of June, your rude naked tree is touched; bursts into leaves and flowers, such leaves and flowers. The past long ages of nakedness, and wintry fermentation and elaboration, have done their part, though seeming to do nothing. The past silence has got a voice, all the more significant, the longer it had continued

5

silent. In trees, men, institutions, creeds, nations, in all things extant and growing in this Universe, we may note such vicissitudes and budding-times. Moreover there are spiritual budding-times; and then also there are physical, appointed to nations.

XIII.

The Dead-seeming Tree proves Living again, and has its Physical Budding-time.

Thus in the middle of that poor calumniated Eighteenth Century, see once more, long winter again past, the deadseeming tree proves to be living, to have been always living; after motionless times, every bough shoots forth on the sudden, very strangely:—it now turns out that this favoured 10 England was not only to have had her Shakspeares, Bacons, Sidneys, but to have her Watts, Arkwrights, Brindleys! We will honour greatness in all kinds. The Prospero evoked the singing of Ariel, and took captive the world with those melodies: the same Prospero can send his Fire-demons 15 panting across all oceans; shooting with the speed of meteors, on cunning highways, from end to end of kingdoms; and make Iron his missionary, preaching its evangel to the brute Primeval Powers, which listen and obey: neither is this small. 20

XIV.

Manchester with its ten-thousand times ten-thousand Spools and Spindles all set humming there.

Manchester, with its cotton-fuzz, its smoke and dust, its tumult and contentious squalor, is hideous to thee? Think not so: a precious substance, beautiful as magic dreams, and yet no dream but a reality, lies hidden in that noisome wrappage;—a wrappage struggling indeed (look at Chartisms 25 and suchlike) to cast itself off, and leave the beauty free and visible there! Hast thou heard, with sound ears, the awaken-

ing of a Manchester, on Monday morning, at half-past five by the clock; the rushing-off of its thousand mills, like the boom of an Atlantic tide, ten-thousand times ten-thousand spools and spindles all set humming there,—it is perhaps, 5 if thou knew it well, sublime as a Niagara, or more so. Cotton-spinning is the clothing of the naked in its result; the triumph of man over matter in its means. Soot and despair are not the essence of it; they are divisible from it,—at this hour, are they not crying fiercely to be divided? The great Goethe, looking at cotton Switzerland, declared it, I am told, to be of all things that he had seen in this world the most poetical. Whereat friend Kanzler von Müller, in search of the palpable picturesque, could not but stare wide-eyed. Nevertheless our World-Poet knew well 5 what he was saying.

XV.

Richard Arkwright and what he did for England amid Contradiction.

Richard Arkwright, it would seem, was not a beautiful man; no romance-hero with haughty eyes, Apollo-lip, and gesture like the herald Mercury; a plain almost gross, bagcheeked, potbellied Lancashire man, with an air of painful re-20 flection, yet also of copious free digestion;—a man stationed by the community to shave certain dusty beards, in the Northern parts of England, at a halfpenny each. To such end, we say, by forethought, oversight, accident and arrangement, had Richard Arkwright been, by the community of 25 England and his own consent, set apart. Nevertheless, in strapping of razors, in lathering of dusty beards, and the contradictions and confusions attendant thereon, the man had notions in that rough head of his; spindles, shuttles, wheels and contrivances plying ideally within the same: 30 rather hopeless-looking; which, however, he did at last bring to bear. Not without difficulty! His townsfolk rose in mob round him, for threatening to shorten labour, to shorten wages; so that he had to fly, with broken wash-pots, scattered household, and seek refuge elsewhere. Nay his wife too, as I learn, rebelled; burnt his wooden model of his spinning-wheel; resolute that he should stick to his razors rather;—for which, however, he decisively, as thou wilt rejoice to understand, packed her out of doors. O reader, what 5 a Historical Phenomenon is that bag-cheeked, potbellied, much-enduring, much-inventing barber! French Revolutions were a-brewing: to resist the same in any measure, imperial Kaisers were impotent without the cotton and cloth of England; and it was this man that had to give England 10 the power of cotton.

XVI.

Tames Watt and the Disregard of his Invention at the time not a singular case.

Neither had Watt of the Steam-engine a heroic origin, any kindred with the princes of this world. The princes of this world were shooting their partridges; noisily, in Parliament or elsewhere, solving the question, Head or tail? while this 15 man with blackened fingers, with grim brow, was searching out, in his workshop, the Fire-secret; or, having found it, was painfully wending to and fro in quest of a "moneyed man," as indispensable man-midwife of the same. Reader, thou shalt admire what is admirable, not what is dressed in 20 admirable. Ah, couldst thou always, what a world were it! But has the Berlin Royal Academy or any English Useful-Knowledge Society discovered, for instance, who it was that first scratched earth with a stick; and threw corns, the biggest he could find, into it; seedgrains of a certain grass, 25 which he named white or wheat? Again, what is the whole Tees-water and other breeding-world to him who stole home from the forests the first bison-calf, and bred it up to be a tame bison, a milk-cow? No machine of all they showed me in Birmingham can be put in comparison for ingenuity 30 with that figure of the wedge named knife, of the wedges named saw, of the lever named hammer: - nay is it not with the hammer-knife, named sword, that men fight, and maintain any semblance of constituted authority that yet survives

among us? The steam-engine I call fire-demon and great; but it is nothing to the invention of fire. Prometheus, Tubalcain, Triptolemus! Are not our greatest men as good as lost? The men that walk daily among us, clothing us, 5 warming us, feeding us, walk shrouded in darkness, mere mythic men.

It is said, ideas produce revolutions; and truly so they do; not spiritual ideas only, but even mechanical. In this clanging clashing universal Sword-dance that the European 10 world now dances for the last half-century, Voltaire is but one choragus, where Richard Arkwright is another. Let it dance itself out. When Arkwright shall have become mythic like Arachne, we shall still spin in peaceable profit by him; and the Sword-dance, with all its sorrowful shufflings, 15 Waterloo waltzes, Moscow gallopades, how forgotten will that be!

XVII.

Robert Clive and the Unexpected Possibilities that were in him.

On the whole, were not all these things most unexpected, unforeseen? As indeed what thing is foreseen; especially what man, the parent of things! Robert Clive in that same 20 time went out, with a developed gift of penmanship, as writer or superior book-keeper to a trading factory established in the distant East. With gift of penmanship developed; with other gifts not yet developed, which the calls of the case did by and by develop. Not fit for book-keeping alone, the man was found fit for conquering Nawaubs, founding kingdoms, Indian Empires! In a questionable manner, Indian Empire from the other hemisphere took up its abode in Leadenhall Street, in the City of London.

XVIII.

All This, Accidental as it looks, Preordained to be.

Accidental all these things and persons look, unexpected 30 every one of them to man. Yet inevitable every one of

them; foreseen, not unexpected, by Supreme Power; prepared, appointed from afar. Advancing always through all centuries, in the middle of the eighteenth they arrived. The Saxon kindred burst forth into cotton-spinning, cloth-cropping, iron-forging, steam-engining, railwaying, commercing 5 and careering towards all the winds of Heaven,-in this inexplicable noisy manner; the noise of which, in Powermills, in progress-of-the-species Magazines, still deafens us somewhat. Most noisy, sudden! The Staffordshire coalstratum and coal-strata lay side by side with iron-strata 10 quiet since the creation of the world. Water flowed in Lancashire and Lanarkshire: bituminous fire lay bedded in rocks there too,—over which how many fighting Stanleys, black Douglases, and other the like contentious persons. had fought out their bickerings and broils, not without 15 result, we will hope! But God said, Let the iron missionaries be; and they were. Coal and iron, so long close unregardful neighbours, are wedded together; Birmingham and Wolverhampton; and the hundred Stygian forges, with their fire-throats and never-resting sledge-hammers, rose into day, 20 Wet Manconium stretched out her hand towards Carolina and the torrid zone, and plucked cotton there; who could forbid her, that had the skill to weave it? Fish fled thereupon from the Mersey River, vexed with innumerable keels. England, I say, dug out her bitumen-fire, and bade it work: 25 towns rose, and steeple-chimneys; -- Chartisms also, and Parliaments they name Reformed.

XIX.

"Impossible," a Blockhead of a Word.

It is not a lucky word this same impossible: no good comes of those that have it so often in their mouth. Who is he that says always, There is a lion in the way? Sluggard, 30 thou must slay the lion, then; the way has to be travelled! In Art, in Practice, innumerable critics will demonstrate that most things are henceforth impossible; that we are got,

once for all, into the region of perennial commonplace, and must contentedly continue there. Let such critics demonstrate; it is the nature of them; what harm is in it? Poetry once well demonstrated to be impossible, arises the Burns. 5 arises the Goethe. Unheroic commonplace being now clearly all we have to look for, comes the Napoleon, comes the conquest of the world. It was proved by fluxionary calculus, that steamships could never get across from the farthest point of Ireland to the nearest of Newfoundland: 16 impelling force, resisting force, maximum here, minimum there; by law of Nature, and geometric demonstration:-The Great Western could weigh what could be done? anchor from Bristol Port; that could be done. The Great Western, bounding safe through the gullets of the Hudson, 15 threw her cable out on the capstan of New York, and left our still moist paper-demonstration to dry itself at leisure. "Impossible?" cried Mirabeau to his secretary, "Ne me dites jamais ce bête de mot, Never name to me that blockhead of a word!"

IV.

SELECTIONS FROM "HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP."

I.

HERO-WORSHIP.

Hero-worship indestructible: Johnson, Voltaire.

Hero-worship endures forever while man endures. Boswell venerates his Johnson, right truly even in the Eighteenth century. The unbelieving French believe in their Voltaire: and burst-out round him into very curious Hero-worship, in that last act of his life when they "stifle him under roses." 5 Truly, if Christianity be the highest instance of Hero-worship. then we may find here in Voltairism one of the lowest! whose life was that of a kind of Antichrist, does again on this side exhibit a curious contrast. No people ever were so little prone to admire at all as those French of Voltaire. Persi- 10 flage was the character of their whole mind; adoration had nowhere a place in it. Yet see! The old man of Ferney comes up to Paris; an old, tottering, infirm man of eightyfour years. They feel that he too is a kind of Hero; that he has spent his life in opposing error and injustice, deliver- 15 ing Calases, unmasking hypocrites in high places: -in short that he too, though in a strange way, has fought like a valiant man. They feel withal that, if persiftage be the great thing. there never was such a persifteur. He is the realised ideal of every one of them; the thing they are all wanting to be: 20 of all Frenchmen the most French. He is properly their god.—such god as they are fit for. Accordingly all persons.

from the Queen Antoinette to the Douanier at the Porte St Denis, do they not worship him? People of quality disguise themselves as tavern-waiters. The Maître de Poste, with a broad oath, orders his Postillion, "Va bon train; thou art 5 driving M. de Voltaire." At Paris his carriage is "the nucleus of a comet, whose train fills whole streets." The ladies pluck a hair or two from his fur, to keep it as a sacred relic. There was nothing highest, beautifulest, noblest in all France, that did not feel this man to be higher, beautifuler, 10 nobler.

II.

NORSE PAGANISM.

1.—Its Primary Characteristic. The Tree Igdrasil.

The primary characteristic of the old Northland mythology I find to be the impersonation of the visible workings of Nature. Earnest simple recognition of the workings of Physical Nature, as a thing wholly miraculous, stupendous, and divine. The dark hostile Powers of Nature they figure to themselves as "Jötuns," Giants, huge shaggy beings of a demonic character. Frost, Fire, Sea-tempest; these are Jötuns. The friendly Powers again, as Summer-heat, the Sun, are Gods. The empire of this Universe is divided be-20 tween these two; they dwell apart, in perennial internecine feud. The Gods dwell above in Asgard, the Garden of the Asen, or Divinities; Jötunheim, a distant dark chaotic land, is the home of the Jötuns.

The power of Fire, or Flame, is with these old Northmen, 25 Loke, a most swift subtle Demon, of the brood of the Jötuns. The savages of the Ladrones Islands too (say some Spanish voyagers) thought Fire, which they never had seen before, was a devil or god, that bit you sharply when you touched it, and that lived upon dry wood. From us too no Chemistry, 30 if it had not Stupidity to help it, would hide that Flame is a wonder. What is Flame?—Frost the old Norse Seer discerns to be a monstrous hoary Jötun, the Giant Thrym,

Hrym; or Rime, the old word now nearly obsolete here, but still used in Scotland to signify hoar-frost. Rime was not then as now a dead chemical thing, but a living Jötun or Devil; the monstrous Jötun Rime drove home his Horses at night, sat "combing their manes,"—which Horses were Hail-5 Clouds, or fleet Frost-Winds. His Cows—No, not his, but a kinsman's, the Giant Hymir's Cows are Icebergs: this Hymir "looks at the rocks" with his devil-eye, and they split in the glance of it.

Thunder was not then mere Electricity, vitreous or resin- 10 ous; it was the God Donner (Thunder) or Thor,-God also of beneficent Summer-heat. The thunder was his wrath; the gathering of the black clouds is the drawing-down of Thor's angry brows; the fire-bolt bursting out of Heaven is the all-rending Hammer flung from the hand of Thor: he 15 urges his loud chariot over the mountain-tops,—that is the peal; wrathful he "blows in his red beard,"—that is the rustling stormblast before the thunder begin. Balder again, the White God, the beautiful, the just and benignant (whom the early Christian Missionaries found to resemble Christ), 20 is the Sun,—beautifulest of visible things; wondrous too, and divine still, after all our Astronomies and Almanacs! But perhaps the notablest god we hear tell-of is one of whom Grimm the German Etymologist finds trace: the God Wünsch, or Wish. The God Wish; who could give us all 25 that we wished! Is not this the sincerest and vet rudest voice of the spirit of man? The rudest ideal that man ever formed; which still shows itself in the latest forms of our spiritual culture. Higher considerations have to teach us that the God Wish is not the true God.

It is strange, after our beautiful Apollo statues and clear smiling Mythuses, to come down upon the Norse Gods "brewing ale" to hold their feast with Aegir, the Sea-Jötun; sending out Thor to get the caldron for them in the Jötun country; Thor, after many adventures, clapping the Pot on 35 his head, like a huge hat, and walking off with it,—quite lost in it, the ears of the Pot reaching down to his heels! A kind of vacant hugeness, large awkward gianthood, charac-

terises that Norse System; enormous force, as yet altogether untutored, stalking helpless with large uncertain strides. Consider only their primary mythus of the Creation. The Gods, having got the Giant Ymer slain, a Giant made by "warm wind," and much confused work, out of the conflict of Frost and Fire,—determined on constructing a world with him. His blood made the Sea; his flesh was the Land, the Rocks his bones; of his eyebrows they formed Asgard their Gods'-dwelling; his skull was the great blue vault of Immensity, and the brains of it became the Clouds. What a Hyper-Brobdingnagian business! Untamed Thought, great, giantlike, enormous;—to be tamed in due time into the compact greatness, not giantlike, but godlike and stronger than gianthood, of the Shakspeares, the Goethes!—Spiritually as 15 well as bodily these men are our progenitors.

I like, too, that representation they have of the Tree Igdrasil. All Life is figured by them as a Tree. Igdrasil, the Ash-tree of Existence, has its roots deep-down in the kingdoms of Hela or Death; its trunk reaches up heaven-high, 20 spreads its boughs over the whole Universe: it is the Tree of Existence. At the foot of it, in the Death-kingdom, sit Three Normas, Fates,—the Past, Present, Future; watering its roots from the Sacred Well. Its "boughs," with their buddings and disleafings,-events, things suffered, things 25 done, catastrophes,—stretch through all lands and times. Is not every leaf of it a biography, every fibre there an act or word? Its boughs are Histories of Nations. The rustle of it is the noise of Human Existence, onwards from of old. It grows there, the breath of Human Passion rustling 30 through it :- or stormtost, the stormwind howling through it like the voice of all the gods. It is Igdrasil, the Tree of Existence. It is the past, the present, and the future; what was done, what is doing, what will be done; "the infinite conjugation of the verb To do." Considering how human 35 things circulate, each inextricably in communion with all, how the word I speak to you to-day is borrowed, not from Ulfila the Mœsogoth only, but from all men since the first man began to speak,—I find no similitude so true as this of a Tree. Beautiful; altogether beautiful and great.

These old Northmen looked into Nature with open eye and soul: most earnest, honest; childlike, and yet manlike: with a great-hearted simplicity and depth and freshness, in a true, loving, admiring, unfearing way. A right valiant, true old race of men. Such recognition of Nature one finds 5 to be the chief element of Paganism: recognition of Man, and his Moral Duty, though this too is not wanting, comes to be the chief element only in purer forms of religion. Here, indeed, is a great distinction and epoch in Human Beliefs; a great landmark in the religious development of 10 Mankind. Man first puts himself in relation with Nature and her Powers, wonders and worships over those; not till a later epoch does he discern that all Power is Moral, that the grand point is the distinction for him of Good and Evil, of Thou shalt and Thou shalt not. ΙS

Whence this old Norse view of Nature specially came, one would not like to be compelled to say very minutely! One thing we may say: It came from the thoughts of Norse men:—from the thought, above all, of the first Norse man who had an original power of thinking. The First Norse 20 "man of genius," as we should call him! The man now named Odin, the chief Norse God, we fancy, was such a man. Innumerable men had passed by, across this Universe, with a dumb vague wonder, such as the very animals may feel; or with a painful, fruitlessly inquiring wonder, 25 such as men only feel;-till the great Thinker came, the original man, the Seer; whose shaped spoken Thought awakes the slumbering capability of all into Thought. ever the way with the Thinker, the spiritual Hero. he says, all men were not far from saying, were longing to 30 say. The Thoughts of all start up, as from painful enchanted sleep, round his Thought; answering to it, Yes, even so! Joyful to men as the dawning of day from night; -is it not, indeed, the awakening for them from no-being into being, from death into life? We still honour such a 35 man; call him poet, genius, and so forth, but to these wild men he was a very Magician, a worker of miraculous unexpected blessing for them, a prophet, a god. Thought once

awakened does not again slumber; unfolds itself into a system of thought; grows in man after man, generation after generation; till its full stature is reached, and such system of thought can grow no farther, but must give place 5 to another.

2.—The Main Practical Belief of the old Northmen; or, the Soul of the Norse Belief.

The main practical belief a man could have was probably not much more than this: of the Valkyrs and the Hall of Odin: of an inflexible Destiny: and that the one thing needful for a man was to be brave. The Valkyrs are 10 Choosers of the Slain: a Destiny inexorable, which it is useless trying to bend or soften, has appointed who is to be slain; this was a fundamental point for the Norse believer; -as indeed it is for all earnest men everywhere, for a Mahomet, a Luther, for a Napoleon too. It lies at the 15 basis this for every such man; it is the woof out of which his whole system of thought is woven. The Valkyrs: and then that these Choosers lead the brave to a heavenly Hall of Odin; only the base and slavish being thrust elsewhither, into the realms of Hela the Death-goddess: I take 20 this to have been the soul of the whole Norse Belief. They understood in their heart that it was indispensable to be brave; that Odin would have no favour for them, but despise and thrust them out, if they were not brave. It is an everlasting duty, the duty of being brave. Valour is 25 still value. The first duty for a man is still that of subduing Fear. We must get rid of Fear; we cannot act at all till then. A man's acts are slavish, not true but specious; his very thoughts are false, he thinks too as a slave and coward. till he have got Fear under his feet. Odin's creed, if we 30 disentangle the real kernel of it, is true to this hour. A man shall and must be valiant; he must march forward. and quit himself like a man,--trusting imperturbably in the appointment and choice of the upper Powers; and, on the whole, not fear at all. Now and always, the completeness of his victory over Fear will determine how much of a man he is.

It is doubtless very savage that kind of valour of the old Northmen. Snorro tells us they thought it a shame and misery not to die in battle; and if natural death seemed to 5 be coming on, they would cut wounds in their flesh, that Odin might receive them as warriors slain. Old kings, about to die, had their body laid into a ship; the ship sent forth, with sails set and slow fire burning it; that, once out at sea, it might blaze up in flame, and in such manner bury 10 worthily the old hero, at once in the sky and in the ocean! Wild bloody valour; yet valour of its kind; better, I say, than none. In the old Sea-kings too, what an indomitable rugged energy! Silent, with closed lips, as I fancy them, unconscious that they were specially brave; defying the 15 wild ocean with its monsters, and all men and things:progenitors of our own Blakes and Nelsons! No Homer sang these Norse Sea-kings; but Agamemnon's was a small audacity, and of small fruit in the world, to some of them: -to Hrolf's of Normandy, for instance! Hrolf, or Rollo, 20 Duke of Normandy, the wild Sea-king, has a share in governing England at this hour.

3.—Thor's Visit to Jötunheim, and the Lesson it taught him.

One of Thor's expeditions, to Utgard (the Outer Garden, central seat of Jötun-land), is remarkable. Thialfi was with him, and Loke. After various adventures, they entered upon 25 Giant-land; wandered over plains, wild uncultivated places, among stones and trees. At nightfall they noticed a house; and as the door, which indeed formed one whole side of the house, was open, they entered. It was a simple habitation; one large hall, altogether empty. They stayed there. Suddenly in the dead of the night loud noises alarmed them. Thor grasped his hammer; stood in the door, prepared for fight. His companions within ran hither and thither in their terror, seeking some outlet in that rude hall; they found a little closet at last, and took refuge there. Neither had Thor 35

any battle: for, lo, in the morning it turned-out that the noise had been only the *snoring* of a certain enormous but peaceable Giant, the Giant Skrymir, who lay peaceably sleeping near by; and this that they took for a house was 5 merely his *Glove*, thrown aside there; the door was the Glove-wrist; the little closet they had fled into was the Thumb! Such a glove;—I remark too that it had not fingers as ours have, but only a thumb, and the rest undivided: a most ancient, rustic glove!

Skrymir now carried their portmanteau all day; Thor, however, had his own suspicions, did not like the ways of Skrymir; determined at night to put an end to him as he slept. Raising his hammer, he struck down into the Giant's face a right thunderbolt blow, of force to rend rocks. The 15 Giant merely awoke: rubbed his cheek, and said, Did a leaf fall? Again Thor struck, so soon as Skrymir again slept; a better blow than before; but the Giant only murmured, Was that a grain of sand? Thor's third stroke was with both his hands (the "knuckles white" I suppose), and seemed to dint 20 deep into Skrymir's visage; but he merely checked his snore, and remarked. There must be sparrows roosting in this tree. I think; what is that they have dropt?—At the gate of Utgard, a place so high that you had to "strain your neck bending back to see the top of it," Skrymir went his ways. 25 Thor and his companions were admitted; invited to take share in the games going on. To Thor, for his part, they handed a Drinking-horn; it was a common feat, they told him, to drink this dry at one draught. Long and fiercely, three times over, Thor drank; but made hardly any impres-30 sion. He was a weak child, they told him: could he lift that Cat he saw there? Small as the feat seemed, Thor with his whole godlike strength could not; he bent-up the creature's back, could not raise its feet off the ground, could at the utmost raise one foot. Why, you are no man, said the 35 Utgard people; there is an Old Woman that will wrestle you! Thor, heartily ashamed, seized this haggard Old Woman; but could not throw her.

And now, on their quitting Utgard, the chief Jötun, escort-

ing them politely a little way, said to Thor: "You are beaten then :--vet be not so much ashamed; there was deception of appearance in it. That Horn you tried to drink was the Sea; you did make it ebb; but who could drink that, the bottomless! The Cat you would have lifted,—why, that is 5 the Midgard-snake, the Great World-serpent, which, tail in mouth, girds and keeps-up the whole created world; had you torn that up, the world must have rushed to ruin! As for the Old Woman, she was Time, Old Age, Duration: with her what can wrestle? No man nor no god with her; gods 10 or men, she prevails over all! And then those three strokes you struck,—look at these three valleys; your three strokes made these!" Thor looked at his attendant Jötun: It was Skrymir;—it was, say Norse critics, the old chaotic rocky Earth in person, and that glove-house was some Earth- 15 cavern! But Skrymir had vanished; Utgard with its skyhigh gates, when Thor grasped his hammer to smite them, had gone to air; only the Giant's voice was heard mocking: Better come no more to Jötunheim!"-

4.—The Last Appearance of Thor.

King Olaf, the Christian Reform King, is sailing with fit 20 escort along the shore of Norway, from haven to haven; dispensing justice, or doing other royal work: on leaving a certain haven, it is found that a stranger, of grave eyes and aspect, red beard, of stately robust figure, has stept in. The courtiers address him; his answers surprise by their per- 25 tinency and depth; at length he is brought to the King. The stranger's conversation here is not less remarkable, as they sail along the beautiful shore; but after some time, he addresses King Olaf thus: "Yes, King Olaf, it is all beautiful, with the sun shining on it there; green, fruitful, a right 30 fair home for you; and many a sore day had Thor, many a wild fight with the rock Jötuns, before he could make it so. And now you seem minded to put away Thor. King Olaf, have a care!" said the stranger, drawing-down his brows;and when they looked again, he was nowhere to be found, 35 That is the last appearance of Thor on the stage of this world.

III.

MAHOMET.

1.—His Race. The Arabs: their Country and Character.

The Book of Job.

These Arabs Mahomet was born among are certainly a notable people. Their country itself is notable; the fit 5 habitation for such a race. Savage inaccessible rockmountains, great grim deserts, alternating with beautiful strips of verdure: wherever water is, there is greenness, beauty; odoriferous balm-shrubs, date-trees, frankincensetrees. Consider that wide waste horizon of sand, empty, 10 silent, like a sand-sea, dividing habitable place from habit-You are all alone there, left alone with the Universe; by day a fierce sun blazing down on it with intolerable radiance; by night the great deep Heaven with its stars. Such a country is fit for a swift-handed, deep-hearted 15 race of men. There is something most agile, active, and yet most meditative, enthusiastic in the Arab character. The Persians are called the French of the East: we will call the Arabs Oriental Italians. A gifted noble people; a people of wild strong feelings, and of iron restraint over 20 these: the characteristic of noblemindedness, of genius. The wild Bedouin welcomes the stranger to his tent, as one having right to all that is there; were it his worst enemy, he will slay his foal to treat him, will serve him with sacred hospitality for three days, will set him fairly on his way;-25 and then, by another law as sacred, kill him if he can. In words too, as in action. They are not a loquacious people, taciturn rather; but eloquent, gifted when they do speak. An earnest, truthful kind of men. They are, as we know, of Tewish kindred: but with that deadly terrible earnestness of 30 the Iews they seem to combine something graceful, brilliant. which is not Jewish. They had "Poetic contests" among them before the time of Mahomet. Sale says, at Ocadh, in the South of Arabia, there were yearly fairs, and there, when the merchandising was done, Poets sang for prizes:—the wild people gathered to hear that.

One Jewish quality these Arabs manifest; the outcome of 5 many or of all high qualities: what we may call religiosity. From of old they had been zealous worshippers, according to their light. They worshipped the stars, as Sabeans; worshipped many natural objects,-recognised them as symbols, immediate manifestations, of the Maker of Nature. 10 It was wrong; and yet not wholly wrong. All God's works are still in a sense symbols of God. Do we not still account it a merit to recognise a certain inexhaustible significance. "poetic beauty" as we name it, in all natural objects whatsoever? A man is a poet, and honoured, for doing that, 15 and speaking or singing it,—a kind of diluted worship. They had many Prophets, these Arabs; Teachers each to his tribe, each according to the light he had. But indeed. have we not from of old the noblest of proofs, still palpable to every one of us, of what devoutness and noblemindedness 20 had dwelt in these rustic thoughtful peoples? critics seem agreed that our own Book of Job was written in that region of the world. I call that, apart from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen. One feels, indeed, as if it were not Hebrew: such a noble 25 universality, different from noble patriotism or sectarianism, reigns in it. A noble Book; all men's Book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending Problem.—man's destiny, and God's ways with him here in this earth. And all in such free flowing outlines; grand in its sincerity, in 30 its simplicity; in its epic melody, and repose of reconcile-There is the seeing eye, the mildly understanding So true everyway; true eyesight and vision for all things; material things no less than spiritual: the Horse,-"hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?"—he "laughs at 35 the shaking of the spear!" Such living likenesses were never since drawn. Sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody as of the heart of mankind; -so soft,

and great; as the summer midnight, as the world with its seas and stars! There is nothing written, I think, in the Bible or out of it, of equal literary merit.

2.—His Youth, Education, his Character, Religious Questionings, their Solution, and his Creed.

It was among this Arab people, in the year 570 of our Era, 5 that the man Mahomet was born. Almost at his birth he lost his Father; at the age of six years his Mother too, a woman noted for her beauty, her worth and sense: he fell to the charge of his Grandfather, an old man, a hundred years old. A good old man: Mahomet's Father, Abdallah, had 10 been his youngest favourite son. He saw in Mahomet, with his old life-worn eyes, a century old, the lost Abdallah come back again, all that was left of Abdallah. He loved the little orphan Boy greatly; used to say, They must take care of that beautiful little Boy, nothing in their kindred was more 15 precious than he. At his death, while the boy was still but two years old, he left him in charge to Abu Thaleb the eldest of the Uncles, as to him that now was head of the house. By this Uncle, a just and rational man as everything betokens, Mahomet was brought-up in the best Arab way.

20 Mahomet (though brought up in this way) had no language but his own, no school-learning; of the thing we call school-learning none at all. The art of writing was but just introduced into Arabia; it seems to be the true opinion that Mahomet never could write! Life in the Desert, with its 25 experiences, was all his education. What of this infinite Universe he, from his dim place, with his own eyes and thoughts, could take in, so much and no more of it was he to know. Curious, if we will reflect on it, this of having no books. Except by what he could see for himself, or hear of by un-30 certain rumour of speech in the obscure Arabian Desert, he could know nothing. The wisdom that had been before him or at a distance from him in the world, was in a manner as good as not there for him. Of the great brother souls, flame-beacons through so many lands and times, no one directly

communicates with this great soul. He is alone there, deep down in the bosom of the Wilderness; has to grow up so,—alone with Nature and his own Thoughts.

But, from an early age, he had been remarked as a thoughtful man. His companions named him "Al Amin, The Faith- 5 ful." A man of truth and fidelity; true in what he did. in what he spake and thought. They noted that he always meant something, A man rather taciturn in speech; silent when there was nothing to be said; but pertinent, wise, sincere, when he did speak; always throwing light on the 10 matter. Through life we find him to have been regarded as an altogether solid, brotherly, genuine man. A serious. sincere character; yet amiable, cordial, companionable, jocose even ;-a good laugh in him withal: there are men whose laugh is as untrue as anything about them; who 15 cannot laugh. One hears of Mahomet's beauty: his fine sagacious honest face, brown florid complexion, beaming black eyes; -I somehow like too that vein on the brow, which swelled-up black when he was in anger: like the "horse-shoe vein" in Scott's Redgauntlet. It was a kind of 20 feature in his family, this black swelling vein in the brow; Mahomet had it prominent, as would appear. A spontaneous, passionate, yet just, true-meaning man! Full of wild faculty, fire and light; of wild worth, all uncultured; working out his life-task in the depths of the Desert there.

He was alone with his own soul and the reality of things. From of old, a thousand thoughts, in his pilgrimage and wanderings, had been in this man: What am I? What is this unfathomable thing I live in, which men name Universe? What is Life; what is Death? What am I to believe? What 30 am I to do? The grim rocks of Mount Hara, of Mount Sinai, the stern sandy solitudes answered not. The great Heaven rolling silent overhead, with its blue-glancing stars, answered not. There was no answer. The man's own soul, and what of God's inspiration dwelt there, had to answer!

Mahomet was in his fortieth year, when having withdrawn to a cavern in Mount Hara, near Mecca, during the Ramadhan, to pass the month in prayer, and meditation on those

great questions, he one day told his wife Kadijah, who with his household was with him or near him this year. That by the unspeakable special favour of Heaven he had now found it all out; was in doubt and darkness no longer, but saw it 5 all. That all these Idols and Formulas were nothing, miserable bits of wood; that there was One God in and over all; and we must leave all Idols, and look to Him. That God is great; and that there is nothing else great! He is the Reality. Wooden Idols are not real; He is real. He made 10 us at first, sustains us yet; we and all things are but the shadow of Him; a transitory garment veiling the Eternal Splendour. "Allah akbar, God is great;"—and then also "Islam," That we must submit to God. That our whole strength lies in resigned submission to Him, whatsoever He 15 do to us. For this world, and for the other! The thing He sends to us, were it death and worse than death, shall be good, shall be best: we resign ourselves to God.—A man must not merely submit to Necessity,-Necessity will make him submit,—but must know and believe well that the stern 20 thing which Necessity has ordered is the wisest, the best, the thing wanted there. Cease his frantic pretension of scanning this great God's-World in his small fraction of a brain; know that it has verily, though deep beyond his soundings, a Just Law, that the soul of it is Good:—that his 25 part in it is to conform to the Law of the Whole, and in devout silence follow that: not questioning it, obeying it as unquestionable.

3.—The Offence he gave; Abu Thaleb's Remonstrance and Mahomet's Answer.

Mahomet naturally gave offence to the Koreish. Naturally he gave offence to everybody: Who is this that pretends to 30 be wiser than we all; that rebukes us all, as mere fools and worshippers of wood! Abu Thaleb the good Uncle spoke with him: Could he not be silent about all that; believe it all for himself, and not trouble others, anger the chief men, endanger himself and them all, talking of it? Mahomet

answered: If the Sun stood on his right hand and the Moon on his left, ordering him to hold his peace, he could not obey! No: there was something in this Truth he had got which was of Nature herself; equal in rank to Sun, or Moon, or whatsoever thing Nature had made. It would speak 5 itself there, so long as the Almighty allowed it, in spite of Sun and Moon, and all Koreish and all men and things. It must do that, and could do no other. Mahomet answered so; and, they say, "burst into tears." Burst into tears: he felt that Abu Thaleb was good to him; that the task he had 10 got was no soft, but a stern and great one.

4.—His Troubles and Flight; at bay with sword in hand.

He went on speaking to who would listen to him. Continual contradiction, hatred, open or secret danger attended him. The Koreish grew ever angrier; laid plots, and swore oaths among them, to put Mahomet to death with their own 15 hands. Abu Thaleb was dead, the good Kadijah was dead. His outlook at this time was one of the dismalest. He had to hide in caverns, escape in disguise; fly hither and thither; homeless, in continual peril of his life. More than once it seemed all-over with him; more than once it turned on a 20 straw, some rider's horse taking fright or the like, whether Mahomet and his Doctrine had not ended there, and not been heard of at all. But it was not to end so.

In the thirteenth year of his mission, finding his enemies all banded against him, forty sworn men, one out of every 25 tribe, waiting to take his life, and no continuance possible at Mecca for him any longer, Mahomet fled to Medina, or "Medinat al Nabi, the City of the Prophet," from that circumstance. It lay some 200 miles off, through rocks and deserts; not without great difficulty, in such mood as we 30 may fancy, he escaped thither, and found welcome. The whole East dates its era from this Flight, Hegira as they name it: the Year 1 of this Hegira is 622 of our Era, the fifty-third of Mahomet's life. He was now becoming an old

man; his friends sinking round him one by one; his path desolate, encompassed with danger: unless he could find hope in his own heart, the outward face of things was but hopeless for him. It is so with all men in the like case. 5 Hitherto Mahomet had professed to publish his Religion by the way of preaching and persuasion alone. But now, driven foully out of his native country, since unjust men had not only given no ear to his earnest Heaven's-message, the deep cry of his heart, but would not even let him live if he kept 10 speaking it,—the wild Son of the Desert resolved to defend himself, like a man and Arab. If the Koreish will have it so, they shall have it. Tidings, felt to be of infinite moment to them and all men, they would not listen to these; would trample them down by sheer violence, steel and murder: 15 well, let steel try it then! Ten years more this Mahomet had: all of fighting, of breathless impetuous toil and struggle: with what result we know.

Much has been said of Mahomet's propagating his Religion by the sword. The sword indeed: but where will you get 20 your sword! Every new opinion, at its starting, is precisely in a minority of one. In one man's head alone, there it dwells as yet. One man alone of the whole world believes it; there is one man against all men. That he take a sword, and try to propagate with that, will do little for him. You 25 must first get your sword! On the whole, a thing will propagate itself as it can. I care little about the sword: I will allow a thing to struggle for itself in this world, with any sword or tongue or implement it has, or can lay hold of. We will let it preach, and pamphleteer, and fight, and to the 30 uttermost bestir itself, and do, beak and claws, whatsoever is in it; very sure that it will, in the long-run, conquer nothing which does not deserve to be conquered. What is better than itself, it cannot put away, but only what is worse. In this great Duel, Nature herself is umpire, and can do no 35 wrong: the thing which is deepest-rooted in Nature, what we call truest, that thing and not the other will be found growing at last.

5.—Mahomet's First Converts; his Slow Progress.

The good Kadijah, we can fancy, listened to him with wonder, with doubt: at length she answered: Yes, it was true this that he said. It was a boundless favour. - He never forgot this good Kadijah. Long afterwards, Avesha his young favourite wife, a woman who indeed distinguished herself 5 among the Moslem, by all manner of qualities, through her whole long life; this young brilliant Avesha was, one day, questioning him: "Now am not I better than Kadijah? She was a widow; old, and had lost her looks; you love me better than you did her?"—"No, by Allah!" answered 10 Mahomet: "No, by Allah! She believed in me when none else would believe. In the whole world I had but one friend. and she was that!"—Seid, his Slave, also believed in him; these with his young Cousin Ali, Abu Thaleb's son, were his first converts. 15

He spoke of his Doctrine to this man and that: but the most treated it with ridicule, with indifference; in three years, I think, he had gained but thirteen followers. His progress was slow enough. His encouragement to go on. was altogether the usual encouragement that such a man in 20 such a case meets. After some three years of small success. he invited forty of his chief kindred to an entertainment; and there stood-up and told them what his pretension was: that he had this thing to promulgate abroad to all men: that it was the highest thing, the one thing: which of them 25 would second him in that? Amid the doubt and silence of all, young Ali, as yet a lad of sixteen, impatient of the silence. started-up, and exclaimed in passionate fierce language. That he would! The assembly, among whom was Abu Thaleb, Ali's Father, could not be unfriendly to Mahomet; 30 yet the sight there, of one unlettered elderly man, with a lad of sixteen, deciding on such an enterprise against all mankind, appeared ridiculous to them; the assembly broke-up in laughter. Nevertheless it proved not a laughable thing: it was a very serious thing! 35

6.—His Religion not an easy Religion.

Much has been said and written about the sensuality of Mahomet's Religion; more than was just. The indulgences, criminal to us, which he permitted, were not of his appointment; he found them practised, unquestioned from 5 immemorial time in Arabia: what he did was to curtail them, restrict them, not on one but on many sides. His Religion is not an easy one: with rigorous fasts, lavations, strict complex formulas, prayers five times a day, and abstinence from wine; it did not "succeed by being an easy 10 religion." As if indeed any religion, or cause holding of religion, could succeed by that! It is a calumny on men to say that they are roused to heroic action by ease, hope of pleasure, recompense,-sugar-plums of any kind, in this world or the next! In the meanest mortal there lies some-15 thing nobler. The poor swearing soldier, hired to be shot, has his "honour of a soldier," different from drill-regulations and the shilling a day. It is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things, and vindicate himself under God's Heaven as a god-made Man, that the poorest son of 20 Adam dimly longs. Show him the way of doing that, the dullest daydrudge kindles into a hero. They wrong man greatly who say he is to be seduced by ease. Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death are the allurements that act on the heart of man. Kindle the inner genial life of him, 25 you have a flame that burns-up all lower considerations. Not happiness, but something higher: one sees this even in the frivolous classes, with their "point of honour" and the like. Not by flattering our appetites; no, by awakening the Heroic that slumbers in every heart, can any Religion 30 gain followers.

7.—His Moral Precepts.

We will not praise Mahomet's moral precepts as always of the superfinest sort; yet it can be said that there is always a tendency to good in them; that they are the true dictates of

a heart aiming towards what is just and true. The sublime forgiveness of Christianity, turning of the other cheek when the one has been smitten, is not here: you are to revenge vourself, but it is to be in measure, not overmuch, or beyond justice. On the other hand, Islam, like any great 5 Faith, and insight into the essence of man, is a perfect equaliser of men: the soul of one believer outweighs all earthly kingships; all men, according to Islam too, are equal. Mahomet insists not on the propriety of giving alms, but on the necessity of it: he marks-down by law 10 how much you are to give, and it is at your peril if you neglect. The tenth part of a man's annual income, whatever that may be, is the property of the poor, of those that are afflicted and need help. Good all this: the natural voice of humanity, of pity and equity dwelling in the heart 15 of this wild Son of Nature speaks so.

8.—His Religion a kind of Christianity, and heartily believed.

On the whole, this Religion of Mahomet's is a kind of Christianity: has a genuine element of what is spiritually highest looking through it, not to be hidden by all its imperfections. The Scandinavian God Wish, the god of all 20 rude men,—this has been enlarged into a Heaven by Mahomet: but a Heaven symbolical of sacred Duty, and to be earned by faith and welldoing, by valiant action, and a divine patience, which is still more valiant. It is Scandinavian Paganism, and a truly celestial element superadded 25 to that. Call it not false; look not at the falsehood of it. look at the truth of it. For these twelve centuries, it has been the religion and life-guidance of the fifth part of the whole kindred of Mankind. Above all things, it has been a religion heartily believed. These Arabs believe their re- 30 ligion, and try to live by it! No Christians, since the early ages, or only perhaps the English Puritans in modern times, have ever stood by their Faith as the Moslem do by theirs, -believing it wholly, fronting Time with it, and Eternity with it. This night the watchman on the streets of Cairo when 35 he cries, "Who goes?" will hear from the passenger, along with his answer, "There is no God but God." Allah akbar, Islam, sounds through the souls, and whole daily existence, of these dusky millions. Zealous missionaries preach it 5 abroad among Malays, black Papuans, brutal Idolaters;—displacing what is worse, nothing that is better or good.

9.—A Veritable Hero.

Mahomet himself, after all that can be said about him, was not a sensual man. We shall err widely if we consider this man as a common voluptuary, intent mainly on base 10 enjoyments,—nay on enjoyments of any kind. His household was of the frugalest; his common diet barley-bread and water: sometimes for months there was not a fire once lighted on his hearth. They record with just pride that he would mend his own shoes, patch his own cloak. A poor, 15 hard-toiling, ill-provided man; careless of what vulgar men Not a bad man, I should say; something better in him than hunger of any sort,—or these wild Arab men, fighting and jostling three-and-twenty years at his hand, in close contact with him always, would not have reverenced 20 him so! They were wild men, bursting ever and anon into quarrel, into all kinds of fierce sincerity; without right worth and manhood, no man could have commanded them. They called him Prophet, you say? Why, he stood there face to face with them; bare, not enshrined in any mystery; 25 visibly clouting his own cloak, cobbling his own shoes; fighting, counselling, ordering in the midst of them: they must have seen what kind of a man he was, let him be called what you like! No emperor with his tiaras was obeyed as this man in a cloak of his own clouting. 30 three-and-twenty years of rough actual trial. I find somesomething of a veritable Hero necessary for that, of itself.

10.—His Word a Living Word, and its effect on the Arab people.

The word this man spoke has been the life-guidance now of a hundred-and-eighty millions of men these twelvehundred years. These hundred-and-eighty millions were made by God as well as we. A greater number of God's creatures believe in Mahomet's word at this hour than in any other word whatever. Are we to suppose that it was a miserable piece of spiritual legerdemain, this which so 5 many creatures of the Almighty have lived by and died by? I, for my part, cannot form any such supposition. I will believe most things sooner than that. The rude message he delivered was a real one withal; an earnest confused voice from the unknown Deep. The man's words were not false, to nor his workings here below; no Inanity and Simulacrum; a fiery mass of Life cast-up from the great bosom of Nature herself. To kindle the world; the world's Maker had ordered it so.

To the Arab nation it was as a birth from darkness into 15 light; Arabia first became alive by means of it. A poor shepherd people, roaming unnoticed in its deserts since the creation of the world: a Hero-Prophet was sent down to them with a word they could believe: see, the unnoticed becomes world-notable, the small has grown world-great; 20 within one century afterwards. Arabia is at Grenada on this hand, at Delhi on that ;-glancing in valour and splendour and the light of genius, Arabia shines through long ages over a great section of the world. Belief is great, lifegiving. The history of a Nation becomes fruitful, soul- 25 elevating, great, so soon as it believes. These Arabs, the man Mahomet, and that one century,—is it not as if a spark had fallen, one spark, on a world of what seemed black unnoticeable sand; but lo, the sand proves explosive powder, blazes heaven-high from Delhi to Grenada! I said, the 30 Great Man was always as lightning out of Heaven; the rest of men waited for him like fuel, and then they too would flame.

IV.

The Possibilities of Great Men.

I have no notion of a truly great man that could not be all sorts of men. The Poet who could merely sit on a chair,

and compose stanzas, would never make a stanza worth much. He could not sing the Heroic warrior, unless he himself were at least a Heroic warrior too. I fancy there is in him the Politician, the Thinker, Legislator, Philosopher;s in one or the other degree, he could have been, he is all these. So too I cannot understand how a Mirabeau, with that great glowing heart, with the fire that was in it, with the bursting tears that were in it, could not have written verses, tragedies, poems, and touched all hearts in that way, had his 10 course of life and education led him thitherward. The grand fundamental character is that of Great Man; that the man be great. Napoleon has words in him which are like Austerlitz Battles. Louis Fourteenth's Marshals are a kind of poetical men withal; the things Turenne says are full of 15 sagacity and geniality, like sayings of Samuel Johnson. The great heart, the clear deep-seeing eye: there it lies; no man whatever, in what province soever, can prosper at all without these. Petrarch and Boccaccio did diplomatic messages, it seems, quite well: one can easily believe it; they had done 20 things a little harder than these! Burns, a gifted song-writer, might have made a still better Mirabeau. Shakspeare,one knows not what he could not have made, in the supreme degree.

V.

Prophet and Poet: their Identity and Difference.

Poet and Prophet differ greatly in our loose modern 25 notions of them. In some old languages, however, the titles are synonymous, *Vates*, for example, meaning both prophet and poet. Fundamentally indeed they are still the same; in this most important respect especially, that they have penetrated both of them into the sacred mystery of the 30 universe; what Goethe calls the "open secret," secret *open*, that is, to all, seen by almost none. But with respect to their distinction: The *Vates* Prophet, we might say, has seized that sacred mystery rather on the moral side, as Good and Evil, Duty and Prohibition; the *Vates* Poet on what

the Germans call the æsthetic side, as Beautiful, and the The one we may call a revealer of what we are to do, the other of what we are to love. But indeed these two provinces run into one another, and cannot be disjoined. The Prophet too has his eye on what we are to love: how else 5 shall he know what it is we are to do? The highest Voice ever heard on this earth said withal, "Consider the lilies of the field: they toil not, neither do they spin: vet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." A glance. that, into the deepest deep of Beauty. "The lilies of the 10 field,"—dressed finer than earthly princes, springing-up there in the humble furrow-field; a beautiful eye looking-out on you, from the great inner Sea of Beauty! How could the rude Earth make these, if her Essence, rugged as she looks and is, were not inwardly Beauty? In this point of view, 15 too, a saying of Goethe's, which has staggered several, may have meaning: "The Beautiful," he intimates, "is higher than the Good; the Beautiful includes in it the Good." The true Beautiful; which however, I have said somewhere, "differs from the false as Heaven does from Vauxhall!"

VI.

DANTE.

1.—His Book and his Portrait his sole Biography.

Many volumes have been written by way of commentary on Dante and his Book; yet, on the whole, with no great result. His Biography is, as it were, irrecoverably lost for us. An unimportant, wandering, sorrow-stricken man, not much note was taken of him while he lived; and the most of ²⁵ that has vanished, in the long space that now intervenes. It is five centuries since he ceased writing and living here. After all commentaries, the Book itself is mainly what we know of him. The Book;—and one might add that Portrait commonly attributed to Giotto, which, looking on it, ³⁰ you cannot help inclining to think genuine, whoever did it.

To me it is a most touching face; perhaps of all faces that I know, the most so. Lonely there, painted as on vacancy with the simple laurel wound round it; the deathless sorrow and pain, the known victory which is also deathless; s -significant of the whole history of Dante! I think it is the mournfulest face that ever was painted from reality; an altogether tragic, heart-affecting face. There is in it, as foundation of it, the softness, tenderness, gentle affection as of a child; but all this is as if congealed into sharp contra-10 diction, into abnegation, isolation, proud hopeless pain. A soft ethereal soul looking-out so stern, implacable, grimtrenchant, as from imprisonment of thick-ribbed ice! Withal it is a silent pain too, a silent scornful one: the lip is curled in a kind of godlike disdain of the thing that is eating-out 15 his heart,—as if it were withal a mean insignificant thing, as if he whom it had power to torture and strangle were greater than it. The face of one wholly in protest, and life-long unsurrendering battle, against the world. Affection all converted into indignation: an implacable indignation; slow. 20 equable, silent, like that of a god! The eye too, it looks out in a kind of surprise, a kind of inquiry, Why the world was of such a sort? This is Dante: so he looks, this "voice of ten silent centuries," and sings us "his mystic unfathomable song."

2.—The Home of the Banished Dante, and his Solacement in Exile.

The great soul of Dante, homeless on earth, made its home more and more in the awful other world. Naturally his thoughts brooded on that, as on the one fact important for him. Bodied or bodiless, it is the one fact important for all men:—but to Dante, in that age, it was bodied in fixed certainty of scientific shape; he no more doubted of that Malebolge Pool, that it all lay there with its gloomy circles, with its alti guai, and that he himself should see it, than we doubt that we should see Constantinople if we went thither. Dante's heart, long filled with this, brooding over it in speech-

less thought and awe, bursts forth at length into "mystic unfathomable song;" and this his *Divine Comedy*, the most remarkable of all modern Books, is the result.

It must have been a great solacement to Dante, and was, as we can see, a proud thought for him at times, That he, 5 here in exile, could do this work: that no Florence, nor no man or men, could hinder him from doing it, or even much help him in doing it. He knew too, partly, that it was great; the greatest a man could do. "If thou follow thy star, Se tu segui tua stella,"—so could the Hero, in his forsakenness, in 10 his extreme need, still say to himself: "Follow thou thy star, thou shalt not fail of a glorious haven!" The labour of writing, we find, and indeed could know otherwise, was great and painful for him; he says, This Book, "which has made me lean for many years." Ah yes, it was won, all of it, with 15 pain and sore toil,—not in sport, but in grim earnest. His Book, as indeed most good Books are, has been written, in many senses, with his heart's blood. It is his whole history. this Book. He died after finishing it; not yet very old, at the age of fifty-six:—broken-hearted rather, as is said. He 20 lies buried in his death-city Ravenna: Hic claudor Dantes patriis extorris ab oris. The Florentines begged back his body, in a century after; the Ravenna people would not give it. "Here am I Dante laid, shut-out from my native shores." 25

3.—Dante's Divine Comedy.

I give Dante my highest praise when I say of his Divine Comedy that it is, in all senses, genuinely a Song. It proceeds as by a chant. One reads along naturally with a sort of lilt. It could not be otherwise; for the essence and material of the work are themselves rhythmic. Its depth, 30 and rapt passion and sincerity, makes it musical;—go deep enough, there is music everywhere. A true inward symmetry, what one calls an architectural harmony, reigns in it, proportionates it all: architectural; which also partakes of the character of music. The three kingdoms, Inferno, Pur-35 gatorio, Paradiso, look out on one another like compartments

of a great edifice; a great supernatural world-cathedral, piled-up there, stern, solemn, awful; Dante's World of Souls! It is the sincerest of all Poems. It came deep out of the author's heart of hearts; and it goes deep, and through long 5 generations, into ours. The people of Verona, when they saw him on the streets, used to say, "See, there is the man that was in Hell!" Ah yes, he had been in Hell;—in Hell enough, in long severe sorrow and struggle; as the like of him is pretty sure to have been. Commedias that come-10 out divine are not accomplished otherwise. Thought, true labour of any kind, highest virtue itself, is it not the daughter of Pain? Born as out of the black whirlwind; -true effort, in fact, as of a captive struggling to free himself: that is Thought. In all ways we are "to become perfect through 15 suffering."—But, as I say, no work known to me is so elaborated as this of Dante's. It has all been as if molten, in the hottest furnace of his soul. It had made him "lean" for many years. Not the general whole only; every compartment of it is worked out, with intense earnestness, into truth, 20 into clear visuality. Each answers to the other; each fits in its place, like a marble stone accurately hewn and polished. It is the soul of Dante, and in this the soul of the Middle Ages, rendered forever rhythmically visible there. No light task; a right intense one: but a task which is done.

4.—Dante's Hell, Purgatory and Paradise, and their emblematic Significance.

These three compartments mutually support one another, are indispensable to one another. The Paradise, a kind of inarticulate music to me, is the redeeming side of the *Inferno*; the *Inferno* without it were untrue. All three make up the true Unseen World, as figured in the Christianity of the Middle 30 Ages; a thing forever true, in the essence of it, to all men. It is a sublime embodiment, or sublimest, of the soul of Christianity. It expresses, as in huge worldwide architectural emblems, how the Christian Dante felt Good and Evil to be the two polar elements of this Creation, on which it all

turns; that these two differ not by preferability of one to the other, but by incompatibility absolute and infinite; that the one is excellent and high as light and Heaven, the other hideous, black as Gehenna and the Pit of Hell! Everlasting Justice, yet with Penitence, with everlasting Pity,—all Christianism, as Dante and the Middle Ages had it, is emblemed here. Emblemed: and yet with what entire truth of purpose: how unconscious of any embleming! Hell, Purgatory, Paradise: these things were not fashioned as emblems; was there, in our Modern European Mind, any thought at all of 10 their being emblems! Were they not indubitable awful facts; the whole heart of man taking them for practically true, all Nature everywhere comfirming them.

5.—Dante's Poem an Enduring because a Sincere Poem.

Dante is the spokesman of the Middle Ages; the Thought they lived by stands here, in everlasting music. These 15 sublime ideas of his, terrible and beautiful, are the fruit of the Christian Meditation of all the good men who had gone before him. Precious they; but also is not he precious? Much, had not he spoken, would have been dumb; not dead, vet living voiceless.

The noblest idea made real hitherto among men is sung and emblemed forth abidingly, by one of the noblest men. In the one sense and in the other, are we not right glad to possess it? As I calculate, it may last yet for long thousands of years. For the thing that is uttered from the 25 inmost parts of a man's soul, differs altogether from what is uttered by the outer part. The outer is of the day, under the empire of mode; the outer passes away, in swift endless changes; the inmost is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. True souls, in all generations of the world, who look 30 on this Dante, will find a brotherhood in him; the deep sincerity of his thoughts, his woes and hopes, will speak likewise to their sincerity; they will feel that this Dante too was a brother. Napoleon in Saint-Helena is charmed with the genial veracity of old Homer. The oldest Hebrew 35 Prophet, under a vesture the most diverse from ours, does yet, because he speaks from the heart of man, speak to all men's hearts. It is the one sole secret of continuing long memorable. Dante, for depth of sincerity, is like an antique 5 Prophet too; his words, like theirs, come from his very heart. One need not wonder if it were predicted that his Poem might be the most enduring thing our Europe has yet made.

VII.

SHAKSPEARE.

1.—A Prophet and a Melodious Priest of the "Universal
Church"

Whoever looks intelligently at this Shakspeare may recog-10 nise that he too was a Prophet, in his way; of an insight analogous to the Prophetic, though he took it up in another strain. Nature seemed to this man also divine; unspeakable, deep as Tophet, high as Heaven: "We are such stuff as Dreams are made of!" That scroll in Westminster Abbey, 15 which few read with understanding, is of the depth of any seer. But the man sang: did not preach, except musically. We call Dante the melodious Priest of Middle-Age Catholicism. May we not call Shakspeare the still more melodious Priest of a true Catholicism, the "Universal Church" of the 20 Future and of all times? No narrow superstition, harsh asceticism, intolerance, fanatical fierceness or perversion: a Revelation, so far as it goes, that such a thousandfold hidden beauty and divineness dwells in all Nature; which let all men worship as they can! We may say without offence, 25 that there rises a kind of universal Psalm out of this Shakspeare too; not unfit to make itself heard among the still more sacred Psalms. Not in disharmony with these, if we understood them, but in harmony !- I cannot call this Shakspeare a "Sceptic," as some do; his indifference to the creeds 30 and theological quarrels of his time misleading them. No: neither unpatriotic, though he says little about his Patriotism; nor sceptic, though he says little about his Faith. Such "indifference" was the fruit of his greatness withal: his whole heart was in his own grand sphere of worship (we may call it such); these other controversies, vitally important to other men, were not vital to him. "Shakspeare is no sectarian; to all he deals with equity and mercy; because he knows all, 5 and his heart is wide enough for all. In his mind the world is a whole; he figures it as Providence governs it, and to him it is not strange that the sun should be caused to shine on the evil and the good, and the rain to fall on the just and the unjust."

But call it worship, call it what you will, is it not a right glorious thing, and set of things, this that Shakspeare has brought us? For myself, I feel that there is actually a kind of sacredness in the fact of such a man being sent into this Earth. Is he not an eye to us all; a blessed heaven-sent 15 Bringer of Light?

2.—An English King whom No Time or Chance can Dethrone,

Shakspeare is the grandest thing we (English) have yet done. For our honour among foreign nations, as an ornament to our English Household, what item is there that we would not surrender rather than him? Consider now, if they asked 20 us, Will you give-up your Indian Empire or your Shakspeare, you English; never have had any Indian Empire, or never have had any Shakspeare? Really it were a grave question. Official persons would answer doubtless in official language; but we, for our part too, should not we be forced to answer: 25 Indian Empire, or no Indian Empire; we cannot do without Shakspeare! Indian Empire will go, at any rate, some day; but this Shakspeare does not go, he lasts forever with us; we cannot give-up our Shakspeare!

Nay, apart from spiritualities; and considering him merely 30 as a real, marketable, tangibly-useful possession. England, before long, this Island of ours, will hold but a small fraction of the English: in America, in New Holland, east and west to the very Antipodes, there will be a Saxondom covering great

spaces of the Globe. And now, what is it that can keep all these together into virtually one Nation, so that they do not fall out and fight, but live at peace, in brotherlike intercourse, helping one another? This is justly regarded as the greatest 5 practical problem, the thing all manner of sovereignties and governments are here to accomplish: what is it that will accomplish this? Acts of Parliament, administrative primeministers cannot. America is parted from us, so far as Parliament could part it. Call it not fantastic, for there is much 10 reality in it: Here, I say, is an English King, whom no time or chance. Parliament or combination of Parliaments, can dethrone! This King Shakspeare, does not he shine, in crowned sovereignty, over us all, as the noblest, gentlest, vet strongest of rallying-signs; indestructible; really more valu-15 able in that point of view than any other means or appliance whatsoever? We can fancy him as radiant aloft over all the Nations of Englishmen, a thousand years hence. Paramatta, from New York, wheresoever, under what sort of Parish-Constable soever, English men and women are, they 20 will say to one another: "Yes, this Shakspeare is ours; we produced him, we speak and think by him; we are of one blood and kind with him." The most common-sense politician, too, if he pleases, may think of that.

3.—He Chief of all Poets hitherto.

Of this Shakspeare of ours, perhaps the opinion one some25 times hears a little idolatrously expressed is, in fact, the right
one; I think the best judgment not of this country only, but
of Europe at large, is slowly pointing to the conclusion,
That Shakspeare is the chief of all Poets hitherto; the
greatest intellect who, in our recorded world, has left record
30 of himself in the way of Literature. On the whole, I know
not such a power of vision, such a faculty of thought, if we
take all the characters of it, in any other man. Such a calmness of depth; placid joyous strength; all things imaged in
that great soul of his so true and clear, as in a tranquil
35 unfathomable sea! It has been said, that in the construct-

ing of Shakspeare's Dramas there is, apart from all other "faculties" as they are called, an understanding manifested, equal to that in Bacon's Novum Organum. That is true; and it is not a truth that strikes every one. It would become more apparent if we tried, any of us for himself, how, out of 5 Shakspeare's dramatic materials, we could fashion such a result! The built house seems all so fit,-everyway as it should be, as if it came there by its own law and the nature of things,—we forget the rude disorderly quarry it was shaped from. The very perfection of the house, as if Nature 10 herself had made it, hides the builder's merit. more perfect than any other man, we may call Shakspeare in this: he discerns, knows as by instinct, what condition he works under, what his materials are, what his own force and its relation to them is. It is not a transitory glance of 15 insight that will suffice; it is deliberate illumination of the whole matter; it is a calmly seeing eye; a great intellect, in short.

4.—His Special Creative Faculty.

It is in what I call Portrait painting, delineating of men and things, especially of men that Shakspeare is great. All 20 the greatness of the man comes out decisively here. unexampled, I think, that calm creative perspicacity of Shakspeare. The thing he looks at reveals not this or that face of it, but its inmost heart, and generic secret: it dissolves itself as in light before him, so that he discerns the 25 perfect structure of it. Creative, we said: poetic creation, what is this too but seeing the thing sufficiently? The word that will describe the thing, follows of itself from such clear intense sight of the thing. And is not Shakspeare's morality. his valour, candour, tolerance, truthfulness; his whole vic- 30 torious strength and greatness, which can triumph over such obstructions, visible there too? Great as the world! No twisted, poor convex-concave mirror, reflecting all objects with its own convexities and concavities; a perfectly level mirror;—that is to say withal, if we will understand it, a 35 man justly related to all things and men, a good man.

truly a lordly spectacle how this great soul takes in all kinds of men and objects, a Falstaff, an Othello, a Juliet, a Coriolanus; sets them all forth to us in their round completeness; loving, just, the equal brother of all. Novum Organum, 5 and all the intellect you will find in Bacon, is of a quite secondary order; earthy, material, poor in comparison with this. Among modern men, one finds, in strictness, almost nothing of the same rank. Goethe alone, since the days of Shakspeare, reminds me of it. Of him too you say that he saw the object; you may say what he himself says of Shakspeare: "His characters are like watches with dial-plates of transparent crystal; they show you the hour like others, and the inward mechanism also is all visible."

At bottom, it is the Poet's first gift, as it is all men's, that 15 he have intellect enough. He will be a Poet if he have: a Poet in word; or failing that, perhaps still better, a Poet in act. Whether he write at all; and if so, whether in prose or in verse, will depend on accidents. But the faculty which enables him to discern the inner heart of things, and the 20 harmony that dwells there (for whatsoever exists has a harmony in the heart of it, or it would not hold together and exist), is not the result of habits or accidents, but the gift of Nature herself; the primary outfit for a Heroic Man in what sort soever. To the Poet, as to every other, we say 25 first of all, See. If you cannot do that, it is of no use to keep stringing rhymes together, jingling sensibilities against each other, and name yourself a Poet; there is no hope for you. If you can, there is, in prose or verse, in action or speculation, all manner of hope.

5.—His Intellect and Art.

30 If I say, that Shakspeare is the greatest of Intellects, I have said all concerning him. But there is more in Shakspeare's intellect than we have yet seen. It is what I call an unconscious intellect; there is more virtue in it than he himself is aware of. Novalis beautifully remarks of him, 35 that those Dramas of his are Products of Nature too, deep

as Nature herself. I find a great truth in this saying. Shakspeare's Art is not Artifice; the noblest worth of it is not there by plan or precontrivance. It grows up from the deeps of Nature, through this noble sincere soul, who is a voice of Nature. The latest generations of men will find 5 new meanings in Shakspeare, new elucidations of their own human being; "new harmonies with the infinite structure of the Universe; concurrences with later ideas, affinities with the higher powers and senses of man." This well deserves meditating. It is Nature's highest reward to a 10 true simple great soul, that he get thus to be a part of herself. Such a man's works, whatsoever he with utmost conscious exertion and forethought shall accomplish, grow up withal unconsciously, from the unknown deeps in him;—as the oak-tree grows from the Earth's bosom, as the moun- 15 tains and waters shape themselves; with a symmetry grounded on Nature's own laws, conformable to all Truth whatsoever. How much in Shakspeare lies hid; his sorrows, his silent struggles known to himself: much that was not known at all, not speakable at all: like roots, like sap 20 and forces working underground! Speech is great; but Silence is greater.

6.-His Works but Disjecta Membra of the Man.

I will say of Shakspeare's works generally, we have no full impress of him there; even as full as we have of many men. His works are so many windows, through which we see a 25 glimpse of the world that was in him. All his works seem, comparatively speaking, cursory, imperfect, written under cramping circumstances; giving only here and there a note of the full utterance of the man. Passages there are that come upon you like splendour out of Heaven; bursts of 30 radiance, illuminating the very heart of the thing: you say, "That is true, spoken once and forever; wheresoever and whensoever there is an open human soul, that will be recognised as true!" Such bursts, however, make us feel that the surrounding matter is not radiant; that it is, in part, 35

temporary, conventional. Alas, Shakspeare had to write for the Globe Playhouse: his great soul had to crush itself, as it could, into that and no other mould. It was with him, then, as it is with us all. No man works save under con-5 ditions. The sculptor cannot set his own free Thought before us; but his Thought as he could translate it into the stone that was given, with the tools that were given. Disjecta membra are all that we find of any Poet, or of any man.

7.—The Mission of Shakspeare compared with that of Dante.

As Dante, the Italian man, was sent into our world to embody musically the Religion of the Middle Ages, the Religion of our Modern Europe, its Inner Life; so Shakspeare, we may say, embodies for us the Outer Life of our Europe as developed then, its chivalries, courtesies, humours, ambitions, is what practical way of thinking, acting, looking at the world, men then had. As in Homer we may still construe Old Greece; so in Shakspeare and Dante, after thousands of years, what our modern Europe was, in Faith and in Practice, will still be legible. Dante has given us the Faith or soul: 20 Shakspeare, in a not less noble way, has given us the Practice or body. This latter also we were to have; a man was sent for it, the man Shakspeare. Just when that chivalry way of life had reached its last finish, and was on the point of breaking down into slow or swift dissolution, as we now 25 see it everywhere, this other sovereign Poet, with his seeing eve, with his perennial singing voice, was sent to take note of it, to give long-enduring record of it. Two fit men: Dante, deep, fierce as the central fire of the world; Shakspeare, wide, placid, far-seeing, as the Sun, the upper light 30 of the world. Italy produced the one world-voice; we English had the honour of producing the other,

VIII.

All True Men Soldiers of the same Army.

What a melancholy notion is that, which has to represent all men, in all countries and times except our own, as having spent their life in blind condemnable error, mere lost Pagans. Scandinavians, Mahometans, only that we might have the true ultimate knowledge! All generations of men were lost 5 and wrong, only that this present little section of a generation might be saved and right. They all marched forward there, all generations since the beginning of the world, like the Russian soldiers into the ditch of Schweidnitz Fort, only to fill-up the ditch with their dead bodies, that we might 10 march-over and take the place! It is an incredible hypothesis.

Are not all true men that live, or that ever lived, soldiers of the same army, enlisted, under Heaven's captaincy, to do battle against the same enemy, the empire of Darkness and 15 Wrong? Why should we misknow one another, fight not against the enemy but against ourselves, from mere difference of uniform? All uniforms shall be good, so they hold in them true valiant men. All fashions of arms, the Arab turban and swift scimetar, Thor's strong hammer smiting 20 down Jötuns, shall be welcome. Luther's battle-voice, Dante's march-melody, all genuine things are with us, not against us. We are all under one Captain, soldiers of the same host.

IX.

LUTHER.

1.—His Upbringing Suitable to his Function on this Earth.

I find it altogether suitable to Luther's function on this 25 earth that he was born poor, and brought up poor, one of the poorest of men. He had to beg, as the school-children in those times did; singing for alms and bread, from door

to door. Hardship, rigorous Necessity was the poor boy's companion; no man nor no thing would put on a false face to flatter Martin Luther. Among things, not among the show of things, had he to grow. A boy of rude figure, yet 5 with weak health, with his large greedy soul, full of all faculty and sensibility, he suffered greatly. But it was his task to get acquainted with realities, and keep acquainted with them, at whatever cost: his task was to bring the whole world back to reality, for it had dwelt too long with semblance! A 10 youth nursed up in wintry whirlwinds, in desolate darkness and difficulty, that he may step forth at last from his stormy Scandinavia, strong as a true man, as a god: a Christian Odin,—a right Thor once more, with his thunder-hammer, to smite asunder ugly enough Jötuns and Giant-monsters!

2.—His Wrath kindled: his Burning of the Pope's Bull.

Is I, for one, pardon Luther for now altogether revolting against the Pope. The elegant Pagan, by this fire-decree of his, had kindled into noble just wrath the bravest heart then living in this world. The bravest, if also one of the humblest, peaceablest; it was now kindled. These words of mine, 20 words of truth and soberness, aiming faithfully, as human inability would allow, to promote God's truth on Earth, and save men's souls, you, God's vicegerent on earth, answer them by the hangman and fire? You will burn me and them. for answer to the God's-message they strove to bring you? 25 You are not God's vicegerent; you are another's than his, I think! I take your Bull, as an emparchmented Lie, and burn it. You will do what you see good next: this is what I do.— It was on the 10th of December 1520, three years after the beginning of the business, that Luther, "with a great concourse 30 of people," took this indignant step of burning the Pope's firedecree "at the Elster-Gate of Wittenberg." Wittenberg looked on "with shoutings;" the whole world was looking on. The Pope should not have provoked that "shout"! It was the shout of the awakening of nations. The quiet German heart, as modest, patient of much, had at length got more than it could

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bear. Formulism, Pagan Popeism, and other Falsehood and corrupt Semblance had ruled long enough: and here once more was a man found who durst tell all men that God'sworld stood not on semblances but on realities; that Life was a truth, and not a lie!

3.—A Bringer-back of Men to Reality, standing he alone on God's Truth.

At bottom, we are to consider Luther as a bringer-back of men to reality. It is the function of great men and teachers. Mahomet said, These idols of yours are wood; you put wax and oil on them, the flies stick on them: they are not God, I tell you, they are black wood! Luther said to the Pope, 10 This thing of yours that you call a Pardon of Sins, it is a bit of rag-paper with ink. It is nothing else; it, and so much like it, is nothing else. God alone can pardon sins. Popeship, spiritual Fatherhood of God's Church, is that a vain semblance, of cloth and parchment? It is an awful fact. God's 15 Church is not a semblance, Heaven and Hell are not semblances. I stand on this, since you drive me to it. Standing on this, I a poor German Monk am stronger than you all. I stand solitary, friendless, but on God's Truth; you with your tiaras, triple-hats, with your treasuries and armories, thunders 20 spiritual and temporal, stand on the Devil's Lie, and are not so strong !-

4.—At the Diet of Worms.

The Diet of Worms, Luther's appearance there on the 17th of April 1521, may be considered as the greatest scene in Modern European History; the point, indeed, from which the 25 whole subsequent history of civilisation takes its rise. After multiplied negotiations, disputations, it had come to this. The young Emperor Charles Fifth, with all the Princes of Germany, Papal nuncios, dignitaries spiritual and temporal, are assembled there: Luther is to appear and answer for 30

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himself, whether he will recant or not. The world's pomp and power sits there on this hand: on that, stands up for God's Truth, one man, the poor miner Hans Luther's Son. Friends had reminded him of Huss, advised him not to go; 5 he would not be advised. A large company of friends rode out to meet him, with still more earnest warnings; he answered, "Were there as many Devils in Worms as there are roof-tiles, I would on." The people, on the morrow, as he went to the Hall of the Diet, crowded the windows 10 and housetops, some of them calling out to him, in solemn words, not to recant: "Whosoever denieth me before men!" they cried to him,—as in a kind of solemn petition and adjuration. Was it not in reality our petition too, the petition of the whole world, lying in dark bondage of soul, para-15 lysed under a black spectral Nightmare and triple-hatted Chimera, calling itself Father in God, and what not: "Free us: it rests with thee: desert us not!"

Luther did not desert us. His speech, of two hours, distinguished itself by its respectful, wise and honest tone; sub-20 missive to whatsoever could lawfully claim submission, not submissive to any more than that. His writings, he said, were partly his own, partly derived from the Word of God. As to what was his own, human infirmity entered into it; unguarded anger, blindness, many things doubtless which it 25 were a blessing for him could he abolish altogether. But as to what stood on sound truth and the Word of God, he could not recant it. How could he? "Confute me," he concluded, "by proofs of Scripture, or else by plain just arguments: I cannot recant otherwise. For it is neither safe nor prudent 30 to do aught against conscience. Here stand I: I can do no other: God assist me!"-It is, as we say, the greatest moment in the Modern History of Men. English Puritanism, England and its Parliaments, Americas, and vast work these two centuries: French Revolution, Europe and its 35 work everywhere at present: the germ of it all lay there: had Luther in that moment done other, it had all been otherwise! The European World was asking him: Am I to sink ever lower into falsehood, stagnant putrescence, loathsome

accursed death; or, with whatever paroxysm, to cast the falsehoods out of me, and be cured and live?-

5 .-- His Defiance of the Devil.

Richter says of Luther's words, "his words are halfbattles." They may be called so. The essential quality of him was, that he could fight and conquer; that he was a 5 right piece of human Valour. No more valiant man, no mortal heart to be called braver, that one has record of, ever lived in that Teutonic Kindred, whose character is valour. His defiance of the "Devils" in Worms was not a mere boast, as the like might be if now spoken. It was a 10 faith of Luther's that there were Devils, spiritual denizens of the Pit, continually besetting men. Many times, in his writings, this turns up; and a most small sneer has been grounded on it by some. In the room of the Wartburg where he sat translating the Bible, they still show you a 15 black spot on the wall; the strange memorial of one of these conflicts. Luther sat translating one of the Psalms: he was worn down with long labour, with sickness, abstinence from food: there rose before him some hideous indefinable Image, which he took for the Evil One, to forbid his 20 work: Luther started up, with fiend-defiance; flung his inkstand at the spectre, and it disappeared! The spot still remains there: a curious monument of several things. Any apothecary's apprentice can now tell us what we are to think of this apparition, in a scientific sense; but the man's 25 heart that dare rise defiant, face to face, against Hell itself, can give no higher proof of fearlessness. The thing he will quail before exists not on this Earth or under it. - Fearless enough! "The Devil is aware," writes he on one occasion, "that this does not proceed out of fear in me. I have seen 30 and defied innumerable Devils. Duke George," of Leipzig, a great enemy of his, "Duke George is not equal to one Devil."—far short of a Devil! "If I had business at Leipzig, I would ride into Leipzig, though it rained Duke-Georges for nine days running." What a reservoir of 35 Dukes to ride into !--

6.—His Valiant Heart a most Gentle one withal.

They err greatly who imagine that this man's courage was ferocity, mere coarse disobedient obstinacy and savagery, as many do. Far from that. There may be an absence of fear which arises from the absence of thought or 5 affection, from the presence of hatred and stupid fury. We do not value the courage of the tiger highly! With Luther it was far otherwise; no accusation could be more unjust than this of mere ferocious violence brought against him. A most gentle heart withal, full of pity and love, as indeed 10 the truly valiant heart ever is. The tiger before a stronger foe-flies: the tiger is not what we call valiant, only fierce and cruel. I know few things more touching than those soft breathings of affection, soft as a child's or a mother's, in this great wild heart of Luther. So honest, unadulterated 15 with any cant; homely, rude in their utterance; pure as water welling from the rock. What, in fact, was all that downpressed mood of despair and reprobation, which we see in his youth, but the outcome of pre-eminent thoughtful gentleness, affections too keen and fine? It is the course 20 such men as the poor Poet Cowper fall into. Luther to a slight observer might have seemed a timid, weak man; modesty, affectionate shrinking tenderness the chief distinction of him. It is a noble valour which is roused in a heart like this, once stirred up into defiance, all kindled into 25 a heavenly blaze.

7.—Unconscious Displays he gives of himself in his "Table-Talk."

In Luther's Table-Talk, a posthumous Book of anecdotes and sayings collected by his friends, the most interesting now of all the Books proceeding from him, we have many beautiful unconscious displays of the man, and what sort of 30 nature he had. His behaviour at the deathbed of his little Daughter, so still, so great and loving, is among the most affecting things. He is resigned that his little Magdalene should die, yet longs inexpressibly that she might live;—

follows, in awestruck thought, the flight of her little soul through those unknown realms. Awestruck; most heartfelt, we can see; and sincere,—for after all dogmatic creeds and articles, he feels what nothing it is that we know, or can know: His little Magdalene shall be with God, as God 5 wills; for Luther too that is all; *Islam* is all.

Once, he looks out from his solitary Patmos, the Castle of Coburg, in the middle of the night: The great vault of Immensity, long flights of clouds sailing through it,—dumb, gaunt, huge: - who supports all that? "None ever saw the 10 pillars of it; yet it is supported." God supports it. We must know that God is great, that God is good; and trust, where we cannot see.—Returning home from Leipzig once, he is struck by the beauty of the harvest-fields: How it stands, that golden yellow corn, on its fair taper stem, its 15 golden head bent, all rich and waving there,-the meek Earth, at God's kind bidding, has produced it once again: the bread of man!-In the garden at Wittenberg one evening at sunset, a little bird has perched for the night: That little bird, says Luther, above it are the stars and deep 20 Heaven of worlds; yet it has folded its little wings; gone trustfully to rest there as in its home: the Maker of it has given it too a home !- - Neither are mirthful turns wanting: there is a great free human heart in this man. The common speech of him has a rugged nobleness, idiomatic, 25 expressive, genuine; gleams here and there with beautiful poetic tints. One feels him to be a great brother man. His love of Music, indeed, is not this, as it were, the summary of all these affections in him? Many a wild unutterability he spoke forth from him in the tones of his flute. 30 The Devils fled from his flute, he says. Death-defiance on the one hand, and such love of music on the other; I could call these the two opposite poles of a great soul; between these two all great things had room.

8.—His Face; the Man Luther.

Luther's face is to me expressive of him; in Kranach's 35 best portraits I find the true Luther. A rude plebeian face;

with its huge crag-like brows and bones, the emblem of rugged energy; at first, almost a repulsive face. Yet in the eyes especially there is a wild silent sorrow; an unnamable melancholy, the element of all gentle and fine affections; 5 giving to the rest the true stamp of nobleness. Laughter was in this Luther, as we said: but tears also were there. Tears also were appointed him; tears and hard toil. The basis of his life was Sadness, Earnestness. In his latter days, after all triumphs and victories, he expresses himself 10 heartily weary of living; he considers that God alone can and will regulate the course things are taking, and that perhaps the Day of Judgment is not far. As for him, he longs for one thing: that God would release him from his labour, and let him depart and be at rest. They understand little 15 of the man who cite this in discredit of him!—I will call this Luther a true Great Man; great in intellect, in courage, affection and integrity; one of our most lovable and precious men. Great, not as a hewn obelisk; but as an Alpine mountain,—so simple, honest, spontaneous, not setting up 20 to be great at all; there for quite another purpose than being great! Ah yes, unsubduable granite, piercing far and wide into the Heavens; yet in the clefts of it fountains. green beautiful valleys with flowers! A right Spiritual Hero and Prophet; once more, a true Son of Nature and 25 Fact, for whom these centuries, and many that are to come vet, will be thankful to Heaven.

X.

JOHN KNOX.

1.—But One Epoch in the History of Scotland; John Knox the Founder of it.

In the history of Scotland I can find properly but one epoch; it contains nothing of world-interest at all but the Reformation by Knox. It is a country as yet without a soul: 30 nothing developed in it but what is rude, external, semi-

animal. And now at the Reformation, the internal life i kindled, as it were, under the ribs of this outward material death. A cause, the noblest of causes kindles itself, like a beacon set on high; high as Heaven, yet attainable from Earth;—whereby the meanest man becomes not a Citizen 5 only, but a Member, of Christ's visible Church; a veritable Hero, if he prove a true man!—

There needs not a great soul to make a hero; there needs a god-created soul which will be true to its origin; that will be a great soul! The like has been seen, we find. The like 10 will be again seen, under wider forms than the Presbyterian: there can be no lasting good done till then.—Impossible! say some. Possible? Has it not been, in this world, as a practised fact? Did Hero-worship fail in Knox's case? Or are we made of other clay now? Did the Westminster Con-15 fession of Faith add some new property to the soul of man? God made the soul of man. He did not doom any soul of man to live as a Hypothesis and Hearsay, in a world filled with such, and with the fatal work and fruit of such!——

This that Knox did for his Nation, I say, we may really 20 call a resurrection as from death. It was not a smooth business: but it was welcome surely, and cheap at that price, had it been far rougher. On the whole, cheap at any price;—as life is. The people began to live: they needed first of all to do that, at what cost and costs soever. Scotch Literature and Thought, Scotch Industry; James Watt, David Hume, Walter Scott, Robert Burns: I find Knox and the Reformation acting in the heart's core of every one of these persons and phenomena. He is the one Scotchman to whom, of all others, his country and the world owe a debt.

2.—The Post of Prophet to his Nation not of his seeking.

This post of Prophet to his Nation was not of his seeking; Knox had lived forty years quietly obscure, before he became conspicuous. He was the son of poor parents; had got a college education; become a Priest; adopted the Reformation, and seemed well content to guide his own steps by the 35

light of it, nowise unduly intruding it on others. He had lived as Tutor in gentlemen's families; preaching when any body of persons wished to hear his doctrine: resolute he to walk by the truth, and speak the truth when called to do it; 5 not ambitious of more; not fancying himself capable of more. In this entirely obscure way he had reached the age of forty; was with the small body of Reformers who were standing siege in St Andrew's Castle,—when one day in their chapel, the Preacher after finishing his exhortation to to these fighters in the forlorn hope, said suddenly, That there ought to be other speakers, that all men who had a priest's heart and gift in them ought now to speak; -which gifts and heart one of their own number, John Knox the name of him, had: Had he not? said the Preacher, appealing to all the 15 audience: what then is his duty? The people answered affirmatively: it was a criminal forsaking of his post, if such a man held the word that was in him silent. Poor Knox was obliged to stand up; he attempted to reply; he could say no word;—burst into a flood of tears, and ran out. 20 remembering, that scene. He was in grievous trouble for some days. He felt what a small faculty was his for this great work. He felt what a baptism he was called to be baptised withal. He "burst into tears."

3.-Knox and Queen Mary.

Knox's conduct to Queen Mary, the harsh visits he used 25 to make in her own palace, to reprove her there, have been much commented upon. Such cruelty, such coarseness fills us with indignation. On reading the actual narrative of the business, what Knox said, and what Knox meant, I must say one's tragic feeling is rather disappointed. They are not so 30 coarse, these speeches; they seem to me about as fine as the circumstances would permit! Knox was not there to do the courtier; he came on another errand. Whoever, reading these colloquies of his with the Queen, thinks they are vulgar insolences of a plebeian priest to a delicate high lady, mistakes 35 the purport and essence of them altogether. It was unfor-

tunately not possible to be polite with the Queen of Scotland, unless one proved untrue to the Nation and Cause of Scotland. A man who did not wish to see the land of his birth made a hunting-field for intriguing ambitious Guises, and the Cause of God trampled underfoot of Falsehoods, Formulas 5 and the Devil's Cause, had no method of making himself agreeable! "Better that women weep," said Morton, "than that bearded men be forced to weep." Knox was the constitutional opposition-party in Scotland: the Nobles of the country, called by their station to take that post, were not 10 found in it; Knox had to go, or no one. The hapless Queen; -but the still more hapless Country, if she were made happy! Mary herself was not without sharpness enough, among her other qualities: "Who are you," said she once, "that presume to school the nobles and sovereign 15 of this realm?"-" Madam, a subject born within the same," answered he. Reasonably answered! If the "subject" have truth to speak, it is not the "subject's" footing that will fail him here.-

4.—His Character: his Fight a hard one but not a fruitless.

An honest-hearted brotherly man; brother to the high, 20 brother also to the low; sincere in his sympathy with both. He had his pipe of Bourdeaux too, we find, in that old Edinburgh house of his; a cheery social man, with faces that loved him! They go far wrong who think this Knox was a gloomy, spasmodic, shrieking fanatic. Not at all: he is 25 one of the solidest of men. Practical, cautious-hopeful, patient; a most shrewd, observing, quietly discerning man. In fact, he has very much the type of character we assign to the Scotch at present: a certain sardonic taciturnity is in him; insight enough; and a stouter heart than he himself 30 knows of. He has the power of holding his peace over many things which do not vitally concern him, - "They? what are they?" But the thing which does vitally concern him, that thing he will speak of; and in a tone the whole world shall be made to hear: all the more emphatic for his 35 long silence.

This Prophet of the Scotch is to me no hateful man!—
He had a sore fight of an existence: wrestling with Popes
and Principalities; in defeat, contention, life-long struggle;
rowing as a galley-slave, wandering as an exile. A sore
5 fight: but he won it. "Have you hope?" they asked him
in his last moment, when he could no longer speak. He
lifted his finger, "pointed upwards with his finger," and so
died. Honour to him! His works have not died. The
letter of his work dies, as of all men's; but the spirit of it
10 never.

XI.

Books:

Their Significance, Influence, and Function.

In Books lies the soul of the whole Past Time; the articulate audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream. Mighty fleets and armies, harbours and arsenals, vast cities, high-15 domed, many-engined,—they are precious, great: but what do they become? Agamemnon, the many Agamemnons, Pericleses, and their Greece; all is gone now to some ruined fragments, dumb mournful wrecks and blocks: but the Books of Greece! There Greece, to every thinker, still 20 very literally lives; can be called up again into life. No magic Rune is stranger than a Book. All that Mankind has done, thought, gained or been: it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of Books. They are the chosen possession of men.

25 Do not Books still accomplish miracles, as Runes were fabled to do? They persuade men. Not the wretchedest circulating-library novel, which foolish girls thumb and con in remote villages, but will help to regulate the actual practical weddings and households of those foolish girls. So "Celia" felt, so "Clifford" acted: the foolish Theorem of Life, stamped into those young brains, comes out as a solid Practice one day. Consider whether any Rune in the wildest

imagination of Mythologist ever did such wonders as, on the actual firm Earth, some Books have done! What built St Paul's Cathedral? Look at the heart of the matter, it was that Divine Hebrew BOOK,—the word partly of the man Moses, an outlaw tending his Midianitish herds, four-thousand 5 years ago, in the wildernesses of Sinai! It is the strangest of things, yet nothing is truer.

He that can write a true book, to persuade England, is not he the Bishop and Archbishop, the Primate of England and of All England? Nay not only our preaching, but 10 even our worship, is not it too accomplished by means of Printed Books? The noble sentiment which a gifted soul has clothed for us in melodious words, which brings melody into our hearts,—is not this essentially, if we will understand it, of the nature of worship? There are many, in all 15 countries, who, in this confused time, have no other method of worship. He who, in any way, shows us better than we knew before that a lily of the fields is beautiful, does he not show it us as an effluence of the Fountain of all Beauty; as the handwriting, made visible there, of the great Maker of 20 the Universe? He has sung for us, made us sing with him, a little verse of a sacred Psalm. Essentially so. How much more he who sings, who says, or in any way brings home to our heart the noble doings, feelings, darings and endurances of a brother man! He has verily touched our hearts as 25 with a live coal from the altar. Perhaps there is no worship more authentic.

Literature, so far as it is Literature, is an "apocalypse of Nature," a revealing of the "open secret." It may well enough be named, in Fichte's style, a "continuous revela-30 tion" of the Godlike in the Terrestrial and Common. The Godlike does ever, in very truth, endure there; is brought out, now in this dialect, now in that, with various degrees of clearness: all true gifted Singers and Speakers are, consciously or unconsciously, doing so. The dark stormful 35 indignation of a Byron, so wayward and perverse, may have touches of it; nay the withered mockery of a French sceptic,—his mockery of the False, a love and worship of the True.

How much more the sphere-harmony of a Shakspeare, of a Goethe; the cathedral-music of a Milton! They are something too, those humble genuine lark-notes of a Burns,—skylark, starting from the humble furrow, far overhead into 5 the blue depths, and singing to us so genuinely there! For all true singing is of the nature of worship; as indeed all true working may be said to be,—whereof such singing is but the record, and fit melodious representation, to us. Fragments of a real "Church Liturgy" and "Body of 10 Homilies," strangely disguised from the common eye, are to be found weltering in that huge froth-ocean of Printed Speech we loosely call Literature! Books are our Church too.

Burke said there were Three Estates in Parliament; but, 15 in the Reporters' Gallery yonder, there sat a Fourth Estate more important far than they all. It is not a figure of speech, or a witty saying; it is a literal fact,—very momentous to us in these times. Literature is our Parliament too. Printing. which comes necessarily out of Writing, I say often, is 20 equivalent to Democracy: invent Writing, Democracy is inevitable. Writing brings Printing: brings universal everyday extempore Printing, as we see at present. Whoever can speak, speaking now to the whole nation, becomes a power, a branch of government, with inalienable weight in law-25 making, in all acts of authority. It matters not what rank he has, what revenues or garnitures: the requisite thing is, that he have a tongue which others will listen to: this and nothing more is requisite. The nation is governed by all that has tongue in the nation: Democracy is virtually there. 30 Add only, that whatsoever power exists will have itself, by and by, organised; working secretly under bandages, obscurations, obstructions, it will never rest till it get to work free, unencumbered, visible to all. Democracy virtually extant will insist on becoming palpably extant.—

On all sides, are we not driven to the conclusion that, of the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful and worthy are the things we call Books! Those poor bits of rag-paper with black ink on

them;—from the Daily Newspaper to the sacred Hebrew BOOK, what have they not done, what are they not doing! -For indeed, whatever be the outward form of the thing (bits of paper, as we say, and black ink), is it not verily, at bottom, the highest act of man's faculty that produces a 5 Book? It is the Thought of man; the true thaumaturgic virtue; by which man works all things whatsoever. All that he does and brings to pass, is the vesture of a Thought. This London City, with all its houses, palaces, steamengines, cathedrals, and huge immeasurable traffic and 10 tumult, what is it but a Thought, but millions of Thoughts made into One;—a huge immeasurable Spirit of a THOUGHT, embodied in brick, in iron, smoke, dust, Palaces, Parliaments, Hackney Coaches, Katherine Docks, and the rest of it! Not a brick was made but some man had to think of 15 the making of that brick.-The thing we called "bits of paper with traces of black ink," is the purest embodiment a Thought of man can have. No wonder it is, in all ways, the activest and noblest.

XII.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

1.—His Untoward Life-element and his Invincible Soul, Self-helpful yet Leal-hearted.

Johnson is, by nature, one of our great English souls. A 20 strong and noble man; so much left undeveloped in him to the last: in a kindlier element what might he not have been —Poet, Priest, sovereign Ruler! On the whole, a man must not complain of his "element," of his "time," or the like; it is thriftless work doing so. His time is bad: well then, he is 25 there to make it better!—Johnson's youth was poor, isolated, hopeless, very miserable. Indeed, it does not seem possible that, in any the favourablest outward circumstances, Johnson's life could have been other than a painful one. The world might have had more of profitable work out of him, or less; 30

but his effort against the world's work could never have been a light one. Nature, in return for his nobleness, had said to him, Live in an element of diseased sorrow. Nay, perhaps the sorrow and the nobleness were intimately and even in-5 separably connected with each other. At all events, poor Johnson had to go about girt with continual hypochondria, physical and spiritual pain. Like a Hercules with the burning Nessus'-shirt on him, which shoots in on him dull incurable misery: the Nessus'-shirt not to be stript off, which 10 is his own natural skin! In this manner, he had to live. Figure him there, with his scrofulous diseases, with his great greedy heart, and unspeakable chaos of thoughts; stalking mournful as a stranger in this Earth; eagerly devouring what spiritual thing he could come at: school-languages and other 15 merely grammatical stuff, if there were nothing better! The largest soul that was in all England; and provision made for it of "fourpence-halfpenny a day." Yet a giant invincible soul; a true man's. One remembers always that story of the shoes at Oxford: the rough, seamy-faced, rawboned College 20 Servitor stalking about, in winter-season, with his shoes worn-out; how the charitable Gentleman Commoner secretly places a new pair at his door; and the rawboned Servitor, lifting them, looking at them near, with his dim eyes, with what thoughts,-pitches them out of window! Wet feet. 25 mud, frost, hunger or what you will; but not beggary: we cannot stand beggary! Rude stubborn self-help here: a whole world of squalor, rudeness, confused misery and want, vet of nobleness and manfulness withal. It is a type of the man's life, this pitching-away of the shoes. An original 30 man; -not a secondhand, borrowing or begging man. Let us stand on our own basis, at any rate! On such shoes as we ourselves can get. On frost and mud, if you will, but honestly on that; -on the reality and substance which Nature gives us, not on the semblance, on the thing she has 35 given another than us !-

And yet with all this rugged pride of manhood and selfhelp, was there ever soul more tenderly affectionate, loyally submissive to what was really higher than he? Great souls are always loyally submissive, reverent to what is over them; only small mean souls are otherwise. Proof this that the sincere man is by nature the obedient man; that only in a World of Heroes is there loval Obedience to the Heroic. essence of originality is not that it be new: Johnson believed 5 altogether in the old; he found the old opinions credible for him, fit for him; and in a right heroic manner lived under them. He is well worth study in regard to that. For we are to say that Johnson was far other than a mere man of words and formulas; he was a man of truths and facts. He stood 10 by the old formulas; the happier was it for him that he could so stand: but in all formulas that he could stand by, there needed to be a most genuine substance. Very curious how, in that poor Paper-age, so barren, artificial, thick-quilted with Pedantries, Hearsays, the great Fact of this universe 15 glared in, forever wonderful, indubitable, unspeakable, divine-infernal, upon this man too! How he harmonised his Formulas with it, how he managed at all under such circumstances: that is a thing worth seeing. A thing to be "looked at with reverence, with pity, with awe." That Church of St 20 Clement Danes, where Johnson still worshipped in the era of Voltaire, is to me a venerable place.

2.—Twofold Gospel to his Age.

Johnson was a Prophet to his people; preached a Gospel to them,—as all like him always do. The highest Gospel he preached we may describe as a kind of Moral Prudence: 25 "in a world where much is to be done, and little is to be known," see how you will do it! A thing well worth preaching. "A world where much is to be done, and little is to be known:" do not sink yourselves in boundless bottomless abysses of Doubt, of wretched god-forgetting Unbelief; - 30 you were miserable then, powerless, mad: how could you do or work at all? Such Gospel Johnson preached and taught: -coupled, theoretically and practically, with this other great Gospel, "Clear your mind of Cant!" Have no trade with Cant: stand on the cold mud in the frosty weather, but let 35 it be in your own *real* torn shoes: "that will be better for you," as Mahomet says! I call this, I call these two things *joined together*, a great Gospel, the greatest perhaps that was possible at that time.

3.—His Writings; his Dictionary.

Johnson's Writings, which once had such currency and . celebrity, are now, as it were, disowned by the young generation. It is not wonderful; Johnson's opinions are fast becoming obsolete: but his style of thinking and of living, we may hope, will never become obsolete. I find in Johnson's 10 Books the indisputablest traces of a great intellect and great heart;—ever welcome, under what obstructions and perversions soever. They are sincere words, those of his; he means things by them. A wondrous buckram style,—the best he could get to then; a measured grandiloquence, stepping or 15 rather stalking along in a very solemn way, grown obsolete now; sometimes a tumid size of phraseology not in proportion to the contents of it: all this you will put-up with. For the phraseology, tumid or not, has always something within it. So many beautiful styles and books, with nothing in 20 them :—a man is a malefactor to the world who writes such! They are the avoidable kind!—Had Johnson left nothing but his Dictionary, one might have traced there a great intellect, a genuine man. Looking to its clearness of definition, its general solidity, honesty, insight and successful 25 method, it may be called the best of all Dictionaries. There is in it a kind of architectural nobleness; it stands there like a great solid square-built edifice, finished, symmetrically complete: you judge that a true Builder did it.

XIII.

BURNS.

1.—His Appearance in his century, and Reception by it.

It was a curious phenomenon, in the withered, unbelieving, 30 secondhand Eighteenth Century, that of a Hero starting up,

among the artificial pasteboard figures and productions, in the guise of a Robert Burns. Like a little well in the rocky desert places,-like a sudden splendour of Heaven in the artificial Vauxhall! People knew not what to make of it. They took it for a piece of the Vauxhall fire-work; alas, it 5 let itself be so taken, though struggling half-blindly, as in bitterness of death, against that! Perhaps no man had such · a false reception from his fellow-men. Once more a very wasteful life-drama was enacted under the sun.

The tragedy of Burns' life is known to all of you. Surely 10 we may say, if discrepancy between place held and place merited constitute perverseness of lot for a man, no lot could be more perverse than Burns's. Among those secondhand acting-figures, mimes for most part, of the Eighteenth Century, once more a giant Original Man; one of those men 15 who reach down to the perennial Deeps, who take rank with the Heroic among men: and he was born in a poor Ayrshire hut. The largest soul of all the British lands came among us in the shape of a hard-handed Scottish Peasant.

2.—His Father and Mother, and their Hard Struggling

His Father, a poor toiling man, tried various things; did 20 not succeed in any; was involved in continual difficulties. The Steward, Factor as the Scotch call him, used to send letters and threatenings, Burns says, "which threw us all into tears." The brave, hard-toiling, hard-suffering Father, his brave heroine of a wife; and those children, of whom 25 Robert was one! In this Earth, so wide otherwise, no The letters "threw us all into tears:" shelter for them. figure it. The brave Father, I say always;—a silent Hero and Poet; without whom the son had never been a speaking Burns's Schoolmaster came afterwards to London, 30 learnt what good society was; but declares that in no meeting of men did he ever enjoy better discourse than at the hearth of this peasant. And his poor "seven acres of nursery-

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ground,"—not that, nor the miserable patch of clay-farm, nor anything he tried to get a living by, would prosper with him; he had a sore unequal battle all his days. But he stood to it valiantly; a wise, faithful, unconquerable man;—swallowing-5 down how many sore sufferings daily into silence; fighting like an unseen Hero,—nobody publishing newspaper paragraphs about his nobleness; voting pieces of plate to him! However, he was not lost: nothing is lost. Robert is there; the outcome of him,—and indeed of many generations of 10 such as him.

3.—His Work at length Recognised.

This Burns appeared under every disadvantage: uninstructed, poor, born only to hard manual toil; and writing, when it came to that, in a rustic special dialect, known only to a small province of the country he lived in. Had he 15 written, even what he did write, in the general language of England, I doubt not he had already become universally recognised as being, or capable to be, one of our greatest That he should have tempted so many to penetrate through the rough husk of that dialect of his, is proof that 20 there lay something far from common within it. He has gained a certain recognition, and is continuing to do so over all quarters of our wide Saxon world: wheresoever a Saxon dialect is spoken, it begins to be understood, by personal inspection of this and the other, that one of the most consider-25 able Saxon men of the Eighteenth century was an Avrshire Peasant named Robert Burns. Yes, I will say, here too was a piece of the right Saxon stuff: strong as the Harz-rock. rooted in the depths of the world; -rock, yet with wells of living softness in it! A wild impetuous whirlwind of passion 30 and faculty slumbered quiet there; such heavenly melody dwelling in the heart of it. A noble rough genuineness: homely, rustic, honest; true simplicity of strength; with its lightning-fire, with its soft dewy pity;—like the old Norse Thor, the Peasant-god !-

4.—His Rank in his century, his Writings, Gifts in Conversation and Powers of Fascination.

You would think it strange if I called Burns the most gifted British soul we had in all that century of his; and yet I believe the day is coming when there will be little danger in saving so. His writings, all that he did under such obstructions, are only a poor fragment of him. Burns's gifts, 5 expressed in conversation, are the theme of all that ever heard him. All kinds of gifts: from the gracefulest utterances of courtesy, to the highest fire of passionate speech: loud floods of mirth, soft wailings of affection, laconic emphasis, clear piercing insight; all was in him. Witty 10 duchesses celebrate him as a man whose speech "led them off their feet." This is beautiful: but still more beautiful that which Mr Lockhart has recorded, which I have more than once alluded to, How the waiters and ostlers at inns would get out of bed, and come crowding to hear this 15 man speak! Waiters and ostlers:-they too were men, and here was a man! I have heard much about his speech; but one of the best things I ever heard of it was, last year, from a venerable gentleman long familiar with him. That it was speech distinguished by always having something in it. 20 "He spoke rather little than much," this old man told me: "sat rather silent in those early days, as in the company of persons above him; and always when he did speak, it was to throw new light on the matter." I know not why any one should ever speak otherwise!—But if we look at his 25 general force of soul, his healthy robustness everyway, the rugged downrightness, penetration, generous valour and manfulness that was in him.—where shall we readily find a better-gifted man?

5.—In Edinburgh.

My last remark is on that notablest phasis of Burns's his-30 tory,—his visit to Edinburgh. Often it seems to me as if his demeanour there were the highest proof he gave of what

a fund of worth and genuine manhood was in him. If we think of it, few heavier burdens could be laid on the strength of a man. So sudden; all common Lionism, which ruins innumerable men, was as nothing to this. It is as if 5 Napoleon had been made a King of, not gradually, but at once from the Artillery Lieutenancy in the Regiment La Fère. Burns, still only in his twenty-seventh year, is no longer even a ploughman; he is flying to the West Indies to escape disgrace and a jail. This month he is a ruined 10 peasant, his wages seven pounds a year, and these gone from him: next month he is in the blaze of rank and beauty, handing down jewelled Duchesses to dinner: the cynosure of all eyes! Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are 15 a hundred that will stand adversity. I admire much the way in which Burns met all this. Perhaps no man one could point out, was ever so sorely tried, and so little forgot himself. Tranquil, unastonished; not abashed, not inflated, neither awkwardness nor affectation: he feels that he there 20 is the man Robert Burns; that the "rank is but the guineastamp;" that the celebrity is but the candle-light, which will show what man, not in the least make him a better or other man! Alas, it may readily, unless he look to it, make him a worse man; a wretched inflated wind-bag.-inflated 25 till he burst, and become a dead lion; for whom, as some one has said, "there is no resurrection of the body;" worse than a living dog!-Burns is admirable here.

XIV.

CROMWELL.

1.—His Participation in the King's Death No Ground of Condemnation.

It is a stern business killing of a King! But if you once go to war with him, it lies there; this and all else lies there. 30 Once at war, you have made wager of battle with him: it is

he to die, or else you. Reconciliation is problematic; may be possible, or, far more likely, is impossible. It is now pretty generally admitted that the Parliament, having vanquished Charles First, had no way of making any tenable arrangement with him. The large Presbyterian party, ap- 5 prehensive now of the Independents, were most anxious to do so: anxious indeed as for their own existence: but it could not be. The unhappy Charles, in those final Hampton-Court negotiations, shows himself as a man fatally incapable of being dealt with. A man who, once for all, to could not and would not understand: -whose thought did not in any measure represent to him the real fact of the matter; nay worse, whose word did not at all represent his thought. We may say this of him without cruelty, with deep pity rather: but it is true and undeniable. there of all but the name of Kingship, he still, finding himself treated with outward respect as a King, fancied that he might play-off party against party, and smuggle himself into his old power by deceiving both. Alas, they both discovered that he was deceiving them. A man whose word will not 20 inform you at all what he means or will do, is not a man you can bargain with. You must get out of that man's way, or put him out of yours! The Presbyterians, in their despair, were still for believing Charles, though found false, unbelievable again and again. Not so Cromwell: "For all 25 our fighting," says he, "we are to have a little bit of paper?" -No!

2.—How it Actually Was with him in that Life's Warfare of his.

From of old, the sufferings of God's Church, true zealous Preachers of the truth flung into dungeons, whipt, set on pillories, their ears cropt-off, God's Gospel-cause trodden 30 under foot of the unworthy: all this had lain heavy on his soul. Long years he had looked upon it, in silence, in prayer; seeing no remedy on Earth; trusting well that a remedy in Heaven's goodness would come,-that such a

course was false, unjust, and could not last forever. And now behold the dawn of it; after twelve years' silent waiting, all England stirs itself; there is to be once more a Parliament, the Right will get a voice for itself: inexpressible 5 well-grounded hope has come again into the Earth. Was not such a Parliament worth being a member of? Cromwell threw down his ploughs, and hastened thither.

He spoke there,—rugged bursts of earnestness, of a selfseen truth, where we get a glimpse of them. He worked 10 there; he fought and strove, like a strong true giant of a man, through cannon-tumult and all else,-on and on, till the Cause triumphed, its once so formidable enemies all swept from before it, and the dawn of hope had become clear light of victory and certainty. That he stood there as 15 the strongest soul of England, the undisputed Hero of all England,—what of this? It was possible that the Law of Christ's Gospel could now establish itself in the world! The Theocracy which John Knox in his pulpit might dream of as a "devout imagination," this practical man, experienced 20 in the whole chaos of most rough practice, dared to consider as capable of being realised. Those that were highest in Christ's Church, the devoutest wisest men, were to rule the land: in some considerable degree, it might be so and should be so. Was it not true, God's truth? And if true, 25 was it not then the very thing to do? The strongest practical intellect in England dared to answer, Yes! This I call a noble true purpose: is it not, in its own dialect, the noblest that could enter into the heart of Statesman or man? For a Knox to take it up was something; but for a Cromwell, 30 with his great sound sense and experience of what our world was,—History, I think, shows it only this once in such a degree. I account it the culminating point of Protestantism; the most heroic phasis that "Faith in the Bible" was appointed to exhibit here below. Fancy it: that it were 35 made manifest to one of us, how we could make the Right supremely victorious over Wrong, and all that we had longed and prayed for, as the highest good to England and all lands. an attainable fact!

3.—The Indispensability of a King in all Movements

See what becomes of men when they cannot find a Chief Man, and their enemies can. The Scotch Nation was all but unanimous in Puritanism; zealous and of one mind about it, as in this English end of the Island was always far from being the case. But there was no great Cromwell 5 among them; poor tremulous, hesitating, diplomatic Argyles and suchlike; none of them had a heart true enough for the truth, or durst commit himself to the truth. They had no leader; and the scattered Cavalier party in that country had one: Montrose, the noblest of all the Cavaliers; an to accomplished, gallant-hearted, splendid man; what one may call the Hero-Cavalier. Well, look at it; on the one hand subjects without a King; on the other a King without sub-The subjects without King can do nothing; the subjectless King can do something. This Montrose, with a 15 handful of Irish or Highland savages, few of them so much as guns in their hands, dashes at the drilled Puritan armies like a wild whirlwind; sweeps them, time after time, some five times over, from the field before him. He was at one period, for a short while, master of all Scotland. One man; 20 but he was a man: a million zealous men, but without the one; they against him were powerless! Perhaps of all the persons in that Puritan struggle, from first to last, the single indispensable one was verily Cromwell. To see and dare, and decide: to be a fixed pillar in the welter of uncertainty; 25 -a King among them, whether they called him so or not.

NOTES.

(The References are to page and line. Thus 8.2 means page 8 line 2.)

"SARTOR RESARTUS," as we have it, was written at Craigenputtock, in Dumfriesshire, in 1830-31, and was originally published piecemeal in Fraser's Magazine, in 1833. Its subject is the philosophy of clothes, and this being treated as a philosophy of life, there is ingeniously inwoven with it a life of the philosopher. By "clothes" the author means appearances as vestures of otherwise unseen, nay invisible, existences; and the ground-thought of the book is, that whatever appears anywhere in time is a manifestation and symbol of an everywhere present underlying eternal reality. That is the author's view of the universe, of the All, and man he regards as placed in the centre of it, that he may take home to himself and body forth to others the spirit of it in his own life and thinking. And his great doctrine of morality correspondingly is, that appearances should correspond with realities, and that the sin of sins among men is falsehood, insincerity.

PAGE 1.

Teufelsdröckh, the alter ego of the author, is the thinker in relation to the spirit of the time, which is such that it rejects him as its servant, and he rejects it as his master. The word means the "outcast of the devil," and the devil is the spirit of the time, which the author and his prototype here had, God-compelled, risen up in defiance of, and refused to serve under. For a time the one as the other tried to serve it, till they discovered the slavery the attempt more and more involved them in, when they with one bold effort tore asunder the bands that bound them, and with an "Everlasting No" achieved at once their emancipation.

Weissnichtwo, Know-notwhere, is an imaginary European city, viewed as the focus, and as exhibiting the operation, of all the influences for good and evil of the time we live in, described in terms which characterised city life in the first quarter of the present century. So universal appeared the spiritual forces at work in society at that time, that it was impossible to say where they were, and where they were not; and hence the name of the city Know-not-where.

High Watch - Tower, Teufels-dröckh's tower of observation from his standpoint as a philosopher, whose platform as such is above all the strife and traffic that goes on below; not, however, without a feeling, on his part, despite his protestation of indifference, that it is all of the deepest concernment to him as a man. And, indeed, Teufelsdröckh would not have made the observations he makes from his watch-

-3/

tower here as a philosopher had he not been more of a man than a thinker.

3 Choking by Sulphur.—The treatment the industrial bees especially are subjected to, to secure the honey.

- 4 Serene Highness, as presumed, or affecting, to be above all that ruffles ordinary mortals; though there is often implied in Carlyle's use of the title a censure of the criminal indifference of the class to the troubles of those beneath them.
- 7 See it all, all that is included between these two extremes of high life and low, with an uneasy feeling of the consequences that may result from the collision that some day may take place between them.
- 8 Schlosskirche, the Castle-Church, Church of his Serene Highness.
- 9 Courier, the post-boy of those days.
- 12 Lamed Soldier.—A very common spectacle in town and city during and after the Napoleonic wars, the "timber-leg" fitted on as seen in pictures of Chelsea pensioners, and the like at that time.
- 14 Feed, then, as still in towns, all from the country; cities, in its regard, being consuming, not producing.
- 15 Rustleity, rustics; an abstract term for a concrete, very common with Carlyle, to emphasize a characteristic feature.
- 18 Theu, is the editor of these reflections to whom, as Teufelsdröckh's sole confidant, they are all addressed. In "Sartor" Teufelsdröckh and he are represented as two different persons, whereas the editor is only the philosopher as his own priest or interpreter.
- 18 Qualities, ranks.
- 18 Coming . . . going, as essentially transient, ever in flux.

- 20 Eternity, that region on the outskirts of what we call existence, where there is no change, but all is still and silent, where there is neither birth nor death, yet out of which all that is born comes and into which all that dies returns.
 - **Apparitions,** spirits which appear by the medium of sense.
- 23 **Solid**, what seems so not so, "melting" at length with the sense that fashioned it, that "pictures" it into air.

PAGE 2.

- I Blank Time, yesterday not, to-morrow not, yet between these two blanks or "nothings" our life hovers.
- 2 That red and yellow Clethesscreen, an aristocrat who derives all his badges of distinction from his ancestry, and is nothing except as a symbol of the connection there is between past, present, and future, as a link between yesterday and to-morrow.
- 7 Tissue of History.—History being not a mere chain of causes, or sequences, in a line, but a web woven on the "loom of time" by a thousandfold complexity and combination of causes, thread interlacing with thread, so that no subtlety of brain can sunder or unravel it, all one can do being to spot a "link" here and a "link" there.
- 9 Mein Lieber, my good friend and editor.
- 12 Ancient reign of Night, older than that of Day, which indeed is even yet but struggling for the ascendancy, though it is centuries ago since Zeus, the God of Day, was fabled to have assumed the sceptre of the universe.
- 13 Boötes, lit. the ox-driver, here conceived as a hunter, a constellation in the Great Bear of

the northern heavens. Small heed takes he of it, soul-stirring as it is to us.

- That hum is heard in heaven, however "stifled" it may be, however deaf Boötes may be to it, for see do not the Upper Powers, with sometimes the Nether ones for auxiliary, from time to time in their pity interfere to avenge it?
- 22 Fermenting vat, in the "simmerings" of which chemical affinities work new combinations and dissolve old, so that old ties are remorselessly broken and new ones formed in their stead, and that to such extent often that what is thrown in sweet may come out bitter or bitter sweet; what is thrown in good may come out evil, or evil good.
- 30 Reuge-et-Neir, (lit. red-andblack), gambling with cards, socalled as played on a table marked with two red and two black diamond-shaped spots.
- 33 Pawns are men, pieces which statesmen play with and remorselessly sacrifice in what is at bottom too often but their own private game.

36 Borders, in reference to the celebrated Gretna Green marriages on the Scottish border.

38 Boxes, sentry-boxes formerly provided at fixed distances for night watchmen in cities.

PAGE 3.

- 5 **Comes no hammering?** The philosopher to his friend, as they both listen.
- 6 Rabenstein, Ravenstone, the gallows, so-called as customarily draped with black on the occasion of an execution.
- 7 Five-hundred-thousand, as the average population of a modern city.
- 8 Two-legged animals, said to have been Plato's definition of a man, of which Diogenes, Teufels-

- dröckh's prototype, made merry, as Carlyle himself so often does.
- 9 Nightcaps, worn generally in those days. Kilmarnock famous for the manufacture of them.
- 19 Mein Werther, my worthy friend.
- 19 Above 1t, in my philosophic calm.
- 20 Stars, with Boötes and company, in dispassionate, though not uninterested, survey of all that goes on below.
- 23 United in a common element of dust, showing that they had all lain long there undisturbed, the philosopher the while intently pre-occupied with watching the living flood, that was passing under his window by day and with listening to the stifled hum it left behind it at night.
- 25 Manuscripts. Notes the philosopher had taken in his former, but henceforth extinct, abstract musings, now left like Sibyl leaves, the sport of the idle winds.
- 27 Periodical Literature, of no more account to him, of no more concern, than the general rubbish about.
- 28 Old 'Liza, the manager of his household economics, to which, as to mere economics of all kinds, he paid no heed himself, as matter to him of comparative indifference.
- 31 Last citadel, citadel in which he was free to think his own thoughts, a fortress from which no man could drive him, a right of which no one could deprive him. For a further final "last citadel," see 14.32.

PAGE 4.

2 Half forcibly, he only halfresisting, not altogether unwilling, though not quite willing, to see the litter pitched out of doors.

- 3 Hastly, having a nervous fear lest, as so often happens, the precious should go with the vile, the gold guineas with the gilt farthings, and the baby with the dirty water of its bath.
- 3 Saving his manuscripts, as Cæsar did his when he swam the Nile, these after all his most precious possessions.
- 4 Partial, much litter still left, which she, the mere economist that she was, had not the discernment to sift out.
- 4 Literary lumber, lumber of that kind she durst not, and must not, touch, the value of which the mere economist such as she is has no standard to test.
- 7 To such length, the removal of unmistakeable rubbish, a very necessary, but a very menial office, yet, though mere scavenger work, often ill done, as Carlyle in his "Oliver Cromwell" and his "Frederick the Great" has often to complain.
- We, the Editor, the editorial "we," as representing the conductors of the Journal.
- IX Still remember, such assiduous devotion alive now only in the memory, and all but extinct except in the novels of Sir Walter Scott.
- 15 Chiefly by signs, she and he hardly possessing in common an interchangeable language.
- 22 Coif with its lappets. A closefitting cap with loose flaps, such as these old dames used to wear.
- 24 Leok, as if not insensible of the service she was rendering; not indisposed to magnify and feel proud of her office.
- 28 **Claring**, like a mere animal, which was all he was.

PAGE 5.

3 Ball of heavy Flint, of which the antiquary has picked up specimens and lodged in his museums for the curious.

- 6 Deadly unerring skill, so far trained out of mere brute savagery into sure and steady precision of eye and hand.
- 6 Hunger and Revenge, the two ruling primeval animal appetites of man.
- 7 Comfort, the chief demand of the civilised man.
- 12 Spiritual want, want of man as a self and a self-conscious being, as more than a mere animal.
- 15 Heaven-inspired meledious Singer, the poet, as possessed by thoughts, feelings, passions, and impulses direct from above, rendered in song, or melody of music.
- 18 Divine Presence, in whom to the fantasy of young love something of the Divine is first manifested and vouchsafed.
- 21 Out of the eater, &c., Samson's riddle, Judges xiv. 14; here applied happily to the evolution of civilized from savage life.
- 25 Re-genesis, new birth of the old, otherwise the new were nought; nothing being anything except as the outcome of a past derivable from the very beginning.
- 25 Self-perfecting vitality, the power of higher and highest development all latent from the very first within itself.
- 25 Thy Act, thy Word, it must be thine, must be genuine; not merely another's, though derived from another it may.
- 28 Banyan-grove, self-planting, and food-bearing.
- 29 Hemlock-forest, poison-producing and poison-breathing.
- go Copylsts. These were mostly monks, who, by copying them with the hand, produced all the books that existed prior to the invention of printing; and the whole art of printing had its origin in the invention of "mov-

able types," that is, types of single letters which, after being employed to print one part of a book could be separately "distributed" and "set up" to print another.

32 Creating a whole new Democratic world. Such facility being afforded by the invention of it for disseminating spiritual seed of all kinds; unhappily shooting up at times as a Hemlock-forest as well as a Banyangrove.

PAGE 6.

- 5 Barter grow Sale, the cumbersome exchange of one commodity for another being superseded by the exchange of a commodity for a sum of money for which one could have any equivalent whatever.
- 7 **Rothschilds**, the celebrated rich Jewish bankers in Germany, whose whole wealth depends on the simple "invention of the oldworld grazier," the planting of a "Banyan-grove" for them, whatever it may be for us.
- 7 English National Debts, amounting to-day to nearly seven hundred millions, fruit of the same invention, the planting of a Hemlock-forest to the nation, whatever it may be to the stockholder and stock-broker class.

13 What of these? Why speak of these in comparison?

- 14 Shame, sense of the sacredness of one's personality, and a shrinking from the exposure of it to profane intrusion; a truly divine feeling this.
- 20 Vulgar Logic, the logic that construes everything from mere appearances and sees in man only an animal like others, except that he has an omnivorous appetite and wears clothes.
- 21 Pure reason, the faculty in man allied to the Spirit which embodies itself in appearances, and

- by which he claims kindred with that upper sphere.
- 23 Me, a being with which no other animal can claim kin, as alone of all quite mysteriously capable of feeling and asserting itself as an indivisible "I," with thoughts, feelings, and relationships sensibly centred in and peculiar to itself.
- 24 Garment of Flesh or Senses, by which we reveal and relate our "mysterious Me," to our like, as they to us; the connecting medium between the otherwise invisible and incommunicable in us and in them.
- 24 Contextured in the loom of heaven, a system of tissues spirit-woven, with a sensibility so ethereal as to bring us, by the eye and ear especially, in direct contact with higher spiritual things.
- 26 In Union and Division. In "union" as men; in "division" as individuals.
- 28 Deep-hidden, so that it is matter of doubt with some whether under that garment of senses a "Me" exists.
- 31 Thereby, by these "senses."
- 32 In the centre of Immensities, the universe through its entire extent in immediate relation and contact with him thereby; he thereby in the heart of it all.
- 32 In the conflux of Eternities, in the centre whence all the forces from and to Eternity directly meet, so that by no past or future can he be brought nearer it than he is.

PAGE 7.

- 3 Saint Chrysostem, Saint Mouth-of-Gold, so called from his eloquence. 347-407.
- his eloquence, 347-407.

 8 Shektnah, a radiancy between the Cherubim over the Mercyseat in the Jewish Tabernacle, symbolical of the Divine presence in its midst.

- 7 Sang the Hebrew Psalmist.— Psalm exxxix. 9, 10.
- 9 God is there, all there, not by His power only but also by His wisdom, justice and love.
- 10 Psalmist, inspired with the spiritual melody that breathes in the Psalms.
- 10 Presalst, with all thy culture without melody in thyself and without sense of the melody in other things and men, a mere dry matter-of-fact soul.
- tion, by mere hearsay, from the report of others who had marked His footsteps and heard His voice, but without eye for the one and ear for the other thyself.
- II Corner, out-of-the-way spot, as it were.
- 14 Swept away, force there therefore.
- 18 Schwarzwald, the Black Forest in South Germany.
- 29 Vital system, alive throughout, as the omnipresence of force with its "cunning affinities" shows.
- 30 Altar, with sacrificial offering of iron force, and coal force, and man force.
- 33 **Priest,** offering sacrifice thus in behalf of the whole universe.
- 34 Exeterically, with no knowledge of the mystery he is the priest of.

PAGE 8.

- 2 Commanding, all inferior force.
 14 Philosophic eye, the eye that looks through appearances into realities, through things as they seem into things as they are.
- 16 Entepfuhl, Duck-pond, in reminiscence, it is believed, of Ecclefechan, the native place of the author.
- 16 Andreas Futteral, Andrew Sword-sheath, his fighting days done, and his sword laid aside in its scabbard for good; no more fighting, now that the devil

- is vanquished, and our moneymaking enterprise suffers no more check from him, Andreas being now a market-gardener.
- 20 "Halbert" of the Grenadier sergeant; the ferule of the schoolmaster.
- 22 Cincinnatus, a Roman patrician who retired to his farm rather than bow to the plebs.
- 27 Victory of Rossbach, of Frederick the Great, 5 Nov. 1775, over the combined French and Austrian armies.
- 33 Kunersdorf, where Frederick was, 12 Aug. 1759, defeated by Austrian and Russian armies.

PAGE 9.

- I Gretchen, German diminutive for Margaret, Carlyle's mother's name.
- 7 Cleero, in Roman history first of eloquent speech-heroes, incarnation of "wisdom," 106-43 B.C.
- 7 Cld, in Spanish legend first of brave-deed heroes, incarnation of "valour," 1040-99.
- 12 **Hochkirch**, where Frederick was defeated by the Austrians in Oct. 1758.
- 31 The celestial Balance, a constellation of the Zodiac which the sun enters at the autumnal equinox; it being an autumn epoch of time when Teufelsdröckh was born, as well as "Sartor" written.
- 32 A Stranger, so-called from the strange character of his offspring. Such a child as he was had no known father, Melchizedek in that respect being his prototype.
- 37 Good Christian people, &c.
 These words express what the
 stranger meant when he left the
 "invaluable loan" in the keeping of the old people. He left it
 with them under a solemn charge
 that they must take all care of it,
 as they should one day have to
 give an account.

PAGE 10.

- 6 Clean gone, so sudden and evanescent is a divine apparition; never duly recognised at the time, but only after it, and all trace of it, has vanished.
- 17 Green veil of Persian silk, is the thin, coloured veil of mystery that enveloped his paternity.
- 19 **Wrappages**, provided by instinct of nature and human affection for the child.
- 19 Pits Diamond, so-called after the grandfather of the elder Pitt, who brought it from Golconda. It figured in the hilt of the state sword of Napoleon, and was carried off by the Prussians at Waterloo.
- 19 Hapsburg Regalia, the regalia of the imperial house of Austria.
- 22 Baptismal certificate, which he held direct from nature, independently of the church.
- 23 The Name, that as expressing his nature was given at birth.
- 26 Nowhere tidings of the Stranger. For where could the man be found that could by possibility be conjectured to be the father of this little "nondescript?" Teufelsdröckh appears as a new man, and he had no discoverable parent. He was conscript from birth to do battle with the devil, and no son of Father Andreas, who thought he had settled accounts with him when he and his master floored the French.
- 34 Without external satisfying, vain to seek in the external for an explanation of the inner spiritual, to attempt to account thus for a man whose originality is from within.
- 38 Thus: thanks to the nursing of these "good Christian people."

PAGE 11.

- 4 Herr Diogenes, so called, from his inborn cynicism, after the celebrated Greek cynic of that name, who went up and down Athens in broad daylight with a lit lantern searching incredulously for a man.
- 6 New Science of Things in General, science, then new, if not so still, which regards everything as connected with every other thing, and no section of the universe or the nature of man as intelligible by itself; but only when viewed in its relation to the whole.
- 8 **Facts,** concerning the mystery of his first appearance in the world.
- 8 Communicated by the Good Gretchen, who, in her deeply religious heart, could not conceive of him as the son of any common father, had early detected in him signs of a higher parentage and had early impressed the fact on the mind of the boy, if so be the knowledge of it might quicken into action his religious feelings.
- 14 Sadness, under a sense of his orphanhood.
- 16 Loneliness, as more and more lonely he was fated all through life to be.
- 17 Perhaps far from me, &c.—In my questionings felt now to be far, now to be near, I never quite settling down to the assurance that He was near, and had all along been.
- 21 Thin penetrable curtains of earthly space.—Penetrable? did not He penetrate them when He left with the old cottagers "the little red-coloured infant"? And are not these curtains penetrated every time a child is born into the world—and taken away?
- 21 To and fro, "To" at birth; "fro" at death; and on all birth and death moments.
- 24 Everlasting Night, so to us; Everlasting Day, so to thee.

- 26 Heart-deluded, drawn by an inordinate regard and trust.
- 27 This and the other noblelooking Stranger, stranger among men, such as thou must have been;—as all divine men from the beginning have till now been, whatever the evolutionists may say, who refuse to recognise such a phenomenon in the history of man.
- 28 Wistfully, hoping he might prove to be thou.
- 29 Repel me, disown me, showing himself thereby he was not thou, and my father.
- 33 Theu, if thou art a self, a godchild, and not a mere manchild.

PAGE 12.

- 2 Spiritual eye, the eye a man gets when he is spiritually born, that is, has learned from the heart to say No perempforily to the evil spirit and Yea to the good.
- 5 Auroral radiance.—Radiance as of the dawning of day.
- rophet, as representing God; Priest, as guiding to Him; King, as guiding like Him.
- 10 Obedience that makes us free. —Freedom being possible only in loyal subjection to the authority of a higher, all other being false.
- 22 Arnauld, a French Jansenist, 1612-1694. The Jansenists were opponents of the Jesuits, and advocates of the doctrine of irresistible grace.
- 24 Nepenthe, the goddess that dispels or enables one to sleep away care.
- 24 Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, 306-272 B.C.
- 25 Alexander, the Great, of Macedon, 356-323 B.C.
- 28 Apprenticeship.—Dating here from the time when we learn to do anything.

PAGE 13.

- 3 Passivity.—Capability of taking things in, intelligence, susceptibility.
- 4 Activity, application of intelligence to work.
- 6 Openness of Sense, openness to impressions through all the senses, arguing good health.
- 7 Ingenuous Curiosity, curiosity about things good for a man to know.
- Io Unfavourably, for my active power, and consequently my spiritual development.
- 10 Hemmed-in, so that I could not do what I was capable of doing.
- 13 Stoical, subjected to or demanding too much self-restraint.
- 16 Freewill, what I was fain to do, and had the faculty to do.
- 17 Necessity, constraint thwarting me from without.
- 18 Root of bitterness, Necessity to which freewill must often with sorrow on all hands yield.
- 25 Would, what we would like to do.
- 26 **Should**, what we ought to do. 27 **Shall**, what shall be, or shall
- be done.

 28 Discretion, taught by early initiation and habituation to discriminate between would, should, and shall; which, strictly speaking, is a wise adjustment of freewill to obligation and possibility, of "would" to "should" and "shall."
- 35 My kind Mother, Carlyle has doubtless in his eye here his own mother, who, from the account he gives of her, must have been just such another as this. The same parallel does not hold between Andreas Futteral and Carlyle's father.
- 38 **Version**, translation in her case into flesh and blood.

PAGE 14.

- 8 The highest whom I knew on Earth, what a homage here to a mother!
- 12 **Reverence**, devout regard for what is above one; **Fear**, mastering dread of what is beneath one.
- 18 Melancholy, that he would never to all eternity see his father as he had known and loved him any more; an overpowering thought to an affectionate man, and one which, under many relations, oppressed Carlyle's heart more or less all his days.
- 19 **Yawned**, as if the earth were weary of its burden.
- 32 **Cypress-tree**, the symbol of the underworld with its dead loved ones.
- 32 Inexpugnable, from which he cannot be driven forth; this Teufelsdröckh's really "last citadel," see 3.31.

PAGE 15.

- 2 Tyrannous, laying on us what it should not; fraught everywhere with oppression.
- where with oppression.

 6 Lonely, without sympathy, without help.
- 7 Monster-bearing Desert, such the world seems to a tender soul cruelly bereft of its loved ones: a desert full of monsters devouring what one loves.
- 7 Flinty, insensate.
- 8 There, in the bed of rest.
- 9 Mother's bosom, she that bore us.
- 10 Gehema Balliffs, ministers of Hell's justice, seeing justice done to the rights of hell. "Gehenna," a valley south of Jerusalem, the symbol to the Jew of the region of penal fire.
- 15 Coronation, investiture with the due authority.
- 16 Sceptre, ability to treat with the Time-prince, and enforce the terms.

- 20 Environment of Fortune, chance of success; "the ground you stand on."
- 26 Main, the chief one, true, the one for him.
- 30 Poor, without means; unfriended, without sympathy; dyspeptical, without heart; bashful, without self-confidence: foolish, without sense.
- 33 Grope, as if by tactual feeling, blindly; clutch, grasp desperately.

PAGE 16.

- 2 Notions of distance, of what is within his capability, and what is not.
- 18 Nowhere to be met with, "everywhere, yet nowhere."
- 20 Cain, the first ploughman, Gen. iv. 2; Tubalcain, the first hammerman, Gen. iv. 22.
- 26 Schönbrunn, seat of the Austrian government.
- 27 **Downing Street,** seat of the English government.
- 27 Paiais Bourbon, seat then of the French government.
- 28 Papers tied with tape, mere law papers.
- 30 Everywhere, yet nowhere, predicable this of all spiritual things.

PAGE 17.

- 2 Armida's Palace, visionary palace of pleasure of a beautiful sorceress in Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered."
- 10 Virtue, the inherent spiritual power and vitality.
- 12 Spiritual field, each seed in which has an undying quickening virtue.
- 12 Spiritual tree, instinct with undying vitality and quickening power.
- 18 Talismanic, instinct with magical power; thaumaturgic, instinct with miraculous power.

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- 20 Ouce in the two centuries, Carlyle computes that no book during the last two centuries had drained so much of a man's heart's blood, or taken so much out of him as his own "French Revolution" did out of him.
- 32 Canst thou not open thy Hebrew Bible, which thou hast by thee, and in which thou wilt find more of true moment to thee than if thou didst succeed in extorting their secrets from all the antiquities of the world.

PAGE 18.

- 8 **The Donau**, German name of the Danube.
- 10 Marchfeld, a large plain across the Danube near Vienna which has been the battlefield once and again of the opposing armies of Europe.
- 12 Cockpit, a pit or area where game-cocks fight.
- 15 Wagram, where Napoleon defeated the Austrians under Archduke Charles on 5 and 6 July 1800.
- 16 Casemate, a bomb-proof vault in a fortress with embrasures for cannon.
- 16 House of Hapsburg, the Imperial family of Austria.
- 18 König Ottokar, the King of Bohemia, who fell on the Marchfeld in 1278.
- 18 **Rudelf L.** of Hapsburg, who defeated and slew Ottokar in 1278.
- 19 Kaiser Franz, Francis II. of Austria, whose army was defeated at Wagram by Napoleon n 1809.
- 27 Gainsay, defeat her purpose, which is to sustain life, not destroy it.
- 29 **Thrifty**, turning every thing to profit for us; losses into gains, death into life.

PAGE 19.

- I **Dumdrudge.** Where the natives toil and drudge away and say nothing about it, as villagers all over the world used contentedly to do.
- 26 Fallen-out, over some invasion of each other's rights, or crossing rather of each other's interests, blind to the fact that, as Christ insists, the assertion of these, and not the concession, is the loss.
- 31 English Smollett. Tobias Smollett, 1721-1771.
- 33 In person, not by substitution of others as hitherto.

PAGE 20.

- I Divine Missionary, appointed to fulfil and carry out God's purposes withal.
- 4 Ultimate Political Evangel.

 The latest gospel to all nations that the career is now open everywhere to the capable man.
- 6 Enthustasts, men possessed and carried away by a single idea.
- 7 Imperfect utterance, inadequate expression of the idea that inspires them, that not being possible till the ripened action is seen in the fruit.
- 7 Frothy rant, impotent bluster.
 14 Still wretched, never persuading himself, or affecting, as some do, to believe it is not.
- 14 Partly see through it, &c., in some degree see that it had a meaning, and what that was; and in some degree scorn it, as the Stoics hardened themselves to do, and as Goethe advises us to do.
- 16 Shadow-hunter, &c., pursuing or pursued by mere phantoms of the brain, and having no existence outside of it.
- 18 Brave garnitures, proud array of imposing appearances.
- 18 Wishes, after these phantom pleasures.

- 19 Smiffed aside, whisked away from thee, in contempt at once of thee and thy wishes.
- 20 Boy Alexander, for boy he was all his days, no more, notwithstanding the function he fulfilled as the soldier of Greek civilization against the vulgar barbaric splendour of Persia.
- 20 Weep. This weeping for more to conquer implies a state of soul which the conquest of "a whole universe" would not have gratified.
- 24 Pity, for me that I so vex myself with these inanities and vanities.
- 28 Arcturus, a bright star in the constellation of Boötes.
- 28 Orion, a southern constellation.
 28 Sirius, the dog-star, the chief star in the southern constellation canis major.

PAGE 21.

- r Pleiades, seven stars in the zodiac, or the constellation Taurus.
- 2 The **Shepherd**, having no other chart whereby he might guide himself and his flocks over the wilderness.
- 3 Plain of Shinar, a vast plain along the banks of the Euphrates and the Tigris, traversed long ago by shepherds and their flocks.
- 7 Rejects thee, whence in part the name Teufelsdröckh, devil's outcast, as explained p. 1.
- 7 Dissevered limb, no longer a member of the commonwealth of the world.
- 7 80 be 14. This intimates Teufels-dröckh's arrival at the "Centre of Indifference," as he calls it; through which whoso would exchange God for the world, must, as the Christian religion requires, needs pass; death to the one being the condition of devotion to the other; the middle-point this between renunciation

- and regeneration, between the slaying of the old man and the quickening of the new.
- 9 Ha!—Intimation of the discovery he has made, the new intuition he has got.
- Goethe's "lebendiges Kleid," in the song of the Earth-Spirit in Faust; living nature being, in Goethe's regard, as naturally in that of the philosopher of clothes, the garment, or vesture, with which God invests Himself and reveals and imparts Himself to man.
- 10 D Heavens, expresses Teufelsdröckh's astonishment, that he has only now seen this for the first time.
- 12 Loves, life-imparting, life-sacrificing, which all love ever is.
- 13 Fore shadows . . . Fore-splendours, the former, the discovery revealing itself as yet only in outline; the latter, in anticipation of the revelation it is destined to open up.
- 16 Ah, suggests more than that, far more.
- 16 Mother's Voice, from the heart to the heart, if any voice to a man is.
- 16 Little Child straying bewildered, such the man Teufelsdröckh's condition till the mother's voice whispered to him this all-soothing word.
- 18 Celestial Music, breathing of the serenity, the harmony of the upper universe.
- 19 Dead, such as it is to those who know no God but the god of tradition, and seek after him elsewhere than here, and elsewhen than now, while with Him "it is a Universal Here and an Everlasting Now."
- 19 **Demoniacal**, under the sway of an evil spirit, as it is to those who have no other god than the god of this world.
- 20 Charmel-house, so that the god of it has to be sought for under

Notes.

the cerements of the dead and among the ghosts that haunt their graves.

22 Other eyes, the effect of the intuition in opening them, and through them the heart.

- 23 Infinite Leve, infinite Pity, that knew no bounds in the tenderness and strength of it, and that only grew deeper and stronger as day by day the misery of man revealed a darker and a darker side. This is Carlyle's idea of "Christian love," the love of Christ, as is plain from the whole paragraph being so indexed by him in "Sartor."
- 23 Wandering, wayward, going ever more and more astray, and bent on doing so.
- 27 **Bed of Rest,** thou *there* hast no other, wilt find no other, merely perturbed ghost that thou art.
- 28 Brother, as being poor, wandering, wayward, tried, beaten with stripes, weary, heavy-laden, as I have been.
- 30 This solitude, alone with my own thoughts, and with no one to share them with me.
- 32 Inarticulate cries, cries from a heart that knows not what can ease it of its pain.

PAGE 22.

- I Dumb creature, unable to express what it wants.
- in the ear of Heaven, who can make out their meaning, and who listens to the appeal.
- 2 Needy Mother, no longer able to help her children, but in need of help from them.
- 4 Man become the dearer, on that very account, knowing as I so well do where his miseries come from.
- 6 Named him brether, knowing how I myself sinned and suffered like him, that his lot is the same as mine was.
- 7 The "Sanctuary of sorrow," a Goethe expression, the fold of

- Christ, wherein, according to His promise (Matt. v. 4), the "mourners" who might gather together there, would find relief and be comforted, the path of sorrow leading up to the "porch" of this sanctuary.
- 9 Divine Depth of Sorrow, also a Goethe expression, which one has no words to define, and which no one can understand to whom this path of sorrow is yet unknown.
 - George Fox, originally a shoemaker, a native of Leicestershire, 1624-90.
- 12 Diet of Werms, diet of the German Empire before which Luther appeared in 1521, see p. 113.
- 13 Austerlitz, victory of Napoleon over the Austrians in 1805.
- 13 Peterlee, an insurrection in 1819 of workers in St Peter's Field, Manchester, named in derision after Waterloo.
- 17 Quakers, the followers of George Fox, whose self-assumed name is the Society of Friends, and who are specially distinguished for the deference they pay to the inner promptings of the Spirit.
- 18 Divine idea of the Universe, that there is a God in it, and a God's will revealed in it, requiring, before all, to be ascertained and seen.
- 19 Is pleased, such an idea is always of divine suggestion, and seizes hold of a man rather than he of it.
- 20 Hulls, envelopments, bandaging and hampering.
- 21 Awfulness, inspiring awe and repelling; beauty, inspiring adoration and attracting.
- 26 Living Spirit, susceptible of awe, susceptible of adoration.
- 27 Antique Inspired Velume, the Bible, full of the inspired thoughts and feelings of men who lived the same life long ago.
- 29 Celestial Home, home proper to his spirit, where alone it could

abide, find a fit home or mansion. John xiv. 1.

31 Mastership in Cordwainery, post of honour among his fellowcraftsmen as a shoemaker.

32 Post of Thirdborough, a sort of J.P., post of honour among his fellow-townsmen.

PAGE 23.

- r Far Country, "celestial home."
 r Splendours, inspiring ecstasy, terrors, causing him to quake with fear; hence the name of Quaker given to his followers.
- 2 Temple of Immensity, the universe as felt to be a temple consecrated to worship in.
- 5 Mountains of encumbrance, impediments to a religious life; a metaphor clearly suggested by the fable of the Giant Enceladus, on whose head Zeus, for his rebellion, hurled the mountain of Etna, burying him under it.
- 6 Spirit, by its nature appointed to struggle with and triumph over contradictions and obstructions of all kinds.
- 7 Silent Agony, of which no one knew but himself; the clergy of the neighbourhood, ordained overseers of the spiritual, though they professed to be, having, when consulted by him, shown that they could neither understand his troubles nor minister him any help.
- 12 Vatican, the palace of the Pope at Rome.
- 13 Ioretto-shrine, near Ancona, Italy, alleged to contain the cottage ("Santa Casa") of the Virgin Mary at Nazareth, which is said to have been transported thither about the end of the thirteenth century.
- 14 With thousand requisitions, Ac. These his mountains of encumbrance, the yoke of St Peter which neither he nor his fellow religionists, the Jews of old, had been able to bear.—Acts xv. 10.

- slave of others, yet what is required of me first of all as a man is that I should be my own. So much is Teufelsdröckh in sympathy with the implied claims of Fox here, that the chief institution which he would see established among us is an institution to conserve to each man his own property. (See "Sartor Resartus," Bk. II. ch. Ic.)
- 17 Heaven is high, and hell is deep, the old thought so familiar to the soul of the mediæval Dante, and so unfamiliar to those who have abolished the harsh discipline that ever intervenes between.
- 26 Never practised, to which Carlyle, as practised in modern times at anyrate, had a special aversion.
- 28 First outflashing, always the most striking and significant moment.
- 32 Angelo, Michael Angelo, Italian, painter, sculptor, and architect, 1474-1563.
- 32 Rosa, Salvador Rosa, Italian, painter and poet, 1615-1678.
- 32 Seeing eye and understanding heart, essential to such an artist.

PAGE 24.

- I Slavery, the abolition of which, being one of the philanthropies of the society he was the founder of.
- world worship, that respect for the opinion and fashion of the world which is due only to God.
- I Mammon-god, the god of riches, who gives worldly wealth, inspiring a spirit which seeks for and is content with that.
- 9 D'Alembert, French Mathematician and Encyclopedist, 1717 1783.
- To **Diegenes**, the Cynic of Athens, 412-322, B.C. (see 11.4).

- the Stoic, whose scorn is only half human; a merely scornful man being only half a man, and pretty much of a devil, if, like Mephistopheles, he poses as being a whole man.
- 18 Cynic's Tub, the tub in which Diogenes took up his abode.
- 20 Scornfully, in scorn of the assumption of the dignity.
- 21 Same sermon, sermon of protest against the world.
- 25 Venerable to me, Carlyle thinks here of his father, who was a working mason.
- 26 Coarse, the sensibility of touch much deadened in it.
- 27 Cunning virtue, acquired by craft, exercised by craft.
- 27 Sceptre, the symbol of royal power, power to command and compel.
- 28 Rugged, the features betraying lack of all refinement.

PAGE 25.

- 10 Bread of Life, "Light, freedom, guidance, immortality," earned not day by day, but achieved once for all, and, according to Christianity, attainable by every soul who is loyally disposed.
- II Harmony, development of the whole man, head and heart, into sweet accord with itself, into wholeness, into health.
- II Revealing this, the harmony of his whole being, no part of it in conflict with another, but each in accord with all.
- 15 Inspired Thinker, the thoughts which possess him divinely inspired and harmonized.
- 16 Conquers Heaven for us, subjects that to us as the other does the earth.
- 18 Toll for him, to provide him with the bread of life; this task far harder than toil for bread.
- 23 Both digmittes, honourable and to be honoured both.

- 14 Half-savage Pride, the pride of |25 Pensant Saint, man consecrated and devoted to providing at once food for the body and guidance for the soul.
 - 28 Humblest depths of earth, the family of a carpenter toiling for daily bread.
 - 30 Days, each new generation a new day, a new time.

PAGE 26.

- 3 Nothing completed, nothing ever is, but always is to be.
- 4 Newton, discoverer of the great law of gravitation, 1642-1727.
 - 4 Kepler, discoverer of the three great planetary laws, 1571-1630.
 - 7 Hebrew Lawgiver, Moses, with his "do, and live," addressed to the Jew.
- 7 Apostle of the Gentiles, St Paul, with his "believe, and live," addressed to all mankind; that having come for the Apostle which was only promised by the Hebrew Lawgiver.
- 7 In due time, at the proper moment for development.
- 10 Perseverance, persistence.
- 10 Luther, see in reference to that). 113
- 11 Voltaire, the celebrated French sceptic, 1694-1778.
- 12 Glimmering ashes, ashes all but dying out of the fire then kindled against the Papacy and the Pope.
- 13 Fuel, that would set on fire, and did set on fire, more than the bull of the Pope: witness the French Revolution.
- 13 Whig, reforming certain abuses in the constitution, which he does not touch.
- 14 Radical, rooting up and overthrowing as rotten the constitution itself.
- 15 It is hoped, for the nation cannot dispense with a constitution of some kind.
- 18 Pheenix, a bird fabled to immolate itself from time to time in

flame, and rise again in renewed | vouth from its ashes.

20 Spheral swan-song, song as of the swan when dying, heard now and again all over the universe, an integral part this of the music of the spheres.

25 Gauged, taken the solid dimensions.

PAGE 27.

I Laplace, French mathematician and astronomer, 1749-1827.

4 Greatest good fortune, they having come in the rear of other discoverers and fallen heirs to the fruit of their labours.

- 5 Is to me as precious as another. Mathematics, and in the relation referred to, having at one time been a favourite study of Carlyle's, but it proved far too abstract a study for him in view of other interests that lay nearer him as a man, and were, he felt, matter of life and death to himself and his generation.

 8 Herschel, Sir William, the as-
- tronomer, 1738-1822.
- o Per minute, within a space of the 360th part of the circumference of the sphere.
- II Zodiacal Way-bill, announcing the times when the moons and inert balls referred to arrive at their several respective stages in the Zodiac in their journey across
- 12 How they got there; Why they are there; and What they are,all always a mystery to the scientific, quite as much as to the most unscientific, head.
- 13 Signless, without sign, as in the Zodiac.
- 21 Epicycle, a cycle carried round the circumference of another.
- 31 Æon, a great cycle of time carrying round with it lesser ones.

38 Hieroglyphs, writing which only he who is initiated into the mystery of its symbols or system of cypher can read and interpret.

PAGE 28.

- 5 Cock Lane, in Smithfield, London, where a ghost was reported to have been seen in 1762.
- 9 He so loved, he could not enjoy life out of London.
- 10 A Ghost, in flesh and blood; but what the "foolish doctor" wanted to see was one not in flesh and blood.
- 13 Illusion of Time, obscuring and hiding reality from us.
- 26 Scent, scaring away ghosts, as it did that of Hamlet's father.
- 26 Still Home, the world of eter-
- 27 Awake, in the light of eternity. 29 Issus, Arbela, battlefields of Alexander.
- 33 Spectre-hunt, ghost hunting ghost to the death.

PAGE 29.

- 6 Future Ghost, emancipated from the body.
 - 9 Dust and Shadow, "dust" the material part; "shadow" the projection to sense of the spiritual
- 23 Cimmerian Night, as among the Cimmerii, a mythical people, fabled to inhabit a region unvisited by a single ray of the light of the sun.

PAGE 30.

6 "We are such stuff," the "Tempest," Act iv. sc. i.

"PAST AND PRESENT" was written and published early in the year 1843, and its subject is the unhappy social condition of England at that time; the government, or-no government, of which Carlyle disadvantageously contrasts with the management of things by Abbot Samson in the old Abbey of St Edmundsbury in the twelfth century.

PAGE 31.

- 3 Jndgment, sentence pronounced against injustice.
- 5 Fool hath said in his heart. Eccles. viii. II; Ps. xiv. I; liii. i.
- 6 Denied, the saying of the fool, who, as spoken of in the Bible, is definable as a man without sense for what Carlyle would call the Divine fact of things.
- 13 Baten, symbol of authority to command under royal commission.
- 13 In God's name, by authority and command of the Most High, which, ever since Luther's time, men have been asserting the right to insist on, to say No to a falsehood or an injustice by whomsoever required.
- 23 Approximation, to justice and truth.

PAGE 32.

- 1 Noble Conservatism, worthy of a noble man to uphold and defend.
- 3 Kind severe hand, except by combination of kindness with severity there is no justice; in that kindness and severity go hand in hand.
- 5 **Right and noble** are at bottom much the same; a noble man is a just man, and a noble thing a right thing.
- 7 Fearful imperiment, the more so the longer postponed.
- 8 Eternal centre, centre towards which all the forces of evil as well as good, of wrong as well as right, of false as well as true, are for ever converging; no evil, no wrong, no falsehood but provokes and stirs up hostility in vin-

- dication, final determination, and establishment of the right and the true.
- II Will reach the centre, the foundation on which all things rest.
- 29 Valhalla, heaven of the brave in the Norse religion.
- 30 A just real union, for this at bottom Wallace fought and bled, not only as between Scotland and England, but as between man and man.
- 33 Not the chief curse, as between slave and master.
- 35 Shall not, such our determination; and cannot, such your inability.

PAGE 33.

- 20 Sarcastic man. Carlyle himself in his sarcastic moods.
- 24 Ten Pounds, £5 down, and other £5, all he got for Paradise Lost.
- 24 A rather close escape, from his connection with the so-called Puritan rebellion, he having been Cromwell's foreign secretary, and his steadfast supporter to the last.
- 26 Rheterical fleurish, a bit of bounce for effect.
- 26 Quiet, quietly, that made no noise in the world then, as the like would and does now.
- 30 Lernean Hydra-coil. The reference here is to the Lernean Hydra, which, when Hercules attempted to cut it down with the sword, started up into life again with doubled and redoubled vigour, the vitality of the creature for evil being such that only its extinction by fire could tame it; which element.

however, Cromwell stopt short of applying to the Hydra he drew sword upon, and which, therefore, after his death sprang up again seemingly more vigorous than ever, to the death for the time of his cause and the prejudice of his memory.

30 Coll, "wide as England," with never so many heads, the Hercules Hydra having had only nine to begin with.

31 Missing heaven-high, spurning and scoffing at a higher authority than Cromwell.

32 Quack-heads, insincere these all; sham kings, sham nobles, sham priests, in the esteem of Carlyle anyhow, who should be an authority on such matters.

PAGE 34.

- 2 Cut it down, as Hercules could not do with his; for one thing, as old Boswell said, "he gart kings ken they had a lith i' their neck."
- 16 Carried it, carried his election to power.
- 17 Open Vestry, conclave of parochial authorities, deliberating and voting under the eye of the public.
- 17 Sanhedrim, the national council or parliament of the Jews.
- 30 Broad lands to till them, and honours, entitling him to be lord of them.
- 34 Light, of justice; Fire, of judgment.
- 35 Vested interests, title to an income made sure to a man, even though the office it is connected with should be abolished, causing a "delay" at times to the execution of justice.

PAGE 35.

Jocelin's Book, "an extremely foreign" one, chronicle in Monk-Latin of the res gestæ of Abbot Samson brought to light by the Camden Society in 1840.

- 4 St Edmundsbury Convent, at Bury St Edmunds in Suffolk.
- 5 Officiality, post with duties, abstract for concrete.
- 6 Chaplain to my Lord Abbet, an appointment which by itself shows him to have been a man of sense and capacity.
- 9 Chief meaning, bearing as it so much does on Abbot Samson and his ways.
- Johnson's biographer.
- 12 His Johnson, man worthy of a Boswell.
- 15 Ingenious and ingenuous, man of capacity and of candour.
- 18 In a human manner, as one who felt and thought as a man.
- 19 Simial, canine, ovine, apish fawning, merely imitative.
- 22 Veracity, truthfulness, openness and devotion to truth before all things.
- 26 Manuscripts, there being then no printed books.
- 26 Flaccus, Horace.
- 27 **Homilies.** Religious treatises of a spiritually edifying nature.
- 27 Breviaries, prescriptive of his religious duties.
- 29 Pleasant wit, not caustic, as Carlyle's own, and Scotch generally, very often is.
- 31 Heart as of a good child, the characteristics of which are modesty, fidelity, affectionateness, and cheerfulness.

PAGE 36.

- 8 Looks on us, in his book.
- 20 Chimerical vacuity, void of everything but chimeras, absurdities, inconceivabilities, incredibilities, of one's own idle imagining.
- 21 **Rymer's Feedera.** Thomas Rymer (1639-1714), compiler of a collection of historical materials, treatises, &c., extending from the eleventh century to his own time.

- 28 Dualism, conflict between things antagonistic, as light and darkness, God and devil, which everywhere goes to make up existence.
- 33 Theatrical popinjay, such as some absurd representation of him on a stage.
- 34 Peel's Tariff, his table of duties on the imports of corn especially, before the abolition of the corn laws.
- 37 Feretrum, the shrine containing the sacred effigies and relics of the saint.
- 38 To ransom him out of the Danube Jall, he having been captured on his way back from the Holy Land and imprisoned here by the Emperor Henry VI.

PAGE 37.

- 14 Cramolsy velvet, a crimson velvet.
- 20 Rack and manger, eating everything clean up.
- 21 Subacidity, subdued disgust.
- 36 Egyptian night, such as was in Egypt when, by judgment of God, a thick darkness of three days settled down in the dwellings of all its inhabitants (Exod, x. 22); his whither as his whence all dark to us.

PAGE 38.

- II **Dilettantism**, a thing of interest merely to the dilettante, or man interested only in what gratifies his sensibilities and taste.
- 13 Another world, than such as we now live in.
- 17 Heaven's-Watchtower, where they took and recorded their observations of the heavenly omens, studying these before all as lights and guides.
- 18 Golgotha, as now in ruins, and now a mere place of skulls; name of the place where Christ was crucified.

- 19 Architectures, belfries, &c... matters that occupy the mind of the dilettante, and his friend Dry-as-dust, who busies himself almost exclusively with such relics of the past as are destitute of all human interest.
- 19 Land-carucates, areas such as a team might plough in a year.
 20 Item, article in the account.
- 21 Strange Item, so strange that the discovery, according to a French critic of the time, is only now beginning to be made in France.
- 22 Had a soul, felt there was that in them which held of the Highest, respect for whose behests was life, and disrespect death.
- 24 Missal, book prescribing and containing the service of the mass, or sacrifice for sin, offered ever anew to God, of, as was believed, the body and blood of Christ in the Eucharist.
- 25 **Platitude**, a thing of emptiness and a weariness to the soul.
- 30 A certain degree of soul, a certain sense of relationship and obligation to God.
- 31 Ben Jonson, celebrated Elizabethan dramatic poet, 1573-1637.

PAGE 39.

- 4 Nations with enough of salt, that is, of soul; that necessary to save them too from corruption.
- 4 Manchester Hunger mobs, calling for bread, a phenomenon of the time when this was written.
- 5 Corn-law Commons Houses, people's representatives at that time taxing the people's bread.
- To Foolishly, as the dilettante and Dry-as-dust do.
- 15 Taken refuge, as they did, and some few still do.
- 17 An Eternity, such as lies open everywhere for our meditation and pious regard.
- 20 Still indicating, as to a Palæontologist a shin-bone does, what the life there had been.

- 23 **Painful**, anxious-minded, heavy-laden souls.
- 27 Islet, isolated by the Convent walls, and the mode of life.
- 31 World-Dramaturgist, the composer of the world-drama.
- 31 Exeunt, they go off, said of the actors as they quit the stage in a play.
- 32 Landlord Edmund, lord of the lands on which St Edmundsbury Abbey was built, and to whom it was dedicated. He was the last King of the East Angles (b. 841), and was slain by the Danes because he refused to abjure his faith. He was buried in the church of Bury St Edmunds.

PAGE 40.

- 2 Doing justly and loving mercy: walked humbly, reference is to Micah vi. 8.
- 3 To an unprecedented extent, as no landlord before him had done.
- 5 Humbly, God-wards; Valiantly, man-wards, and even devil-wards.
- 5 Struggling, the aim of all whom others ever think of worshipping.
 7 Leaving, as without Landlord
- Edmunds it is apt to do.

 8 Not sumptuously, as the as-
- 8 **Not sumptuously,** as the astonished practical business man is supposed to ask.
- 6 "Encourage Trade," the great service which, according to the political economists of the day, the wealthy are presumed to render to their country.
- 15 Physical Force Ultra Chartists, who, employing mere physical force without reason, outbade and outdid the physicalforce Chartists of recent times, who had some show of reason on their side.
- 16 "Five points," these were the five demands made of the legislature by the Chartists in their petition presented to the House

- of Commons in June 1839. This petition was signed by one million and a-half of people, and carted through the streets of London bound in iron hoops.
- 18 Heathenism, worship of mere brute force or strength, all mighty in the universe.
- 23 My life is my own, another genuine member he of the society not yet instituted, but projected in "Sartor" for conserving to everyone his own (see 23.15).
- 24 Barbarous tortures, they bound him to a tree and shot him to death with arrows.
- 31 Though all the world should starve, as, in their insistence on their right to tax bread by cornlaw, many of the class at the time this was written seemed to think they had a right to do.

PAGE 41.

- r Belinl, a worthless good-fornothing, the wicked one.
- 6 Seen and felt to have done a man's part, this in their regard enough to entitle him to canonization in the heavens, their verdict sure to be ratified up there.
- 13 Joy and triumph, over his martyr-victory.
- 32 Advocatus-Diaboli, the devil's advocate, one who, on the proposal in the Court at Rome to canonize any one as a saint, set in array before the court all the reasons why the canonization should not take place.

PAGE 42.

- 13 Here, in this lazy convent life of
- 14 Arch Enemy, enemy of all enemies, properly the one enemy, the wicked one (2 Thess. ii. 8.)
- 19 Reverend heavenly figure, corresponding to the conception his mother must have given him of the saint.
- 34 Here to this day, in Jocelin's narrative.

PAGE 43.

- 2 Grave, he feeling the seriousness of life, that *Ernst ist das Leben*, "earnest is life"—the motto of "Past and Present," from Schiller.
- 4 Dr Caius, not Caius but Dogberry in Much Ado, Act iv. sc. 2.
 7 In an inconvenient way, disconcerting, as too penetrating.
- "How to dread the fire,"
 "the burnt child dreads the
 fire." Monk Samson's answer
 to Jocelin when he challenged
 him to speak out on one occasion, which he declined to do,
 having got his fingers burnt
 before for some indiscretion of
 that kind.
- Time of Antipopes, of whom there flourished several at this time. These were Popes elected by the civil power in opposition to the one canonically chosen in Rome.
- 24 Subsacristam, adjutant to the Sacristan, the officer appointed to take charge of the sacred vestments, vessels, &c., in the abbey.

PAGE 44.

- 9 Te Deum, We praise thee, Lord; a choral thanksgiving service in which the Te Deum is the principal hymn.
- over his arm, so Jocelin describes him as he tramps stoutly along to the place of election, "carrying a sealed paper with the votes of the abbey in a leather pouch hung round his neck."
- 29 New scale of inches, by a very different standard of judgment.

PAGE 45.

- I Could be recognised, which, thinks Carlyle, is more surprising.
- 7 Absurd superstitious blockheads, so they seem to us.

- 14 **Vadium** or **Plegium**, certain securities connected with the purchase of land.
- 23 Osbert, a king's justice of the time.
- 38 Nothing to govern by, no inward light, no model, no rule.

PAGE 46.

- I Looming, out of all proportion to their worth.
- 9 Fall or learn, according as gifted with natural sense or with none.
- 20 Chapterhouse, the council chamber of the Abbey.
- 21 Cautious, considerate of the time and the method.
- 27 Organic method, arrangement as in an organism with head and heart, hands and feet, each regularly fulfilling its own function in connection with all and the whole.
- 32 Eminent nose, bushy brows, &c., all indicative of robust, shrewd faculty.

PAGE 47.

- 3 Chrysalis governing-soul, its condition before its latent powers, for want of opportunity and fit element, are called forth and begin to develop.
- 5 Unconscious, which he is not sensible of, thinks not of.
- 12 Their servant, as all true rulers, all truly royal people, are to their subjects.
- 21 Harpy Jews, "usurious, insatiable Jews," who, by their extortions, kept yearly sucking out more and more of the life's blood of the convent. Harpies, a set of ravenous creatures that defiled everything they touched.
- 31 Samson hastes not, "unhasting yet unresting." See Isa. xxviii. 16.

PAGE 48.

r **Mitre**, symbol of authority both spiritual and temporal.

- 13 Cellerarius, the Abbey Chancellor of the Exchequer.
- 24 In the secret of his mind, which weaker men cannot do, consume their own smoke.

PAGE 49.

- I "Life of Literature," a thing the Abbot was once heard say, how much happier he might have been, had he taken to, as he once thought of doing.
- 6 Solecisms, absurdities.
- 8 Literature, net easy, as he would have written it, as Carlyle himself found it.
- 10 Internecine, where one must either kill or be killed.
- 15 Poor old rural Deans, as Samson had done to the one of Ely, who sent to beg some of the Abbey trees which he had designed for the Abbey itself.

PAGE 50.

- 16 Looked on the face of Satan, looked undaunted, without even wincing, on him who all along has been threatening to devour and destroy both me and my work. Satan, the adversary of adversaries to all good, and known as the terror of terrors only to good men.
- 17 "Hellfre," the infinite terror to a true man, the infinite misery which he never fails to realize must befall him if he fail in his loyalty to truth and duty. This is at bottom the only hell of such a man.

PAGE 51.

- 3 Migh as these two infinitudes, distance between "Heaven's splendour" and "Hell's darkness."
- 16 "The night cometh," John ix.
- 19 "Not of the slightest consequence," the doctor's answer to

- the patient who complained that he could not eat.
- 20 Eupeptic Curtis, worthy, unknown to editor, with an allsufficient digestive apparatus.
- 20 Pig of Epicurus, fattened by practice of the Epicurean philosophy, fabled to recommend pandering to the flesh.
- 21 Musical Byron, complaining musically of his wrongs and miseries.
- 22 "Ummusical Meat-jack," see "Past and Present," bk. iii. chap. 4.
- 30 What hast thou done, and how? The "how" the chief interest, and the secret best worth knowing.

PAGE 52.

- The Life-tree Igdrasil. (See also p. 80).
- 2 Portion, subject like it to be swayed by the same influence.
- 3 Oldest death-kingdoms, kingdoms of the living long since fallen dead.
- 8 Uncomfortable, uneasy because they could not articulate what they thought and felt.
- 9 Impart themselves, being born sociable creatures.
- 10 Unsyllabled, inarticulate.
- II Very unsuccessful, as witness their misunderstandings of each other in their wars.
- 12 Copyright, deemed so valuable as an articulate thing, that the author thinks he has right to State protection of it as his property.
- 13 Not very successful, the author of it feeling somewhat like the uncomfortable dummy, painfully conscious that with all his agonizing efforts he may fail of being understood.
- 26 Pour itself forth, as the old Scottish peasant was wont to pray, in a kind of chant.
- 27 **Liturgy**, collection of formulæ for public worship.

29 Accredited, sanctioned by the Church, or sacred conclave.

Notes.

PAGE 53.

- 3 In stlence, having no word, devoutly sensible of the divine as Unnameable.
- 4 "Audacious original," as the first who dared to do what no one had dared to do before him —i.e., "fall on his knees," in expression of adoration, of supplication.
- 15 Epic, in celebration of the thoughts, feelings, feats of a whole nation or race.
- 16 Iliad, ascribed to Homer, on the taking of Ilion, or Troy.
- 17 Robin Hood's Garland, ballads celebrating the exploits of Robin Hood and his merry men. See Ritson's "Collection," and Child's "English and Scottish Ballads."
- 19 **Ballad**, a heroic tale in verse, forming part of an epic.
- 21 Lyre, instrument used to accompany the voice of the singer of the heroic or chivalric.
- 22 Hellenic kings' courts, where the Iliad was declaimed.
- 22 English wayside public houses, where Robin Hood ballads were sung.
- 25 Wrath of Achilles, at the death of his friend Patroclus by the hand of the Trojan Hector, which led to the taking and destruction of Troy, as described in the Iliad.
- 26 Will Scarlet and Wakefield Pinder. These were two of Robin Hood's most trusty friends.

PAGE 54.

II Satamic-school, a description applied by Southey to the band of writers headed by Byron and Shelley, because, according to him, their productions were "characterized by a Satanic spirit of pride and audacious impiety."

- 11 Cockney-school, inspired with the idea of London as the centre of civilization, headed by Keats, Leigh Hunt, and others.
- 14 **Arachne**, the genius of our textile manufacture, Arachne being Greek for a spider.
- 15 Distair, to hold the flax from which the thread is spun.
- 24 But maunders and mumbles, as of Cromwell and his Puritans, for instance.
 - Columbus, discoverer of America, 12th Oct. 1492, after two months of great peril, and, in the end, mutiny of his men.

PAGE 55.

- 12 Not entirely, yet to some not insignificant extent.
- 14 Ursa Major, the Great Bear in the northern heavens.
- 17 Shoulder-of-mutton sail, lugsail, so called from the shape.
- 18 Cockle-skiff, an open boat it was, without a deck.
- 19 Articulate speaking, whom you can bring to reason.

PAGE 56.

- 2 Seli thy life, dispose of it for an equivalent.
- 4 Just price, its equivalent to thee.10 Poor infinite mortal, having
- nothing, yet, under a felt relationship to all, claiming all.
- 14 Hast get all for it, not in the selling of it, but in the giving of it.
- 20 Age unmelodious. Such Carlyle's estimate in general of the eighteenth century, to which Burns belonged, a dreary century. His judgment of the nineteenth is not more flattering.
- 30 Anselm, born at Aosta in 1033, died at Canterbury in 1109.

PAGE 57.

I King Rufus, William II. of England (1056-1100). Hisquarrel

with Anselm was at bottom which should be sovereign in the realm, Church or State.

- 3 Eadmer, a British monk and chronicler, and a friend of Anselm's.
- 5 Jean-Jacques Rousseau, born at Geneva 1712, died near Paris 1778, on the eve of the French Revolution, which his writings contributed to kindle.
- 6 Giant-killing Voltaire, killer of the giant Superstition, which he called L'Infâme.

PAGE 58.

This chapter might have been headed—The Church for the Nation, not The Nation for the Church.

- I Unconsciously, not aware of the meaning of his conduct.
- 2 Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of Henry II.,

born in London 1119, murdered in Canterbury Cathedral, 31st December 1170.

- 10 Secularity, things secular, the affairs of this world and time.
- 11 Obscure but most rooted, the mind dark but determined.
- 12 Western Thibet, where, as in Thibet, men think to recommend themselves to heaven by mere formal worship.

PAGE 59.

- 8 Great sick heart of Sir Walter Scott, sick to death that he had failed to realise the ideal of his life, a quiet self-contained home, with love and loyalty by the hearth and in the hall.
- 17 Sam Slick, a clockmaker of Slickville, the hero of several humourous works written by Thomas Chandler Haliburton, a Canadian judge (1796-1865).

"CHARTISM" was published at the close of the year 1839, though the substance of it "had," Carlyle says, "been in his head and heart ten, some of it twenty, years before." It was a great relief to him, he tells, to be delivered of it, but the reviewers were puzzled, Tory and Radical alike.

PAGE 60.

- 3 Insolvent, bankrupt, if thou have only that.17 Socrates, the Athenian philo-
- sopher, 469-399 B.C. 21 Life-rent, to which I have right
- of occupancy only so long as I live in it.

PAGE 61.

- 3 God has given it me, said by Charles XII. of his patrimony.
- Black Sea, whence they are said to have first come.
 Out of Harzgebirge rock, as
- 9 Out of Harzgebirge rock, as fabled.
- 13 Even these, how much less the Universe and its Author.

- 14 Canst not name, in terms expressive of what they really are; so past reckoning they.
- 19 Tribe of Theuth, the primitive tribe of Teutons, whence issued Angles, Saxons and Jutes.
- 19 Farewell, as that of the Highlander to Lochaber.

PAGE 62.

- 5 White-cliff, a discredited etymology.
- 7 Romans, with their spirit of law.
 7 English, with their spirit of
- justice and liberty.
- II England has a mark to leave in "the Chart of Time," as well as Rome.

- 19 Davie Creekett, an American backwoodsman and a famous shot.
- 29 Human memory, interested in, and retaining recollection of, only the human.

PAGE 63.

- 6 Venerable Bede, English monk and ecclesiastical historian (673-735).
- 30 Snarling antiquary, Carlyle himself (?).

PAGE 64.

- 5 **Category**, a term not predicable of anything in the world of Time.
- 24 Lurdanes, Jutes, tribes of Saxons.
- 26 Heathenism, see 17.28.
- 27 Fishing of amber, on the southern shores of the Baltic.
- 30 Ther, the Norse god of Thunder, the ally and helper of both gods and men.
- 30 Woden, Odin, the chief god of the Scandinavians, presumed by Carlyle to have the prophet of Norse deified.

PAGE 65.

- 7 World-History, universal history; history forming part of that of the world, not merely local.
- 9 Looming, large, in vague outline, as seen through "the dim tumult."
- 9 Incommensurable, not up to the measure of "World-History."
- 13 Pacific endurable manner, in a way that will be quietly borne, and not stir up discontent.
- 18 Partly, not wholly; many utilisible forces and sections of the world being yet to be broken in and unsubdued.
- 21 No credible answer, answers many, but none credible, practicable as yet.

29 Correctly articulated, correctly assorted and adjusted; the question being on whose side is the might.

PAGE 66.

- 2 Barons of Runnymede, who at Runnymede made King John sign the *Magna Charta*, 19th June 1215.
- 5 Then found, after the question of "might" has been settled.
- 6 Magna Charta, "your great charter."
- 6 Nigh cut in pleces by a tailer, which he might have been let do, the thing having been settled.
- 8 Dreadfal business to articulate, the business being a protracted struggle, on all manner of battlefields, by all kinds of weapons of war, of might against might before the weaker in force, that is, weaker in reason, gives in, and a final settlement is come to.
- 12 Succession of expansions, of enlightenments, the might of intelligence and moral power having spread itself from higher to lower, and the lower by that means being able to enter into competition with it and assert its proper rank.
- 18 Acquires or loses might, acquires more and more of the power of the class above, or loses more and more of its own power by the concession it has had to make to a class that has begun to assert its might below.
- 24 Speak, its mights, mights also of intelligence and moral power.
- 25 Knights of the Shire, gentry, representing a middle class between the barons and the peasants, the Members of Parliament for the county.
- 26 Parliamentary Burgesses, representing the incorporated craftsmen of the towns.
- 31 **Rights**, established mights, not rights till then.

PAGE 67.

- 2 Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, the first founder of the House of Commons under Henry III., after rebellion against him.
- 3 Wars of Red and White Roses, from 1455 to 1485, between the white rose of York and the red of Lancaster.
- 3 Battle of Creey, at which the French was defeated by Edward III. in 1346.
- 3 Battle of Bosworth, when Richard III. was defeated by Henry VII. in 1485.
- 13 Valuable to, and valuable by, the auctioneer.
- 14 Manufacturing skill. See
- 20 Guild-brethren. Members of a guild of tradesmen or craftsmen.
- 25 Individual conscience, sense of direct individual responsibility to the Most High.
- 26 Handmaid to duty.
- Finest human figure, finest in the quality and the organisation of body as well as soul.
- 32 Sarmat, Sarmatian, speaking the same language as the Scythians, of Iranian stock. Nomads roaming over the wide plains of Eastern Europe, and finally subdued by the Goths.

PAGE 68.

- 4 Ideas poetic, ideas in articulation of the might of intelligence, establishing its right.
- 4 Ideas Puritanie, ideas in articulation of the might of conscience, struggling to establish its right, and established so far as to extinguish the right to kill a man for his belief.
- 6 Milton and Oliver Cromwell, both instinct with ideas Puritanic.
- 14 "Glorious Revolution" of 1688.

- 14 Truce of armed hostilities between Priest and Puritan.
- 15 The war proceed, as it is still doing by "logic mainly," though by weapons also that are more "carnal."
- 16 Waste vacancy, the logic war, war of empty words.
- 21 Prynne's bleedy ears, first the one, and then the other cut off, for having written matter of libel in a pamphlet against the popular amusements of the time.
- 30 Ship Mayflower, the ship in which the Pilgrim Fathers sailed from England in 1620.
- 32 Charterparty, agreement respecting the hire and the freight, to carry so much for so much.

PAGE 69.

- 2 Ship Argo, in which the Argonauts sailed in quest of the Golden Fleece.
- 2 Miraculous epic ship, godbuilt in encouragement of the enterprise of the Greek race.
- 6 Promethean spark, spark of the fire which Prometheus stole from the gods for the service of man; the first he to do so, boldly conceiving that all the powers of the universe were there for man's behoof.
- 10 Search, for leave to worship God in their own way, as conscience dictated.
- 18 Since 1789, year of the outbreak of the French Revolution.
- 19 Since 1831, year of the agitation for Parliamentary reform.
- 24 Valmy, a village in the department of Marne, where the French under Kellermann beat the Prussians in 1792, the first triumph in arms of the French Republic.

PAGE 70.

7 Slightly circuitous, indirectly through you, instead of directly by myself.

- time, &c., epochs in the early history of England.
- 23 Season of summer, when the hidden life of England bursts forth into leaf and flower.

27 Sidney, the chivalrous Si Philip (1554-1586).

28 Raleigh, Sir Walter (1552-1618), famous as a courtier, soldier, and scholar.

28 Bacon, Lord (1561-1626), Lord Chancellor of England, and the father of modern scientific research.

PAGE 71.

- 6 Calumniated, as dead utterly, because dead spiritually.
- 7 Long winter, from the days of the Puritans.
- 12 Watts, Arkwrights, Brindleys, children each of one pregnant idea, and instances of the fructifying life of the tree.
- 12 Brindley (1716-1772), the great canal engineer, who, when asked what rivers were made for, answered, To feed canals.
- 13 Prospero, the spirit that, like the so-called magician in the Tempest, evokes with his magic wand at once "the singing of Ariel" and "the fire-demons" of Watt.
- 14 **Singing of Ariel**, the ethereal melody of Shakspeare.
- 21 Cottom-fuzz, fluff of the cotton flying about and stuffing the lungs.
- 25 Chartisms, dark ineffectual struggles of the working classes in the "forties" to articulate their mights, and so establish their rights.

PAGE 72.

- 5 Sublime, soul-elevating.
- 8 **Despair**, of the worker to better himself.
- 9 Fiercely, by insurrections and strikes.

- 12 Kanzler von Müller, Chancellor von Müller, head of the justiciary in Weimar, a great friend of Goethe's.
- 14 World-poet, in sympathy with all of world significance.
- 16 Richard Arkwright (1732-1792), inventor of machinery in the cotton manufacture, on whom, more than any other, its prosperity has depended.
- 19 Painful reflection, reflection that had given him, and left traces of, pain.
- 31 To bear, on the economics of life.
- 32 Shorten labour's wages, abridge them by his machinery.

PAGE 73.

- 9 Imperial Kaisers, the wealth of England thence derived enabling her to yield them subsidies in their anti-Napoleonic wars.
- 15 Head or tail, in office or out, matter of a toss-up.
- 17 Fire-secret, how to utilize fire as an agent in world-progress.
- 19 Man-midwife, to help him to bring his idea to the birth.
- 24 Scratched, to produce a furrow for seed.
- 27 Tees-water, a famous cattlebreeding district on the Tees.

PAGE 74.

- 2 Prometheus, see 69.6.
- 3 Tubalcain, see 16.20.
- 3 Triptolemus, worshipped in Greece as the founder of agriculture and the inventor of the plough.
- 9 Sword-dance, of war, from the French Revolution onwards, through Napoleon wars.
- II Choragus, leader in the dance, Voltaire with his spiritual idea, and Arkwright with his mechanical.
- 15 Moscow gallopades, retreats at full gallop, every man for himself, Napoleon foremost in the rout.

- 19 **Robert Clive**, founder of our Indian empire, b. 1725, died by suicide, 1774.
- 25 Nawaubs, vice-regal Indian princes.
- 28 Leadenhall Street, where in the heart of London the East India Company had their headquarters.

PAGE 75.

- 8 Progress-of-the-species Magazines, literature which does nothing to help this so-called progress, but keeps idly boasting of the fact, taking all the credit to itself like Æsop's fly on the chariot axle, soliloquizing "what a dust I raise!"
- 13 Fighting Stanleys, champions of England in the Border wars against Scotland.
- 14 Black Douglases, champions

- of Scotland in the Border wars against England.
- 16 God said, to the fighting men. 16 Iron missionaries, James
- Watt and his following.

 19 Stygian forges, as of the fires of the underworld by the Styx.
- 21 Manconium, Manchester. Its name as a Roman station (Mancunium).
- 30 A lion in the way, Prov. xxii.

PAGE 76.

- 12 The Great Western, left Bristol in April 1838, arrived at New York on the 23rd, being preceded by the Sirius from Cork, which arrived some 12 hours earlier, having sailed 4 days earlier.
- 16 Still moist-paper demonstration, only a short while before published.

"HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP." This is a series of Lectures which Carlyle delivered—with, it seems, more satisfaction than was usual with him in the like case—to a fashionable London audience in May of the year 1840. He had a great dislike to lecturing; and this was the last occasion he appeared as a lecturer on a platform, save when, just twenty-six years later, he delivered his celebrated address to the students of the University of Edinburgh as Lord Rector.

PAGE 77.

- I Here, man who dares, all alone, to think or do what no man before him dared to think or do, and daring, does it, though all men should say "Nay" to it, assured that it will one day obtain the vote and sanction of the whole universe.
- 2 Eighteenth century, if not without a hero or two, yet without hero-worship, nil admirari the rule.
- 5 Last act, a visit to Paris when 84 years of age.

- 5 "Stiffe him under roses," the excitement proving too much for him, he fell into a lethargy, and so died two months after.
- 8 A kind of Antichrist, only to the Christ, however, of mistaken popular belief; he knew no other.
- To Persiflage, a slight, quizzing mockery, especially on serious subjects.
- 12 Ferney, in Switzerland, where with his niece, he spent the greater part of the last 20 years of his life.
- 16 Calases, Jean Calas, a Roman Catholic, who was put to death

for a crime he did not commit, and whose widow and family Voltaire defended, and helped. Ideal, the perfect model they

19 Ideal, the perfect model they were all ambitious to copy.

PAGE 78.

- I Queen Antoinette, Queen of Louis XVI. (See Part II.).
- 1 Douanier, the toll-keeper.
 4 Va bon train, Go on at a
- proper pace.
- 6 Nucleus of a comet, a description of the pageant at the time.
- 13 Simple, honest-hearted.
- awe and reverent adoration.
- 15 Hestile, to be battled with, overcome and subdued to the service of man.
- 20 Internecine feud, feud to the death.
- 26 Ladrones Islands, the Marianne Islands in the North Pacific.

PAGE 79.

- 31 Apollo statue, the Belvedere statue, regarded as embodying the most perfect ideal of manly beauty.
- 31 Clear-smiling, radiant with clear, joyous intelligence.
- 38 Vacant hugeness, mere hugeness, and nothing more.
- 38 Awkward, without the Greek grace of form and rhythm of movement.

PAGE 80.

- 2 Untutored, unsubdued, untrained to use.
- 3 Primary, lying at the basis of the rest.
- II Hyper-Brebdingnagian, exceeding that of the gigantic Brobdingnagians in Swift's "Gulliver's Travels."
- II **Thought**, yet it is thought, the idea that creation everywhere is the fruit of a conflict between

- things contrary; the backbone this of every stable view of the Universe to this hour;—mere motion being impossible without a resistance as stubborn as itself. 2 Compact greatness, not vacant
- as this is, but substantial.
- 17 All Life, the life of humanity.
- 23 Sacred Well, well of life.
- 24 Disleatings, events, things suffered, &c.
- 34 To do, that only to be, only that constituting existence.
- 37 UIAIA, whose version of the Bible in Gothic is one of the earliest monuments of Teutonic literature (318-360 or so).

PAGE 81.

- 7 Net wanting, recognition of man as here to do battle, of duty, duty to be brave and to subdue fear.
- 24 Vague, that refused to fix itself into any clear conception or belief.

PAGE 82.

- 8 Inflexible, inexerable, that would not bend or accommodate itself to any prayer.
- 12 Who to be slain, what kind of man must needs die in the conflict; give his life away.
- 15 Weef of the web of his life, which he must keep weaving into it till death unnerve his hand, and the shuttle drop out of it; purpose he must resolutely fulfil, and is fated he feels to die fulfilling.
- 18 The base and slavish, as such doomed to death eternal.
- 27 **Specious**, merely seeming, not real.

PAGE 83.

- 4 Smorre (1178-1241), an Icelandic poet and scholar, to whom we owe much of the Norse tradition.
- 17 Blake (1598-1657), the great admiral of the Commonwealth.

- 18 Agamemnon, chief of the Greeks in the Trojan war, their "king of men."
- 20 **Hrolf, or Rollo,** Norse conqueror of Normandy in the ninth century.
- 24 **Thialfi**, the god of manual labour, Thor's henchman and attendant.
- 25 Loke, the Norse Vulcan, the deification of Labour in the fire-element.
- 25 Adventures, all in the direction of Giantland.

PAGE 84.

- 9 Ancient, rustic glove, not out of date when this was written, if it is even yet.
- II Suspicious, that he was not "canny," as the Scotch say, that he was after some lark or other.

PAGE 85.

19 "Better come no more to Jötunheim." Nature after all is greater than you: don't you think to eat it up; take care it does not eat up you.

PAGE 86.

- 16 Meditative, thoughtful; enthusiastic, capable of outflashings of deep feeling.
- ings of deep feeling.

 17 French, as more "agile and active"; Italian, as of greater depth of character.
- 18 **Gifted**, of richly endowed nature.
- 19 Wild strong feelings, and of iron restraint, the two not fused into one, but lying as it were side by side; now the one, now the other rampant.
- 27 Eloquent, effectively expressive of what they think and feel.
- 29 Of Jewish kindred, Semites, descendants like the Jews from Shem, according to tradition, through Ishmael, the son of Abraham,

PAGE 87.

- 1 Sale (1680-1736), the translator of the "Koran" into English.
- 5 Outcome, not, as is often represented, the root, but the fruit of, as presupposing, "all high qualities."
- 6 Religiosity, a deep-seated religiousness.
- 8 Sabeans, worshippers of the stars as at once embodiments and symbols of the Deity.
- II Wrong, for only that which is spiritual can manifest Him who is spirit. John iv. 24.
- 12 Symbols, sensible, visible, or finite representations of the spiritual, or invisible, or infinite.
- There is no agreement among the critics upon this point now, but the most entire uncertainty. No matter; we have here Carlyle's opinion of the book.
- 23 Theories about it, and about all such books, matter always of supreme indifference to Carlyle; the significance of the thing as we have it being his, as he thinks it should be our, sole concern.
- 25 Not Hebrew, not limited to the lines of Hebrew thought and imagination.
- 26 Patriotism, limiting one's interest to one's country.
- 26 Sectarianism, limiting one's interest to one's sect or party.
- 27 Noble book, by a deep-souled, large-hearted brother man.
- 30 Free flowing, not restrained by any orthodox or heterodox requirement.
- 31 **Simplicity**, unregardful of all side considerations.
- 31 Epic melody, in accord with the feelings of the whole human race.
- guiet, restful satisfaction with the solution given—viz., God is Great.

PAGE 88.

- 7 Worth, lit., growth, intellectual and moral.
- 12 All that was left, what pathos here!
- 13 Greatly, how greatly only a father as he grows old can conceive.
- 16 Abu Thaleb, eldest of his father's brothers.
- 26 Dim place, where the light was so small and uncertain.
- 26 **His own**, no others trustworthy for him.
- 33 Brother souls, with whom he had at heart so much in common.
- 33 Flame-beacons, beckoning pillars of fire, warning and life-guiding.
- 34 Directly, never at any time, only indirectly, if at all.

PAGE 89.

- 8 Meant something, had no need of the caution, Matt. xii. 36.
- 14 A good laugh, open, free, genuine, genial, from the heart.
 17 Beaming black eyes, not of
- dark but of radiant depth.

 20 Horse-shoe vein, "a singular indenture of the forehead," the origin of which is impressively told by Scott in vol. ii., chap. 8, of his "Redgauntlet."
- 22 Spontaneous, being freely selfreliant.
- 24 Fire, consuming as with a flash; light, steadily illuminating.
- 26 Reality of things, not the unreal shows of things, but the things themselves.
- 34 No answer to these questions there.
- 35 The man's own soul, but not without "God's inspiration."
- 37 The Ramadhan, the great annual Lent season of the Arabs.

PAGE 90.

r **Kadijah**, whose steward he had been, and whom he married, he

- twenty-five, she forty, "though still beautiful."
- 4 Saw it all, answer to all his questions.
- 6 In and over all, "in" as living, "over" as Lord, in and over all the universe, and life, and death, and you, and me, and what we believe and what we do; such Mahomet's great discovery,
- 8 Great, as including all and not included in any or all.
- 13 Islam, the duty that follows from the conception: we must pay all our salams to him; that is Islam. slm, "peace," the root of both words, as also of Mussulman, Moslem.
- 19 **Know and believe,** this is Islamism as a practical faith.
- 26 Not questioning it, as the sceptic idly and heartlessly does.
- 28 Kereish, the priestly caste among the Arab people.

PAGE 91.

- 4 Of Nature herself, of which it was as much and as directly the offspring as sun and moon, not inferior but superior to all not only on earth, but in heaven.
- peril of his life, which was peril of the truth entrusted to him; a far greater peril to the world than Napoleon's, who, in his retreat from Moscow, fled for his life that he might save the empire which would have perished along with him.
- 27 Mecca, Mahomet's birthplace in 571, and chief sacred city of his followers.
- 27 Medina, 245 miles N. of Mecca, to which Mahomet fled from his persecutors in 622, and where his tomb is.

PAGE 92.

3 Hope in his own heart, encouraged, as the Koran wit-

nesses he was, by many a "so persecuted they the prophets before thee."

- 12 They shall have it, I defiant, they defiant.
- 15 Let steel try 1t, see who will longest dare to fight it out with steel.
- 17 With what result we know, see pp. 96, 97.

PAGE 93.

- The good Kadijah. Carlyle too had a good Kadijah in his "Jeanie," the first to believe in him, and who "believed in him when none else would."
- 7 Ayesha, Mahomet's second wife, daughter of Abubeker; she survived the prophet, and died in Mecca 677.
- 19 His encouragement, "ridicule, indifference."

PAGE 94.

- 7 Rigorous fasts, severe and strictly observed.
- 7 Lavations, ceremonial ablu-
- 16 Honour of a soldier, what he feels that requires of him. Read e.g. Doyle's "Private of the Buffs."
- 25 Lower considerations, of ease, of recompense, or of life itself.

PAGE 95.

- 4 In measure not evermuch, simply, as in the Jewish code, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and nothing more.
- 18 Spiritually highest, what is highest in the life of the spirit.
- 21 Heaven, where those who enter it will have all they wish granted, on condition, however, that they sacrifice all to duty on earth.
- 25 Celestial element, Heaven's call to be faithful, valiant in action, and patient.
- 30 Heartily believed, heartily acted upon as true.

34 Fronting time and eternity, daring life, daring death with it.

PAGE 97.

- 2 A greater number, the Buddhists outnumber them by far.
- 9 Confused, not always clear, or even consistent.
- To Unknown deep, as unknown to us as to him.
- 12 Fiery mass, kindling so much, consuming so much; with fire enough "to burn up the sins of the world."
- 16 Arabia became alive by it, the Arabs as a people now first began to live, as Scotland also first did when Knox's gospel kindled a divine fire in the heart of it.
- 29 Sand, incapable of any quickening.
- 32 Fuel, ready to be kindled by it.

PAGE 98.

- 6 Mirabeau, see Carlyle's estimate of this man in "Selections from French Revolution," Part II.
- 7 Fire, of passion; Tears, of pity. 14 Turenne (1611-1675), marshal-
- general of Louis XÍV. 18 **Petrarch** (1304-1374), Italian
- poet and scholar.

 18. Beccaccie (1313-1375), Italian novelist, chief work the "Decameron."
- 24 Loose, hazy, wavering, ill-defined.
- 29 Sacred mystery, veiled to the vulgar, laid open to them. "Mystery," what one must keep sealed lips about, and hide from profane ears.
- 33 Moral side, as revealing good and evil, as requiring the one and forbidding the other.

PAGE 99.

I Æsthetic side, as appealing to our sense of the sublime and the beautiful. 5 How else shall we know? our sense of the beautiful directing our sense of the good.

Notes.

20 Vauxhall, famous at one time for its pyrotechnic exhibitions, and a great evening resort of the Londoners.

21 Commentary, needed in the case of this book at any rate, as few books do.

22 Dante Allighieri, born in Florence 1265, died at Ravenna 1321.

24 Unimportant, of no account or significance in his own time.

30 Giotto (1276-1336), great Italian painter, contemporary of Dante.

PAGE 100.

- I Touching, heart-affecting, softening, melting one's very heart,
- 2 Vacancy, as if there were no souls near him kindred to his own.
- 3 Laurel, sacred to Apollo, symbol of his canonization as a poet.
- 3 Deathless, the sun having never gone down upon it.
- 4 Victory, over his sorrow and pain.
- 9 Contradiction, being crossed, thwarted, defeated.
- 9 Congealed, into a rigidity incapable of relaxing.
- II Ethereal, of divinest sensibility and temper.
- II Implacable, not to be appeased or soothed by any man or thing.
- 22 "Voice of ten silent centuries," "his mystle song," expressions of Tieck (1773-1853), a German poet of the Romantic School.
- 26 Other world, other for him and the like of him than this is.
- 26 Awful, as embracing hell no less than heaven.
- 27 Fact, of an infinite heaven and an infinite hell, and the way all through from the one to the other a path of "sorrow and pain."

- 28 **Bodied**, as it was to him in the conception of Christianity.
- 30 Scientific shape, as a thing known.
- 31 Maleboige, lit. evil pits, circles in hell, each one deeper down than another, for the penal torture of those guilty of different degrees of fraud.
- 32 Alti guai, loud wails, Inferno. Canto III.

PAGE 101.

- Bursts forth, as no longer able to confine itself.
- 6 In exile, banished from Florence for his political opinions.
- 9 Thy star, guiding genius, such as is vouchsafed to every man with any soul, and who has got a task appointed him by God to do.
- 12 Labour of writing, such as few men since understood better than the author of the "French Revolution," much as it amazes. Mr Ruskin, admirer as he is of both men.
- 30 Rhythmic, in harmony at once with the system of things and the soul of the author.
- 31 Deep enough, into Nature and the heart of man.
- 32 Symmetry, balanced adjustment of parts, part corresponding with part.
- 35 Purgatorio, region intermediate between the Inferno, region of lost souls, and the Paradiso, region of saved souls; full of all manner of obstructions, which the pilgrim who would pass from the one to the other must struggle with in soul-wrestle till he overcome.

PAGE 102.

- I A great edifice, the spiritual universe.
- 2 World of souls, which all men with souls are familiar with, and only they.

- 6 See, so graphic and life-like had his picture of it been to them.
- 12 Black whirlwind, such the element through which every soul must fight its way to victory.
- 14 Perfect through suffering. Heb. v. 9.
- 15 Elaborated, wrought all through with such intense labour.
- 16 Molten, welding nothing to it, and yet except in such fusion no work of art is perfect.
- 26 Indispensable, neither conceivable, neither existent without the other.
- 34 Polar elements, that have opposite poles, one attractive and the other repellent, so that so far as the one attracts the other repels.

PAGE 103.

- 4 Everlasting justice, the "Paradiso" to the good, the "Inferno" to the bad, yet with a no less Everlasting between. pity opening up a way, Purgatorio it is called, to the penitent who turns with resolute soul from evil to good, relating himself more and more negatively to the one and more and more positively to the other, until the attraction on the one side and the repulsion on the other is total and complete.
- 16 Terrible, with its "Inferno," beautiful, with its "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso."
- 21 Noblest idea, no abstract, merely philosophic one this; nothing if if not real.
- if not real.

 27 Outer part, such as intellect without heart only is.

PAGE 104.

- I Vesture, mode of life and thinking.
- 5 Antique prophet, the Hebrew is meant.
- 10 **Prophet.** (See p. 98). ~

- II Another strain, not as a preacher but as a poet.
- 12 Tophet, eastern extrémity of Gehenna, symbol of hell. (See Gehenna, p. 145).
- 13 "We are such stuff," "Tempest," iv. 1.
- 14 That scroll is from the "Tempest," activ. sc. 1. It begins with the words, "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces," and ends with "Leave not a rack behind." The statue is in the Poets' Corner, a standing one leaning on a pillar, head and chest bent forward, and holding in the hand the scroll with these words.
- 19 Catholicism, not of the merely Roman, but of the universal Christian, Church.
- 20 Superstition, awe of as God what is not God.
- 20 Harsh, to a man's humanity.22 Hidden, to the common, general eye.
- 25 Universal psalm, psalm of praise in which the whole universe can join.
- 26 **Still more sacred,** which they truly are.

PAGE 105.

- 4 Vital, matter of life and death.
- 8 Sun to shine. See Matt. v. 45.
- 30 Spiritualities, spiritual benefits accruing to us.
- 33 New Holland, Australia, name given to it by the Dutch, who discovered it in 1606.
- 34 Saxondom, domain of the Saxon race.

PAGE 106.

- 9 Fantastic, a mere coinage of the brain.
- 13 Crowned, with true regal authority.
- 19 Parish-Constable, keeper of the peace in a province of Saxondom.
- 29 **Recorded world,** world so far as we know it by record.

- 32 All the characters, not the merely Baconian ones.
- 32 Calmness of depth, so different from the depth of Dante.
- 33 Jeyeus, no sign of sorrow or pain.
- 34 True and clear, "true" to the life, "clear" to the eye.
- 35 Unfathemable, by us.

PAGE 107.

- 2 Faculties, as they are called, a style of speaking which Carlyle, with his doctrine of a man as a whole, never could brook.
- 3 Bacen's Novum Organum, written in Latin, and published in 1620, being an exposition of the new method of scientific research.
- 22 Creative perspicacity, seeing into the heart of a character and creating it from the heart outwards.
- 24 Generic secret, the secret to which it owes its specific or individual character.
- 29 Intense, keen, penetrative.
- 29 Shakspeare's morality, "a man justly related to all things and men."
- 33 Convex-concave mirror, convex on the one side, concave on the other, enlarging or diminishing objects as seen reflected from the one or the other.

PAGE 108.

- 8 Goethe, the great German poet, born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, 1749, died at Weimar, 1832.
- 15 Intellect, perceptive power, insight into things, more than into thoughts about them, or the logic of them.
- 15 **Poet,** creative essentially in the spheres both of art and life.
- 19 Inner heart of things, the harmony that holds them together.
- 26 Sensibilities, feelings which we think fine.

- 33 Unconscious, not conscious of itself as such, or aware of itself as superior.
- 34 Novalis (1772-1801), a mystic German philosopher and poet.
- 35 **Products of Nature**, unconscious Nature.

PAGE 109.

- 2 Artifice, conscious art; art by "precontrivance."
- 4 Sincere, simply true.
- 6 New meanings, &c., the words being prophetic.
- 7 New harmonies, &c., so says Novalis.
- II Simple, looking simply at, listening simply to, her.

PAGE 110.

- i Conventional, agreeable to mere temporary mode.
- 2 Globe Playhouse, of which he became part-proprietor, and where his plays were performed.

PAGE 111.

- 9 The Schweidnitz Fort, a fortress at Schweidnitz in Silesia, besieged and taken six times between 1641 and 1807.
- 15 Darkness and Wrong, ignorance and injustice.

PAGE 112.

- I Rigorous necessity, severely and strictly coercing him.
- 2 Put on a false face, too sternly familiar with reality he, to be imposed upon.
- 5 Greedy, not easily satisfied in soul.
- 12 Stormy Scandinavia, infested with "jötuns and giant-monsters" without number (see p. 78).
- 16 Elegant Pagan, Pope Leo Tenth (1475-1521), one of the celebrated Medici family, patron of literature and art.

- 16 This Are-decree, "dooming | 16 Chimera, a monster with a Luther's writings to be burnt by the hangman, and his body to be sent bound to Rome, probably for a similar purpose.
- 22 Vicegerent, professedly representing God and ruling in His name.

PAGE 113.

- I Formalism, affectation of worship by painful regard to mere
- r Pagan Popeism, concerned, in the person of Pope Leo, more for the revival of Paganism than the reformation of religion.
- II Pardon of Sins, called indulgences, sold to the people for It was this impious money. trade in indulgences by the Pope which roused the ire of Luther, and with him all Germany, and by and by all Europe.
- 16 Semblance, simulacrum. a thing of mere seeming, a lie.
- 20 Triple-hat, the Pope's tiara, significant of his threefold authority in heaven, earth, and hell.
- 21 Thunders spiritual, bulls of excommunication, fire-decrees,
- 28 Charles V. and I. of Spain, born at Ghent, 1500, died in a monastery in Spain, to which he had retired, 1558.
- 29 Papal nuncios, special ambassadors of the Pope.

PAGE 114.

- 4 Muss, John, of Prague, had gone to the Constance Council, "with all imaginable promises and safe conducts: they laid him instantly in a State dungeon, three feet wide, six feet high, seven feet long; burnt the true voice of him out of this world, choked it in smoke and fire.'
- 11 "Whoseever denieth me," Luke xii. o.
- 14 Bendage, of spiritual ignorance.

- lion's head, a serpent's tail, and a goat's body; an incarnate absurdity.
- 38 Stagmant putrescence, falling from sheer inaction of soul into noisome corruption.

PAGE 115.

- II Spiritual denizens of the Pit. emissaries of the devil infesting the earth and enticing men to their eternal ruin.
- 13 Smeer, a mocking of the belief, as mere superstition.
- is Wartburg, Castle of, to which, after his appearance at the Diet of Worms, he was spirited away for safety by his friend the Elector of Saxony, and where he occupied his time in translating the Bible into German, what is accepted as the German Bible to this day.

PAGE 116.

- 2 Ferecity. fierceness animal.
- 14 Wild, as obedient to the sway of strong natural impulses.
- 15 Cant, affectation of thinking and feeling what one does not.
- 17 Despair and reprobation, "fancying," while yet a monk, and full of "all manner of scruples and dubitations, that he was doomed to eternal reprobation."
- 25 Heavenly blaze, kindled into implacable divine wrath.

PAGE 117.

- 3 Creeds and articles, affecting to know.
- 5 Or can know, no one having come back to tell.
- 6 Islam, simple submission to God astaught by Mahomet. (See 90. 13.)
- 30 Unutterability, thought, feeling not otherwise utterable.

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35 Kramach, Lucas (1472-1553), painter of portraits, patronised by Luther's friend, the Elector of Saxony.

36 Rude plebeian, as of an uneducated common man.

PAGE 118.

20 Without a soul, as a country without a religion at the heart of its life.

PAGE 119.

- 4 Beacon, beckoning heavenward. 5 From earth, Scottish earth.
- 5 Citizen, outwardly; a Member, inwardly, spiritually, belonging
- to Christ's Church. 11 Presbyterian, a church without prelates, all the clergy of which have an equal status and equal rights, and the constitution of which is founded on a common assent to a particular creed.
- 14 Practised fact, when it gave birth to a nation of believing men, men who felt they had souls.
- 15 Other clay, so that we are not now mouldable by such influ-
- 15 Westminster Confession, creed of the Scotch Church, drawn up at Westminster in
- 18 Hypothesis, mere supposition about divine things.

18 Hearsay, mere report by others of divine things.

- 22 At that price, the price that he and the nation had to pay for it.
- 23 At any price, however much one may pay for it.

PAGE 120.

- 8 Siege in St Andrew's Castle, in 1546.
- o The preacher, John Rough by name.
- 12 Priest's heart and gift, ability to bring God's truth home to the hearts and minds of the people.

- 16 His post, God-ordained for him 24 Harsh, for her and her admirers
- 29 Tragic feeling, disposition to sympathise with her.
- 32 On another errand, as that of Hebrew prophet.

PAGE 121.

- 4 Gulses, the family of the Queenmother.
- 8 Constitutional oppositionparty, party that by right of the constitution acted the part of the opposition to the Government of the day.
- 23 Cheery, not sour, morose, sanctimonious.
- 20 Sardonic taciturnity, as it were forced upon him by his position.

PAGE 122.

- 4 Rowing as a galley-slave, on the Loire, sentence which he had to undergo along with others as a prisoner of war, after the castle of St Andrews was taken.
- 15 Many-engined, rich in all manner of appliances.
- 16 **Agamemnon**, see 89.19.
- 17 Pericles, the great Athenian general and statesman of the fifth century B.C.
- 21 Magic Rune, writing in a character in use among the early inhabitants of Europe which had as great a magical effect as many books have now, if not a greater.
- Preservation, more 24 Magic wonderful and precious than that of any voice in Edison's phonograph, wonderful as that is.
- 30 Theorem of life, scheme of life.
- 31 Solid practice, no longer merely in the air as in the '' novel.''

PAGE 123.

2 What built St Paul's? What inspired the builder and led to the building of it?

- 4 Divine Hebrew Book. The Old Testament section of it, through which, however, is derived the inspiration of the New.
- 4 The word partly, but fundamentally, he the now acknow-ledged founder and fountainhead of it all.
- 6 **Strangest**, that the word of that outlaw should still have such weight.
- 8 A true book, a book written from and appealing to the heart of England.
- 15 Of the nature of worship, being soul-purifying, soul-harmonizing, soul-elevating.
- 19 Fountain of all beauty.

 Nature, or rather its Author.
- 20 Handwriting. God's handiwork as seen in the lily, for instance, see 99.7.
- 26 Altar, the soul of man, that the altar of all altars.
- 28 Apocalypse, unveiling of secrets which to the common eye are veiled.
- 29 Open secret, see 98.30.
- 30 Fichte (1762-1814), the great German philosopher of the idea or "Godlike," as underlying all terrestrial and common appearances.
- 30 Centinuous revelation, no close of the canon of it, as of the mere Hebrew one.
- 35 **Being so,** unveiling the "Godlike in the Terrestrial and Common."
- 35 Bark stormful indignation, indignation stormfully passionate but blind, i.e., in the dark as regards the real object of it.
- 37 French sceptic, Voltaire with his mere mockery of the false.

PAGE 124.

- I Sphere-harmony, in accord with the spirit of the universe.
- 2 Cathedral, in accord with the spirit of the church.

- 3 Lark-motes, free, full, joyous, thrilling.
- 7 All true working, laborare est orare.
- 14 Burke, Edmund (1730-1797). English statesman and orator.
- 15 Fourth Estate, fourth power in the constitution, the other three being the Lords Spiritual (the Bishops) and Temporal (the Peers) and the Commons.
- 18 Printing, as a means whereby any man may have an influence in the state.
- 20 Democracy, government of the people by the people in majority.

PAGE 125.

- 22 **Kindlier element**, physical and social.
- 25 Thriftless, mere waste of energy, as it were water spilt on the ground.

PAGE 126.

- r Effort against world, the struggle of every true man.
- 3 Diseased sorrow, sorrow due to disease, as well as itself a disease.
- 4 The sorrow and nobleness connected, neither had been or had been so, but for the other.
- 6 Hypochondria, anxiety and depression of spirits due to disease, in his case, scrofula.
- 8 Nessus's hirt, reference here to the shirt smeared with the poisonous blood of the Centaur Nessus, and which, worn by Hercules, shot such torture into his veins that he preferred to die rather than live any longer.
- 12 Greedy, for knowledge of all kinds.
- 12 Chaos, never reduced to any logical, or even true spiritual consistency and coherence.
- 19 Seamy-faced, seamed from the scrofula.

19 **Eawboned**, the bones scarcely covered with flesh, and looking as it were through it.

Servitor, an undergraduate at Oxford, supported by the college funds, who had to render certain menial services in return.

PAGE 127.

- II Formulas, regulative of belief, of conduct.
- 14 Poor paper age, the eighteenth century, thoughts and beliefs only on paper, not in the heart.
 14 Thick-quilted, buckrammed.
- 15 **Pedantries**, pretensions, for-
- malities.

 17 Divine-infermal, the Upper and the Nether Powers, Heaven and Hell, seeming to him co-
- operative in it side by side.

 25 Moral prudence, sovereign regard to the practical and practicable in life.
- 30 Doubt, speculation proceeding from doubt and unbelief, fostering these, strengthening these.
 34 Cant. See 116.15.

PAGE 128.

4 Possible at that time, as alone fitted for it, practicable by it.

PAGE 129.

- 4 Vauxhall fire-work, artificial fire-work, see 99.20.
- 15 Mimes, mere play-actors.
- rō Perennial deeps, in which everything noble and true has had its roots from the beginning.
 Burns's schoolmaster, Mr
- John Murdoch, who eventually settled in London, and died in 1824.

PAGE 130.

I Clay-farm, farm with a cold, unfertile clay soil at Bridge of Doon, near Ayr. 4 Swallowing-down, saying nething of sorrows to anyone, perhaps hardly to himself, not thinking it unnatural that he should have such.

PAGE 131.

9 Laconic emphasis, speech, brief, pithy, pointed, emphatic.

PAGE 132.

- 3 Liemism, treatment of a man as an object of vulgar curiosity.
- 6 Regiment La Fère, artillery regiment in which, as sub-lieutenant, Napoleon began his military career.
- II Blaze, dazzling, unhinging, unmanning for most.
- 12 Jewelled Duchesses, Duchess of Gordon, for one.

PAGE 133.

- 4 Tenable, that he would hold to, no plebeian having right, thought he, to bind him to his word.
- 9 Hampton-Court negotiations, conferences with the king here in 1647.
- 15 Forsaken there, at Hampton Court.
- 18 Party against party, Presbyterian against Independent, and vice versa.
- 26 Bit of paper, signed by the king.

PAGE 134.

- 8 Self-seen, seen by, and all clear to, himself.
- 18 Theocracy, government of a country in the name and by the law of the Lord.
- 19 A deveut imagination, the Regent Murray's pronouncement on John Knox's scheme.
- 26 The strongest practical intellect, Cromwell's, namely.

PAGE 135.

- 3 Puritanism, government of men and nations by the Bible.
- 6 **Diplomatic**, thinking the thing could be settled by negotiation and written agreement.
- 6 Argyle, the Marquis, born 1595,
- executed 1661, on a charge of treason.
- 6 Montrose, James Graham, Marquis, originally a covenanter, leader of the cavalier party in Scotland, after five triumphant successes beaten by Gen. Leslie at Philiphaugh.

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